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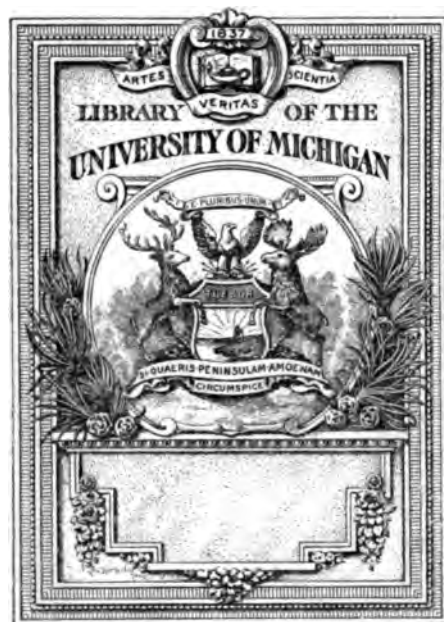
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ECHOES FROM
KOTTABOS



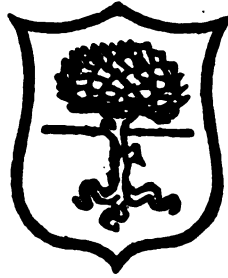
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Echoes from Kottabos

Echoes from Kottabos

Edited by R. Y. Tyrrell, Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D.

And Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., Ex-Sch., B.A.



London

E. Grant Richards . 1906

PREFACE

SHORTLY after my election to a fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1868, I started a College miscellany of Greek and Latin verse (mainly translations), and of English pieces, verse and prose (mainly original), which were for the most part of a playful character. In the selection of the latter I was fortunate enough soon to obtain the help of John Martley, many of whose compositions will be found in the collection now published. We were often asked for an explanation of the title *Kottabos*. My idea was that an ancient Greek game associated with literary *symposia* might indicate a miscellany of pieces, more or less playful, and emanating from an academic body. The name went trippingly on the tongue, and soon became familiar to many who had never heard of the game which was played by the ancient Greeks. The motto prefixed to each number was a fragment from the *Pleisthenes* of Euripides,

πολὺς δὲ κοττάβων ἀραγμὸς
. . . ἀχρεὶ μέλος ἐν δόμοισιν.

A number appeared three times a year—one in each of the College terms. At the end of four years the first volume, embracing twelve numbers, was issued in 1874. Two further volumes, made up of a

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PREFACE

similar number of parts, appeared in 1877 and 1881. Thus thirty-six numbers came out under the original editors, after which *Kottabos*, which had enjoyed a longer lease of life than falls, as a rule, to the lot of College magazines, ceased to appear for some half-dozen years. In 1888 it was revived under the editorship of J. B. Bury, then a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, now Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. The first volume of the second series was completed in 1891, and a second, under the editorship of Rev. George Wilkins, Fell. Trin. Coll., in 1895. Thus fifty numbers have been available for the present editors to choose from, and the interval between the first and the last number of *Kottabos* has been about twenty-five years.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

We must own to having borrowed our title from that delightful volume *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*; but we hope this will not be taken as an invitation to readers to compare the two collections. To go no further, in one respect our method is quite different from that of the Oxford editors. They have included only verses of a comic (or at least serio-comic) complexion. Many, if not most, of ours wholly lack this character. Then, our contributors are numerous; while twenty-eight of the fifty-five pieces in the Oxford volume are the work of two writers, and all the contributions are far more deeply tinged than ours with the local colour and academic spirit.

PREFACE

Another distinguishing feature of the present collection is the series called "Poems Written in Discipleship," which were composed as affectionate studies or sketches, in the manner of some of the best known English poets, but in which the element of parody has no place.

Many of the pieces now published have been printed in anthologies, such as that of Mr. Hinkson, who has kindly extended to us the privilege originally accorded by the editors of *Kottabos* to him. We have no doubt that any with whom (or with whose representatives) we were unable to communicate will meet us with similar compliance and courtesy. All the extracts are by Trinity College men, and were originally given to the editors in a spirit of friendliness and common interest in the literary reputation of Trinity College, Dublin. It is now for the first time possible for the editors of *Kottabos* to tender to them all the thanks which have been long overdue.

The selections are in the chronological order in which they originally appeared. A complete set of *Kottabos* is now very rare; probably there are not more than half a dozen extant. The long range over which the fifty numbers extend may have an interest as the record of the mind of Trinity College, Dublin, from the Dis-establishment of the Church to the end of the nineteenth century.

The book falls into three parts—Verse, Prose, and Latin rhymes. No classical exercises are admitted, a selection from these having been long since published in *Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin Verse*. Among the Prose extracts the *Oxford Solar Myth*, by the late Rev. R. Littledale, has had a considerable vogue. It has even

PREFACE

furnished, in a German rendering, the feuilleton of a pamphlet issued by a *Buchhandlung* of Berlin. Though the theory on which this skit is founded is now somewhat obsolete, we hope it will still have an interest for scholars. But it is now too late for hopes and fears, which will soon be transmuted into gratification or regret.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

EDWARD SULLIVAN.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

October, 1906.

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PART I—VERSE

SCEPTICISM

THEY change, they die! We watch them day by day ;
We see them go in wedding-robcs and hearses,
Uncaring what may fail or pass away,
Until *our* clique of friends at last disperses.

The curse of work and death, still unexpired,
Clings to our mother-age in all her glory ;
And it appears the Fates are not yet tired
Of making human life the same old story.

Else why do they who rule us as they will
Still make the bad in every conflict winners ?
Why do disease and debt and failure still
Make us such very miserable sinners ?

Alas ! all generous faiths are overtopp'd
By selfish facts ; and I, a fond romancer,
May question Fate until my mouth be stopp'd
By churchyard dust—Is this the only answer ?

C. P. M.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

THE OLD PARSON AND THE NEW

(A LAY ADDRESSED TO DIVINITY STUDENTS)

AN old song, somewhat alter'd to suit events of late,
Of a fine old Pluralist Parson living at a bountiful rate,
Who held three separate rectories, and swore by Church and State,
And drank the glorious memory of Sixteen-eighty-eight,
 Like a fine old Parson of the old school,
 And an old-school Parson.

With a fine old house located in a fashionable square,
And an old church tumbling to decay, for which he didn't care,
And a fine old chancel almost by the winds and rain laid bare,
And a fine old peal of bells, which, save on Sunday, never rung for
 prayer,
 Like a fine old Parson of the old school,
 And an old-school Parson.

With fine fashionable daughters, who could dance and sing and play,
Though visiting the poor and sick was not much in their way,
And a fine old pack of hounds, for which he made the parish pay,
And a fine old Bible and Prayer-book, which he'd somehow sworn to
 obey,
 Like a fine old Parson of the old school,
 And an old-school Parson.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Who, drinking too much fine old Port one day with Squire Jones,
Died of delirium tremens, as all the parish owns ;
And his successor announced his coming in a letter dated—*Jones*,
On ye feast of ye Translation of *S. Simphersa's bones*,
Like a fine young Parson of the new school,
And a new-school Parson.

Who at once gave up the Rectory house, and sold off all the hounds,
And lived in a cottage (he call'd it *Ye Abbaye*) within the church's
grounds,
And among the poor and sick every morning went his rounds,
And to repair the chancel subscribed a thousand pounds,
Like a fine young Parson of the new school,
And a new-school Parson.

Who preach'd each Sunday morning in surplice, hood, and stole,
And, working in the parish with all his heart and soul,
He caught a fever at last, and died of it, so the whole
Parish subscribed for an altar-tomb with—*Please praye for ye soul*
Of this fyne yonge Parsonne of ye Newe School,
And this Newe-school Parsonne.

THE SEQUEL, IN WHICH THE PARSON OF THE NEW SCHOOL IS SUCCEDED BY ANOTHER OF THAT ILK

And to him succeeded one who work'd in quite a different way,
And with candles copes and crosses made a wonderful display,
And insisted upon double choral service every day,
And preach'd such sermons as made most people curse instead of pray,
Like a new young Priest of the Anglicans,
And a new young Anglican Priest.

JOHN TODHUNTER

Until to the Court of Arches they brought this erring ecclesiastic,
Because they thought his prayers too long, and his piety too gymnastic,
Where Sir J. F. Fust (as every one must) condemn'd his *poses plastic*,
And his reading of the Articles as entirely too elastic,
Like a new young Priest of the Anglicans,
And a new young Anglican Priest.

Who to give up his living was order'd very soon,
And then against his Archbishop cursed and swore like a dragoon,
And who went to Rome on a pilgrimage with staff and sandal shoon,
And at parting was greeted with words that refer to a Connaughtman
and to a spoon,
Like a new young Priest of the Anglicans,
And a new young Anglican Priest.

C. P. M.

LOUISE

(BY A MAGAZINE POET OF THE PERIOD)

WAVERING lily-buds are fair
In the spaces of the spring ;
Comes a wealth of mellower air,
Comes a tenderer whispering.
Angels' molten glories these :
Why not thou, Louise !

JOHN TODHUNTER

Crimson lily-flowers are glad
In the glow of great-eyed June ;
Nightingales divinely mad
Flinging raptures to the moon.
Hebe's ministers are these :
Why not thou, Louise !

Orbed lily-fruits are rare
In the autumn's cloistral shades,
Ere the star-sown heavens are bare,
Ere the verdurous twilight fades.
Daedal panoplies are these :
Why not thou, Louise !

Lisping lily-leaves are sad
In the wintering woodlands frore ;
Sombre skies austereclad,
White with waning more and more.
Shudderings of Earth's harp are these ;
Why not thou, Louise !

J. T.

ARTHUR PALMER

THE FLIGHT OF THE MUSES

CAUSED BY AN ORDER OF THE BOARD OF T. C. D.,

October 31, 1868

LAST Monday early, cold the morn and chill,
While Freshmen of their homes lay dreaming still,
Ere honest Christy had his rounds begun,
I issued forth to meet the morning sun.
Long hath it been, long may it be, my use
To court Apollo ere I court the Muse.
I gain'd old Trinity's most ancient square,
When, lo! a sound of sighs oppress'd the air:
My eyes I raised—believe it, future years!—
There stood a heavenly maid dissolved in tears—
A silver radiance from her raiment gleam'd—
A heavenly maid! but sorely vex'd she seem'd.
By rarest beauty, noblest majesty,
I knew the sternest Muse, Melpomene:
Her hair, more golden than the golden west,
Rain'd on her shoulders and her heaving breast—
Her heaving breast, her eyes suffused with flame,
The secret anguish of her soul proclaim:
The vine wreath from her brows was rent away;
The club of Hercules rejected lay;
But in her hand—oh strange to poets' rhymes!—

ARTHUR PALMER

She held a copy of *The Irish Times*.
Full on the leading article she gazed,
And, as she look'd, her eyes with fury blazed.
But see! more wondrous! there appal my eyes
Eight radiant figures hovering in the skies:
The Aonian sisters! they in slow, sad wheel
Circle the summit of the Campanile:
Not so quick swallows bid their nests good-bye
In autumn, when September frosts they fly.
Fain to be gone, unwilling yet to go,
They seem to beckon her who sat below:
"Fly, sister, fly, ere dawn the rosy hours—
Fly, and abandon these ungrateful towers."
She heard, she rose; but first her passion broke,
And thus the Muse in choking accents spoke:
"Farewell ungrateful, 'tis the Board's decree,
Forgetful of my Porson and of me!
Forgetful of the glory and the fame
That I have shed around your once scorn'd name.
With niggard hands their gifts the gods dispense;
They gave you genius, but denied you sense;
Genius that lifts you o'er the Nations far
As from Orion is the Northern star;
In sense you are the rest as far below
As is the Liffey from the shining Po.
For now the sacred Board no more allows
Greek* verse to grace the Scholar of the House.

* Greek verse has since been reinstated in its pristine dignity at the Scholarship Examination.

ARTHUR PALMER

Oh for the days when yet no levelling cry
Was echo'd from the halls of Trinity :
Ere cried our statesmen, stuff'd with stale research,
'Down with Iambics and the Irish Church !'
And Lowe, cold railer at Hellenic lore,
Join'd deadly Gladstone, drunk with hellebore.*
Gone is the test, the easy test that once
Could separate the scholar from the dunce :
Gone are the days, the golden days of men,
When every parson could Iambics pen.
Then Alma Mater welcomed with hurrah
Her sober Grecians entering from Armagh :
The mild Caesura dealt its genial laws
And boors grew polish'd under Porson's pause.
Base was the wretch, condemn'd to long disgrace,
Who dared a spondee in the fourth foot place ;
Then even the peasant boasted lines to scan,
And learn'd to venerate himself as man.
Soon rose the music of your whispers wild,
And Hellas wonder'd at her western child :
From reedy Cam I shook my wings and flew,
And hoped to find a dearer home with you.
But hear the sacred Board : ' 'Tis all my eye ;
There lies no magic in senarii :
A man may carry just as much weight with him
Who never learn'd a foot of ancient rhythm.'
Be it so then : the well-tried code discard,
And sell your learning at so much per yard :

* cf. "ebria ueratro." Persius.

ARTHUR PALMER

Let cultivation yield to pelf, and then
You'll make no men of taste, no gentlemen.
Eager to profit by the grand reform,
I see the noble counter-jumpers swarm :
M.A.'s, like Beales, shall own your handiwork,
But hope no more a Goldsmith or a Burke.
And now farewell, to my own Greece I fly,
Where tall Olympus mingles with the sky :
Vainly I've wander'd through th' ungenial earth ;
No land so dear as that which gave me birth.
There my own Sophocles, begg'd from Pluto's reign,
With BRADY, TYRRELL, and MAX CULLINANE,
On meads of lotus and of asphodel
With mighty Homer shall immortal dwell.
No more pale candidates for Fellowship ;
No more Dan Duncan waiting for a tip ;
No giant Tyrant of the menial brood ;*
No stalwart Sizars rushing to their food ;
But calm from Helicon we'll view below
Green valleys, and the silver streams that flow :
And thou, my servant, if thou faithful prove,
And for the Muses keep thy zealous love,
Thou too shalt join the band, to death denied,
And live and sing for ever by my side."—
She ceased : for now the chapel bell's dire boom
Broke, loudly clanging, through the morning gloom :
Like mists which flee before the sun's bright face,
The sacred sisters vanish'd into space. P.

* Ianitorum Principem Hingstonum sine dubio innuit poëta noster.

THOMAS E. WEBB

REMEMBER

(FROM DE MUSSET)

REMEMBER, when the Morn in half-affright
Opes the enchanted palace of the Sun ;
Remember, when walks forth the pensive Night,
In robe of silver, like some dreaming one ;
At call of pleasure if thy bosom heave,—
When the shades waken some sweet thought of eve—
Where woods wave to and fro,
List to the murmur low—
Remember !

Remember, if the Fates in spite of tears
For evermore shall leave us far apart,
When grief, and exile, and the wasting years
Have worn and wither'd this despairing heart ;
Think of our passion, of our parting hour !
Absence and Time on Love have little power ;
And, while my heart shall beat,
Still, still it shall repeat—
Remember !

MAXWELL REILLY

Remember, when the chilly earth shall wrap
My broken heart in everlasting sleep ;
Remember, when upon its lonely lap
A single flower shall ope and vigil keep.
I shall not see thee more ; but still shall be
My spirit faithful, and return to thee ;
And in the midnight lone
A mournful voice shall moan—
Remember !

W.

LADY CLARA IN THE SOUTH

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,—
You whom the Laureate makes attacks on,—
If your papa were not a peer,
If you were not an Anglo-Saxon,
In short, if 'twere not too absurd
To think of *you* where aught of trade is,
I'd almost say, upon my word,
I'm looking at you now in Cadiz.

For, from the window of mine inn,
At which I sit and smoke my Lopez,
While Xeres from the inmost bin
Beside me gleams like molten topaz,

MAXWELL REILLY

Down in the square court-yard below
Alone undrowsed in noontide languor,
'Midst Gomez, Manuel, Filippo,
I see your very *Doppel-gänger*.

The tinge, my lady, of your hair
Is left unmentioned, but my guess is
The fashionable colour—fair;
Hers is a wealth of blue-black tresses
Down streaming with unstudied grace
(Of course you wear *yours* in a *chignon*)
In masses round her dark young face;
(*You* 're old enough to call sixteen young).

Her eyes are brown and yours are blue,
With just a shade perhaps of greenness;
Her skin is somewhat dark of hue—
Yours is the tint of Gibson's Venus.
Yet there she stands—yourself again,
In every thing except externals;
Your common game the hearts of men,
From simple yeomen up to colonels.

She's done with Manuel long ago,
She's turned young Gomez round her finger,
Then cast him off for Filippo;
And all while o'er my weed I linger.

JOHN KIRBY

And now she makes great eyes at me
(Such fickleness is my abhorrence),
Just as *you* did ere seasons three
The limes had bloom'd above poor Laurence.

They scowl in vain, she takes no note,
But looks straight on with calm correct eye ;
You gazed on "that across his throat,"
As though 'twere some new style of necktie.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I don't believe *femme souvent varie* ;
Your sex are all the same, I fear,
From Timbuctoo to Tipperary.

M. R.

CLEOPATRA

(HOR. OD. I. XXXVII)

OH, now should the floor with free measure be trod—
Deck the temple from altar to portals—
With such feasts as the Salii spread for their god
Now, now, should we greet the Immortals !
Ere this to bring out the old Caecuban wine
From the cellars ancestral were blameful,
While the Queen plann'd such woe for the Capitol's shrine,
For the Empire extinction so shameful.

JOHN KIRBY

With a herd of the vilest her triumph to share,
All frenzied with Fortune and madden'd,
There was nought but her spirit unbridled would dare,
Nought untoward such spirit but gladden'd.
But her fury abated, when scarcely a ship
Escaped the hot breath of the burning ;
And the rose faded out from her wine-tinted lip,
To terror's own ashen hue turning.
And from Italy seaward she flies in despair ;
Swift Cæsar in hot pursuit follows—
So the hawk on the dove—so the hound on the hare—
Over Thessaly's snow-drifted hollows.
Who feared not the sword, did *she* stoop to their chain ?
By womanish dread was *she* humbled ?
Did *she* seek an exile far over the main,
Who smiled as her palaces crumbled ?
No ! nor feared she the snake as a gallant to clasp ;
All unmoved was the Ptolemies' daughter,
While she wooed to the white of her bosom the asp,
And death was the boon that he brought her.
Ere it come, how the blood rushes back to her face,
Once again how the proud spirit rallies !
Scarce the woman, I ween, as a captive to grace
Their hated Liburnian galleys !

K.

STANDISH O'GRADY

ON READING THE FRAGMENTS OF
EARLY GREEK LYRIC POETRY

WE have all Tupper—not one thunder-tone
Hath ceased to bellow through the British sky,
And ladies tell us that the great trombone
Will sound again, and laughing fools defy ;
But where are ye, whose broken harmony
Makes discord shriek where music seem'd to flow,
Clear stars of song, to whom our best can be
Nought but loose clouds, that shift and toil below ;
Handbreadths of wondrous streams, joyous and free,
That leap and foam and flash, and have no peers,
Bounded by darkness ; wafts of strange melody
Heard in the loud wild night of wasteful years ?
Ah, bleeding mouths ! ah, smitten tuneful lips !
He is the same who mightily lifts the sun
Majestical, and blacks it with eclipse,
And wastes the pleasant slopes of Helicon—
The law that bound the Israelites of old
Slays you, the firstlings of Apollo's fold.

S. O'G.

JOHN TODHUNTER

NESSUN MAGGIOR DOLORE!

No greater grief! Is it then always grief
Remembering happier times in times of sorrow?
Does one day of delight ne'er bring relief
To the sick soul on a despairful morrow?
Past joys are a possession. Oft we borrow
Strength for our present pain from out the brief
Bright moments garner'd long in memory's sheaf:
August's rich grains make glad December's furrow.
Have mine eyes once with any wealth been blest
Of coast, sea, sky, or heaven-suggesting face;
Mine ears drunk highest music when she sung
Who was my life of life, whose gentle breast
From the world's rush was my one resting place;—
Blind, deaf, and old, I see, hear, still am young.
J. T.

NEVER

(AFTER DE MUSSET)

"NEVER," you said to me the other night,
While the sad music fill'd the air with sighs;
"Never," you said, while in your own despite
Love lit the azure sadness of your eyes.

W. G. WILLS

"Never," you said again with accent low,
And mournful smile, as smiles the marble, pale ;
But the proud thought of what you might bestow
Veil'd you with blushes, as a jealous veil.

Oh, what a word, and what a world of woe !
I did not see the fair face all aglow,
Or the pale smile when to my lips love rose ;
Fair was the face, but than the soul less fair,
On *this* I gazed, my love was centred *there*—
And yet I saw your heart close as a flower doth close.

W.

BALLAD OF GRAF BRÖM

OLD Graf Bröm is dying at last,
He's alone in his room, and sinking fast ;
And his shutter is push'd by the bluff night blast
Howling oh wul lul—lul lul lul lo—ho ! ho !
Howling oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo !

His lips are gluey, extremities cold,
His nose is pinch'd, and the life-blood roll'd
With a slow, dull beat, like a bell that is toll'd,
With a dead wul lul—lul lul—lo !

'Tis dismal to finish a life of sin
With the night without, and the night within ;
To buckle alone the last struggle, and grin
With a sick wul lul—lul lul—lo !

W. G. WILLS

Old Graf Bröm was a scandalous rake,
Women have done queer things for his sake ;
'Tis well that the dead can never awake,
Shrieking oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo, ho ! ho !
Shrieking oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo !

Oh, woman, poor woman, by dozens undone,
And the young love, the true love, the heart-broken one,
Long dead, long sped, and pitied by none,
Sobbing oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo woe ! woe !
Sobbing oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo !

Oh, hush !—oh, hark ! his ears can catch
A fumble of hands on his hall-door latch ;
His hair stood up in a grisly thatch,
Who comes with this wul lul lul—lo !

A smother'd din, a stirring of feet,
That stumble upstairs with irregular beat,
And murmurs resembling a gibber or bleat,
Or a queer creepy wul lul lul—lo !

Up they come with a step that lags,
Hollow-eyed maidens and rickety hags ;
The moss on their bones can be seen through the rags,
Creaking oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo !

The skeleton wantons come tottering in,
All dead, all sped—his pupils in sin,
To witness their master's last struggle, and grin
With a shivering wul lul lul—lo !

W. G. WILLS

They chatter'd and wagg'd their chins like the dumb ;
Skeleton babies were suckled by some,
Or horribly dandled at old Dad Bröm,
With lullaby—lul lul lul lo—ho ! ho !
With lullaby—lul lul lul—lo !

Oh, woman, poor woman, by dozens beguiled,
And the young love, the true love, the poor, poor child,
Her yellow hair sullied, her hazel eye wild,
Who died long ago, deserted—defiled,
Crooning oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo, woe woe !
Crooning oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo !

Rattle the shutters, and rattles his throat,
His white beard heaves in gasps like a goat,
While his tatterdemalions peer and gloat
With a clamour of wul lul lul—lo !

Old Graf Bröm is dead at last,
Alone in his bed, all stark and aghast ;
And his shutter is bursten in by the blast,
Roaring oh wul lul—lul lul lul lo—ho ! ho !
Roaring oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo !

W. G. W.

EDWARD DOWDEN

DAVID AND MICHAL

"But then you don't mean really what you say"—
To hear this from the sweetest little lips,
O'er which each pretty word daintily trips
Like small birds hopping down a garden way;
When I had given my soul full scope to play
For once before her in the Orphic style,
Caught from three several volumes of Carlyle
And undivulged before that very day!
O young men of our earnest school, confess
How it indeed is very tragical
To find the feminine souls we would adore
So full of sense, so versed in worldly lore,
So deaf to the Eternal Silences,
So unbelieving, so conventional.

E. D.

NECROPOLIS

THROUGH the live-long summer days,
Summer suns unwearied blaze
Hot above the icy dead.
Through the short fair nights for ever
Steadfast stars, and stars that quiver,
Gleam above the darkened head.

W. G. WILLS

In the old year's troubled wane
Shrieks the wind and sweeps the rain
Round death's silent citadel.
Through long nights of ebon skies
Thick above the darkness lies;
Is it heaven? Is it hell?

H. J. DE B.

THE BALLAD OF THE COUNTESS

THERE was an old Countess of gay report,
Who was past her days for thinking—
Thinking;
In monstrous hoop she went to court,
And round her the gallants in malice or sport
Went sliding, ogling, and winking—
Winking.

The mincing ladies pry'd and peer'd,
But their envy was unavailing—
-Availing;
And spindle-legg'd old fops pry'd and peer'd,
Put up their glasses, and wickedly leer'd,
As down the room she went sailing—
Sailing.

W. G. WILLS

Her cheek was full of smiling hate
Through paint and patches wrinkling—
Wrinkling ;
None was there with train so great,
Her hair was a powder'd pillar of state,
And her corset with jewels was twinkling—
Twinkling.

Once this ancient lady's smile,
Now in paint and patches throbbing—
Throbbing,
Could simple men from their wives beguile,
Win their devotion with mischievous wile,
And leave the poor bride sobbing—
Sobbing.

Under her corset's jewell'd mould
The mortal dropsy is hiding—
Hiding ;
Fears of death come clammy and cold,
And visions of phantoms bloated and old
Go winking, ogling, and sliding—
Sliding.

Round this ancient lady's bed,
When in hideous death she was sinking—
Sinking,
The doctor who tended her till she was dead,

EDWARD DOWDEN

A little dark man whose eyes glow'd red,
Went sliding, ogling, and winking—
Winking.

Ladies, beware of the Countess's fate,
Yourselves on conquest priding—
Priding,
For, when your charms are out of date,
Butterfly joys no longer will wait,
And the world you loved around you in hate
Will go winking, ogling, and sliding—
Sliding.

W. G. W.

A FAREWELL

YES, dearest, keep the locket,
And keep the lock of hair,
To smile at some day queerly,
When neither has locks to spare :

And keep the little letters,
All the love that ever I wrote,
They will make, if twisted neatly,
Such excellent papillotes.

E. D.

MAX CULLINAN

AFTER THE LAUREATE

(“FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL, ETC.)

TERRIER in my granny's hall,
I whistle you out of my granny's ;
Hold you here, tail and all, in my hand,
Little terrier : but, if I could understand
 What you are, tail and all, and all in all,
I should know what “black and tan” is.

C.

GAY PROVENCE

PROVENÇAL air, Provençal air,
 Blown soft by dale and sea,
Who throws the throbbing bosom bare,
 And bathes himself in thee,

Who feels thee faint on cheek and brows,
 Who quaffs thee through the lips,
With love and light and music glows
 From foot to finger-tips :

He lives a king, in court and hall,
 Mid wail of wildering lyres ;
A priest by carven cloister wall,
 Or dim cathedral choirs ;

GEORGE FRANCIS ARMSTRONG

A knight, with airy lance in rest,
Who rides in lonely vale ;
A page by queenly hand caress'd
By gate or vineyard-pale ;

He loiters in a golden light,
Is led with dulcet lure,
By ghostly town, by tower'd height,
A tuneful troubadour ;

He pines for soft imagined eyes,
Where fictive fervour beams,
And woos, with phantom tears and sighs,
The lily dames of dreams.

Provençal air, Provençal air,
Blown soft by dale and sea,
O subtle, playful spirit rare,
O wanton witchery,

Well, well I love that land of thine—
Grey peaks and scarped caves,
And fields of olive, orange, vine,
Blue bays and breaking waves.

G. F. A.

F. MEREDYTH

THE DEATH OF ADONIS

(LOOSELY RENDERED FROM THE GREEK OF BION)

ON the green turf flooring the hills of chase—
Meet couch for jaded hunter—lo ! is lying
The young Adonis ; but that pallid face
Droops not in slumber—nay, alas ! he's dying ;
Scarr'd by the wild boar's tusk his snowy limb
Trembles with pain : and there in speechless anguish,
Her fond eyes with a cloud of tears all dim,
His Goddess love beholds her fair flower languish ;
His breath too weak to dull the mirror's disc ;
His faint pulse scarce responding to her fingers ;
The blood for which her deity she'd risk—
More carmine than the sky where sunset lingers—
Welling away, and bearing with it life ;
Beneath the lids, like violet cups dew-laden,
Close heavily the orbs no longer rife
With the bright ray that kindled many a maiden ;
Blanch'd is the lip—its bloom, as Autumn's rose
Uncrimson'd, and its cluster'd kisses flying,
Like Hybla's bees when Winter's herald blows,
That stay no longer since the flower is dying.
Distracted Cypris ! ah, how wildly now
Dost thou the rapture of that lip remember,

F. MEREDYTH

And on thine own would'st catch the wonted glow
To light it up from the expiring ember.
That pressure thrills him not ; he feels no more
Her breath ambrosial, like the fire of Heaven
By Titan pilfer'd, vivify his core,
As if electric potency were given.
Alas for Cytherea ! Earth has none
Like him, Adonis, Beauty's best creation ;
She clasps his mangled limb, now chill as stone,
And thus laments her heart's dark desolation :
" My lost Adonis ! rash and reckless boy !
Too deeply loved, too prematurely blighted,
Has thus then closed my sudden dream of joy,
Thus died the lamp of love thy smile had lighted ?
Is this the last time that my soul shall drink
Revival from thy presence, in such sorrow
As he who by a desert fountain's brink
Knows 'twill have fail'd before the dawning morrow ?
In vain my folding arms may stay thee now,
My kisses win thee from the way thou goest,
The path to stern Aidoneus' realms below ;—
Ah ! me no more, mine earthly love, thou knowest.
How impotent is my divinity,
Albeit Gods and men own me their sovereign,
I cannot rescue, not e'en follow thee ;
Love's sway extends not where the Infernals govern !
Could Eos grant the boon of deathlessness ?
Art thou unworthier it than her Tithonus ?
Is Aphrodite than Aurora less,

HENRY S. GABBETT

And may not save from fate her loved Adonis?
Persephone! my spirit's wedded one
Receive where with the Lord of Shades thou dwellest,
Since even me, the Queen of Beauty's throne,
Victress of Ida, thou in power excellest.
Lorn one! to me Heaven's golden light dim seems;
Air's music hoarse; wither'd Earth's scenes Elysian;
While from my widow'd heart Love's rapturous dreams
And Joy's sweet trance fade like a fleeting vision."

F. M.

THE GRAVE

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS)

THE Grave is deep and silent,
Awful its brink and lone;
'Tis deck'd with sable hangings,
A land unknown.

The nightingale's soft music
Sounds not above its breast;
The flowers of friendship only
There fall and rest.

In vain are tears of anguish
And wringings of the hand;
The orphan's wailings reach not
That lonely land.

HUBERT J. DE BURGH

Yet here alone abideth
The long'd-for rest to come ;
And through this gloomy portal
Man sees his home.

The poor heart, tost and wearied
With many a storm before,
Finds rest, when sinking silent
It beats no more.

H. S. G.

CLEAN OUT OF MIND

THERE were thriving tradesmen by Nilus' bank,
'Mid the people that worshipp'd Isis,
Who pickled the dead of every rank
At a varying scale of prices.
So a man through his family vault might stroll
With a little help from his pedigree roll,
While the torch in the gloom burn'd dimly ;
And there he might see the mother he'd loved,
The wife he had cherish'd, the friend he had proved,
His father fond, and his sister dear,
And his first-born babe on its tiny bier,
All staring out at him grimly.

HUBERT J. DE BURGH

Reader, had you such a catacomb,
How often, pray, would you leave your home
To visit a dead relation ?
How often now, if the question 's fair,
Do you turn your steps to the churchyard there,
Where your loved ones, lost in these last few years,
Were laid to rest with blessings and tears,
While the prayer and exhortation
Were hurriedly read by the parson, who
Had twenty such funerals more to go through
As part of his day's vocation ?

There are plenty of ways to preserve the dead :
We may solder them up in sheets of lead,
Wrap bushels of spice about them ;
But, whether they last or whether they rot,
'Tis much the same, they are soon forgot,
And the world gets along without them.
So 'mid manly weeping and feminine shrieks
Be this your comfort :—ere many weeks
Have pass'd o'er those who bemoan you,
Your love and your friend, your kith and your kin,
Will laugh and toil, will quarrel and sin,
As though they had never known you !

H. J. DE B.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

EMMELINE

WHY sitt'st thou by the shore,
Emmeline?

Why sportest thou no more,
Emmeline?

'Mid those oozy-looking damsels just emerging from the brine,
Thy blue eyes on the blue water why so sadly dost incline,
Looking wistful
And half tristful,
Emmeline?

One summer morn like this,
Emmeline,
Thy heart beat close to *his*,
Emmeline!

And I rather think he took the liberty to twine
His arm just for one moment round that slender waist of thine ;
Oh ! wasn't it imprudent
For a penniless law-student,
Emmeline?

He loves you—the poor wretch !
Emmeline ;
But there's many a better catch,
Emmeline.

EDWARD DOWDEN

Cut him dead when next you meet him, burn his letters every line,
And deserve the eligible match your dearest friends assign ;

He is but a poor and true man,

You a lady (not a woman),

Emmeline.

C. P. M.

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCIPLESHIP*

OF THE SCHOOL OF TENNYSON

SONGS

I

THE gloom of the sea-fronting cliffs
Lay on the water, violet dark,
The pennon drooped, the sail fell in,
And slowly moved our bark.

A golden day : the summer dream'd
In heaven, and on the whispering sea,
Within our hearts the summer dream'd ;
It was pure bliss to be.

Then rose the girls with bonnets loosed,
And shining tresses lightly blown,
Alice and Adela, and sang
A song from Mendelssohn.

* These poems are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some of the masters of song.

EDWARD DOWDEN

O sweet and sad, and wildly clear,
Through summer air it sinks and swells,
Sweet with a measureless desire,
And sad with all farewells.

II

Down beside the forest stream
Went at eve my wife and I,
And my heart, as in a dream,
Heard the idle melody.

"Pleasant is this voice," I said,
"Sweet are all the gliding years";
But she turn'd away her head—
"Wife, why fill your eyes with tears?"

"O the years are kind," said she,
"Dearest heart, I love thee well;
But this voice brought back to me
What I know not how to tell.

"Here I came three springs ago;
Ah, my babe's sweet heart was gay;
Still the idle waters flow,
And it seems but yesterday.

"First that morn he walk'd alone,
Laugh'd, and caught me by the knee;
Though I weep now, O my own,
Thou art all the world to me."

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

III (LATER MANNER)

Rain, rain, and sunshine,
Dash'd by winds together,
All her flowers are toss'd and glad
In the wild June weather.

Which will she wear in her gown?
Drench'd rose and jessamine blossom;
I must stoop if I would smell
Their freshness at her bosom.

E. D.

LONG DESERTED

YON old house in moonlight sleeping,
Once it held a lady fair;
Long ago she left it weeping,
Still the old house standeth there—
That old pauper house unmeet for the pleasant village street.

With its eyeless window sockets,
And its courts all grass-o'ergrown,
And the weeds above its doorway
Where the flowers are carved in stone,
And its chimneys lank and high like gaunt tombstones on the sky.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Ruin'd, past all care and trouble,
Like the heir of some old race
Whose past glories but redouble
Present ruin and disgrace,
For whom none are left that bear hope or sorrow anywhere.

Lost old house! and I was happy
'Neath thy shade one summer night,
When on one that walk'd beside me
Gazed I by the lingering light,
In the depths of her dark eyes searching for my destinies.

There within our quiet garden
Fell that last of happy eves,
Through the gold of the laburnum
And the thickening lilac leaves;
There the winter winds are now sighing round each leafless bough.

Haunted house! and do they whisper
That the wintry moon-rays show,
Glancing through thy halls, a ghastly
Phantasy of long ago,
And thy windows shining bright with a spectral gala light?

Vain and idle superstition!
Thee no spectral rays illumine;
But one shape of gentlest beauty
I can conjure from thy gloom,
In whose sad eyes I can see ghosts that haunt my memory.

C. P. M.

JOHN F. TOWNSEND

ROSETTE

(FROM BERANGER)

WHAT, heedless of your springtide gay,
You speak to me of tender fears—
To me! whose youth is giving way
Beneath the weight of forty years.
Love once could make my bosom glow—
'Twould kindle for a poor grisette!
Ah! would that I could love you now
As, long ago, I loved Rosette!

In glittering equipage, each day
You shine among the brilliant throng;
Rosette, all smiling, fresh and gay,
Tripp'd lightsomely on foot along.
How flash'd on her each daring eye—
My jealous pains I think of yet;
I cannot love you tenderly
As, long ago, I loved Rosette!

To your boudoir, with satin deck'd,
In rich attire as on you pass,
The mirror'd walls your smiles reflect;
Rosette had one poor looking-glass!
No curtains fenced her pallet low,
Morn's rosy blush her glances met;
Alas! I cannot love you now
As, long ago, I loved Rosette!

JOHN TODHUNTER

Your wit is bright, and many a youth
Deems lyric compliments your meed ;
I do not blush to tell the truth—
My poor Rosette could scarcely read !
But, though her tongue was rather slow,
Love could her words interpret yet ;
Alas ! I cannot love you now
As, long ago, I loved Rosette !

She had not charms like yours, in truth,
Her heart less tender was, perchance ;
A lover's pains she could not soothe
With such a fascinating glance.
What spell enslaved me, will you know ?
'Twas youth, which vainly I regret ;
Ah ! would that I could love you now
As, long ago, I loved Rosette !

J. F. T.

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCIPLESHIP*

OF THE SCHOOL OF WILLIAM BLAKE

PARADISE LOST

IN the woodlands wild
I was once a child,
Singing, free from care,
Wandering everywhere.

* These poems are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some of the masters of song.

JOHN TODHUNTER

Angels went and came,
Like spires of blissful flame—
All among the flowers,
Fed with virgin showers,
Angels went and came—
Call'd me by my name.

But a Serpent crept
On me as I slept ;
Stung me on the eyes,
Woke with sick surprise.

And a Demon came
With a face of shame ;
Spoke my sudden doom,
Naked in the gloom.

Then a dreadful sound
Peal'd through heaven's profound ;
All my lonesome places
Were fill'd with dreadful faces ;
Everywhere a face
Full of my disgrace.

JOHN TODHUNTER

PARADISE FOUND

Naked, in despair,
Ashes on my hair,
Menace everywhere,
I fled from pallid Care :

Weak as lamb new year'd,
Follow'd by the Fiend,
With his whip of wires
Red with my desires.

Soon a Sage drew near,
Clad my stripes in fear ;
Bade me weep and wait,
At a temple gate.

But a Maiden came
With tender hands of flame,
And by secret ways
She led me, many days.

In the woodlands wild,
Now no more a child ;
Among seraphs bright
I clothe my limbs in light.

Where the children sleep,
Like a snake I creep ;
Kiss them on the face
For their greater grace.

J. T.

PERCY S. PAYNE

REST

SILENCE sleeping on a waste of ocean—
Sun down—westward traileth a red streak—
One white sea-bird, poised with scarce a motion,
Challenges the stillness with a shriek ;
Challenges the stillness, upward wheeling
Where some rocky peak containeth her rude nest ;
For the shadows o'er the waters they come stealing,
And they whisper to the silence, "There is Rest."

Down where the broad Zambesi River
Glides away into some shadowy lagoon,
Lies the antelope, and hears the leaflets quiver,
Shaken by the sultry breath of noon ;
Hears the sluggish water ripple in its flowing ;
Feels the atmosphere, with fragrance all-opprest ;
Dreams his dreams, and the sweetest is the knowing
That above him, and around him, there is Rest.

Centuries have faded into shadow ;
Earth is fertile with the dust of man's decay ;
Pilgrims all they were to some bright El-dorado,
But they wearied, and they fainted, by the way.
Some were sicken'd with the surfeiture of pleasure ;
Some were bow'd beneath a care-encumber'd breast ;
But they all trod in turn Life's stately measure,
And all paused betimes to wonder, "Is there Rest?"

D. FREEMAN

Look, O man! to the limitless Hereafter,
When thy Sense shall be lifted from its dust,
When thy Anguish shall be melted into Laughter,
When thy Love shall be sever'd from its Lust.
Then thy spirit shall be sanctified with seeing
The Ultimate dim Thulè of the Blest,
And the passion-haunted fever of thy being
Shall be drifted in a Universe of Rest.

P. S. P.

TO BELLA

(AFTER ALFRED DE MUSSET)

BELLA, when you've said "Good-night"—
When eve is at its closing—
Kneeling by the dim lamp's light,
Half praying and half dozing—
When your dainty white alcove
You've fearfully peep'd under,
What is it then, my little love,
You think about, I wonder!

Does jealousy your breast assail?
Do loving thoughts within burn?
Perhaps they're of the Holy Grail,
Or naughty Mr. Swinburne.

WILLIAM C. K. WILDE

Perhaps your fancy runs on dress
Diaphanous of tissue—
Or chignon *versus* curling tress
May be the point at issue.

Perhaps you think of "that new waltz"—
Of girlish confidences—
Of *bombons*—husbands—Hetty's faults—
Your pocket's dire expenses.
Perhaps of some neglected call—
Perhaps of winter clothing—
Of bouquets—of your next week's ball—
Of me—perhaps of nothing!

D. F.

PER AMICA SILENTIA LUNAE

(FROM VICTOR HUGO)

THE pale moon glitters on the flowing waves ;
Each riplet, bright with laughing silver, glistens ;
The Fairest of the Harèm sits, and listens,
While the sea murmurs to the isles it laves.

Sudden falls from her fingers the guitar,
With loosen'd chords, no longer music waking—
What sound was that, the midnight silence breaking
With a dull, heavy echo from afar?

ROBERT H. MARTLEY

Some Turkish bark from Greece her burden brings
With straining oar : perchance some cormorant splashes
The argent waters—o'er the waves he dashes,
Tossing the spray, like pearl-drops, from his wings.

Was that a sea-bird's scream? Or awful moan
Of some fell Djinn, who shakes these lofty towers?
Or far-off thunder from yon cloud that lowers
In the dim distance? Or a falling stone?

No Turkish bark from sunny Greece is come,
No cormorant breaks the silence of the hour,
Nor cry of bird, nor demon from the tower
Hurls down our turrets—Heaven itself is dumb.

A stifled sob—a choking cry to save!—
A heavy sack falls quivering in the water ;
The sound was murder.—“Nay, the Sultan bought her.”—
Still the moon glitters o'er the silv'ry wave.

W. C. K. W.

GOLDSMITH

(HIS STATUE WAS ERECTED IN FRONT OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN 1863)

Aye, in the forefront of the very spot
Where was his trial let his triumph be ;
The roof that shelter'd him, but gave him not
What most his great heart pined for—sympathy.
There let the image of the poet stand—
Just tribute of his long-ungrateful land.

ROBERT H. MARTLEY

The genial mother, recking not the time
When at her haughty feet the lowly youth,
Whose poverty was only *not* a crime,
Gather'd the scanty fallen crumbs of truth—
Now with his worth, his genius, all confess'd,
Will wear him, like a jewel, on her breast.

Ye cramp'd and cloister'd pedants of the Schools,
Who strove, Procrustes-like, to clip each mind
By your own strait traditionary rules,
Behold the genius that ye ne'er divined,
Now, by the verdict of the nations known
In prouder rolls of glory than your own.

And couldst thou thus receive, ungrateful land—
Oh, lasting shame! oh, burning deep disgrace!
The loftiest boon of Heaven's indulgent hand,
A poet, sprung amidst thy favour'd race—
And leave him friendless and unloved to roam,
To seek the fame he could not find at home?

How long shall Erin be the nurse of song,
While stranger hands confer the well-won bay?
Oh, burst the fetters that have bound thee long,
My native land, and haste to wipe away
The shame that all thy exiled sons impute,
Who find "their place of birth alone is mute."

R. H. M.

JOHN TODHUNTER

SONG OF THE CYNIC

WHEN I am told there's some one born,
According to my rules,
"Tis well," I say, "here's one fool more
To plague the other fools."
And when I'm told there's some one dead,
My comfort I express,
According to my custom, thus :
"Thank heaven ! one fool less."

W. F.

ROMAUNT OF THE MYRTLE

NEVER was song stranger than mine—
All of a falcon that flew thro' the brine,
All of a falcon that flew o'er the sea
To the dim Islands of Twilight, where be
Groves of pale myrtle where wander and wait,
Hovering and hoping, before Heaven's gate,
The ghosts of sad lovers !
There wait and wander, frail meteors of fire,
Spirits Death-snatch'd in their morn of desire,
Their April of passion—when lips at his kiss
Freeze, ere the heart be made perfect thro' bliss
To pass the glad portals.
There came the falcon that flew o'er the sea—
To the wan white bosom of Eulalie.

JOHN TODHUNTER

Never was song stranger than mine—
All of a dove that flew back thro' the brine,
All of a dove that flew back o'er the sea
With a pale myrtle-spray from the wan Eulalie,
To Mainz in the Rhineland !
In Mainz was high feasting, and Berthold was there ;
And Frauenlob chanted the praise of the fair,
And eyes grew more bright, cheeks more beauteous, and wine
Foam'd fresh to their lips in great flagons ashine ;
And the king's heart was merry, the courtiers were clad
In robes of rejoicing ; but Berthold was sad
For the loss of his falcon.
To him came the dove that flew back o'er the sea,
With that pale sweet token from Eulalie.

Never was song sweeter than mine—
All of this dove that flew back thro' the brine,
To Berthold—mute-brooding and wroth for their glee—
With the flower of love-longing from wan Eulalie,
Sweet, sweet with her sighing !
Sweet with her sighing and pale with her kiss—
What glimpse of forgotten deep by-ways of bliss
Grew clear to his vision—what fragrance of dreams,
What nightingale music by weird-flowing streams
Made mystic each sense—what wild glamour bid start
The passionate fountains long-dead in his heart,
Till he fainted for yearning !
And the king dropp'd his beaker, the minstrel let fall
His ghittern—the music died harshly—and all

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Was tumult—men rose, women shriek'd, and 'twas said
By knots of scared whisperers "Berthold is dead!"
In Mainz in the Rhineland.
But Berthold was speeding far far o'er the sea
To the warm breast of his own Eulalie!

J. T.

EPITAPH

ON AN "AIR WITH VARIATIONS"

SPARE, Execution! spare thy Victim's bones,
Composed by Mozart—decomposed by Jones.

J. M.

THE SONG OF THE LINES

With Gradus dirty and worn,
With heavy and weary eyes,
A Freshman sat who had written an ode
For the last Vice-Chancellor's prize.
Wait, wait, wait,
'Mid Grinders, Lectures, and fines,
And thus on a lyre of dolorous chord
He sang the Song of the Lines.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Wait, wait, wait,
When the bell is ringing aloof,
And wait, wait, wait,
When we leave our Grinder's roof;
And it's oh to be a Jib
In the Godless College of Cork,
Where never Vice-Chancellor gives a prize,
If this be Christian's work.

Oh, Fellows with pupils dear,
Oh, Fellows with nephews and sons,
It is not paper you're tearing up,
But a Senior Freshman's Duns;
For the Duns are growing rude,
Because of the Bills I owe,
Madden and Roe, Kinsley and Jude,
Jude and Kinsley andjRoe.

Wait, wait, wait,
Till term after term fulfils;
And wait, wait, wait,
As minors wait for wills.
Week after week in vain
We've looked at the College gate,
For how many days? I would hardly fear
"To speak of Ninety-Eight." *

* Dr. Ingram was then one of the examiners.

JOHN TODHUNTER

With Gradus dirty and worn,
With heavy and weary eyes,
A Freshman sat who had written an ode
For the last Vice-Chancellor's prize.
Wait, wait, wait,
'Mid Grinders, Lectures, and fines,
And thus on a lyre of dolorous chord,
(Would that its tones could reach the Board,)
He sang the Song of the Lines.

C. P. M.

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCIPLESHIP*

OF THE SCHOOL OF WALT WHITMAN

A PROEM

I

I AM come—he you was inquiring for a moment ago.
Did anyone tell you I was well and hearty, and without disease?
I say to you I am on the contrary full of diseases—a lazar—
I confess to you I have but just now risen from a sick bed :
(But I am not for that reason to be shunted as of no account in the
world.

* These poems are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some of the masters of song.

JOHN TODHUNTER

I am serene, self-reliant, robust—able to do a job of work with any man
To wrestle for the prizes of life with any man,
To love or hate with any man.
I tell you that I can love a true man with an intense and personal love
And that every man is a true man ;
That I can hate a liar with an intense and personal hatred,
And that every man is a liar.)

II

Hymning the great in the little I come, and hymning the little in the
great I come ;
Hymning chaos, the cosmos, discords, harmonies—the Identity of
Opposites :
For I am myself the Panharmonic man—the Identity of all possible
Opposites—
The poet of men and women, the poet of man, the poet of the herma-
phrodite monad of intelligence.
There is no spot of this universe, or of your consciousness where I have
not been, and where I dare not be again.
(Though I confess there are some spots where I had rather not be
again.)

III

Was my grandfather an ouran-utan? Was my grandmother a gorilla?
What then?
I claim to be the Adam of a new universe—the beasts come to me to
be named.

JOHN TODHUNTER

IV

Who told you I should write nothing but epics?
I write also dramas, lyrics, sonnets, operas, canzones, novels, narrative
poems, xenien;
I do not disdain puns or pleasantries;
I make my market of all.
What is this cant about prose? I distinctly assert that there is no such
thing as prose.
What is this cant about music, about poetry? I positively aver that I
hear music and poetry wherever I go—
In the hubbub of streets a Beethoven symphony, in the clamour of
machinery a Tannhäuser overture,
In the chaffer of men and chatter of women a Wagner opera.

V

O mother sublime! O womb of the Panharmonic race! America!
O omnipresent idea! ubiquitous reality!
(For now I perceive her presence, unchangeable, unescapeable,
For now I perceive here in Ireland America, and that Ireland is herself
America.)
O there are possibilities, eventualities, futurities, climaxes, crises,
termini!
O still for you there are chants triumphal,
For you prophetic a psalm,
O Mater Dolorosa, O Erin!

JOHN TODHUNTER

VI

Ages upon ages! O all divine! O all necessary!
I see the procession of Humanity! I hear Bacchic marches, I hear
Orphic songs!
I assert will, sympathy, passion, independence, interdependence,
Onrushings, vortices, cataclysms, the spiral snakelike advance, through
æons interminable.
The song of love—the mingling of divine personalities, through cycles
interminable,
The song of war—the birthing of atomic wills, through cycles intermin-
able,
The song of brotherhood—the shoulder to shoulder unity of self-reliant
aggression, through cycles interminable.

VII

Sublime passion of death,
O august solitudes of death, O aloneness of gradual dying!
O shock of sudden changes, abrupt, dreadful, delirious,
O rendering up of the self!
Beautiful rapture of life—modulations, rhapsodies,
Seeds, wills, embryos, universes—tidal sap of Vallisneria cells, and tidal
fluxes of the stars.
Now I know that life is only a resurrection, now I know that resurrec-
tion is only progress.
O to sail for ever—on the unknown seas of God to voyage for ever!
O for ever to become, through dim eternities elapsing,
Cosmic mysteries evolving, perfect volition achieving!
I trust myself to you, O ages, to you, O non-existent divine potentialities
Of happiness, blissfulness, life-fulness—the serene something beyond!

J. T.

BARRINGTON ORR

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR

(A GENTLEMAN, BEING CONSIGNED TO THE POLICE FOR CHANTING IN
CHURCH, GAVE HIS NAME AS ERNEST AUGUSTUS JAMES FITZROY)

HIS voice was husky, his face was dusky,
For a shocking cold he had got, poor boy,
And, chaunting faintly, there knelt the saintly
Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy.

He heeded not beadle, nor Mr. Liddel,
Nor yet the notice upon the door,
Where, as they express'd it, it was requested
That the service here be intoned no more.

Oh, grim churchwarden, say, did no chord in
Your bosom thrill, did no twinge annoy
Of remorse's needle, when you sent the beadle
To Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy.

Good heavens! a beadle too gruff to wheedle,
Who scowling, growling, "Now then, old boy,
You know you can't in this church be chantin'"—
Poor Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy!

For fault so venial did pamper'd menial
Approach with triumph and fiendish joy,
And from the portal eject the immortal
Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy?

TOWNSEND E. MILLS

Oh, slavish minions of weak opinions,
He's only twenty, that high-soul'd boy !
But, like a true brick, he stood by the rubric,
Did Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy !

B. O.

BELLS

HIGH go up and low go down,
To ring the bells of Dublin town ;
Read your Divinity
Says the big bell of Trinity ;
Never think it a bore, man,
Says the bell of Grangegorman ;
Read as little as you can,
Says the bell of St. Anne ;
Don't read it at all,
Says the bell of St. Paul.
Portal's " Manual " *does* tickle us,
Say the bells of St. Nicholas ;
Its doctrines are Laudian,
Says the bell of St. Audoen ;
They are what I believe in,
Says the bell of St. Stephen ;
The new rubrics are done,
Says the bell of St. John ;
The worst ever man drew,
Says the bell of St. Andrew.

TOWNSEND E. MILLS

Seen that book by the Duke? *
Says the bell of St Luke ;
The style is not strikin',
Says the bell of St. Michan ;
I think it's mere blatherin',
Says the bell of St. Katherine ;
You shouldn't be rude,
Says the bell of St. Jude ;
It was written for a lark,
Says the bell of St. Mark ;
You should take a more solemn view,
Says the bell of Bartholomew.
For the Church who'll provide?
Says the bell of St. Bride ;
I wish Bass would "treat" her,
Says the bell of St. Peter ;
Will the laymen disgorge ?
Says the bell of St. George ;
You must ask Dr. Reichel,
Says the bell of St. Michael ;
The subscribers are chary,
Says the bell of St. Mary ;
We've many a promise,
Says the bell of St. Thomas ;
A long list of *names*,
Says the bell of St. James ;
From China to Cherburg,
Says the bell of St. Werburgh ;

* *Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism.* By the Duke of Somerset.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

We're not left in the lurch,
Say the bells of Christ Church ;
Our "Bass" taught Roe *that* trick,
Say the bells of St. Patrick ;
I've got no Bass—darn a Bass,
Says the bell of St. Barnabas.

T. E. M.

THE LOVES, RELIGIONS
AND WHISKERS
OF MR. ARTHUR CECIL PAYNE

(AFTER CLARENCE MANGAN)

"I WAS not born to lounge about, an antipogonotrophist,"
Said the beardless Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.
"I was not born to stay at home, an antipogonotrophist,
With a beard or an imperial
On feast-day, fast, or ferial,
Methinks I should look anything but plain,"
Said this Mr. Arthur Cecil,
Said this beardless Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.

So, at once he off to London set, and read the Chaetotechnicon,
Did this whiskerless young Arthur Cecil Payne,
And bought the Kallotrophic oil, as bade the Chaetotechnicon ;
Using half a bottle daily,
He, through all the season gaily,

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Waited, getting up his whiskers into train,
Did this Mr. Arthur Cecil,
Rich and fashionable Arthur Cecil Payne.

Now it came to pass one day, he heard the Rev. Mr. Purchas preach,
Did this Low-Church Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne;
Providentially it came to pass, he heard this Mr. Purchas preach,
Where St. Mary Magdalene,
Spite of Cumming and Daubigné,
There in London has her chapel built again,
There walked in this Arthur Cecil,
There sat down this Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.

And from many creeds and councils did he prove to him most lucidly,
To the listening Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
And from Liturgies and homilies, demonstrated most lucidly,
That if ever any particles
Of Truth were in "the articles,"
They are not what Low-Church Protestants maintain;
This he proved to Arthur Cecil,
Proved to shut up Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.

And there before the screen, in front of Rood and Antependium,
Knelt enraptured Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
Where the gold *corona lucis* lay before the Antependium,
And the Eleemosynarium
Hung up in the Sacrarium,
Underneath the oriel window's tinted pane,
There knelt down this Arthur Cecil,
Knelt the Ritualistic Arthur Payne.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

"Oh!" said he, "oh, the young lady that can work me such an altar-cloth,
Work for me, young Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
Such a mass of hearts and lilies, stars and crosses, for an altar-cloth,
Her, whatever lady knows to
Work me this, will I propose to—
For all others, their flirtations will be vain,
With me, Mr. Arthur Cecil,
Rich and eligible Arthur Cecil Payne."

So, upon some Dublin friends he called to ask about the altar-cloth,
To be worked for Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
"What I consent, a Protestant, to working Popish altar-cloths!"
Said Papa, "Well now I'm cuss'd if I'd,"—
Said Mamma, "By faith we're justified,
And to trust to our own righteousness is vain,
Lost, but rich young Arthur Cecil!
Unregenerate Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne!"

But the daughter of this lady, when she read the letter sent to her,
All on vellum signed by Arthur Cecil Payne,
When she read this medieval, Gothic letter that he sent to her,
Said, "An altar-cloth! I never!
Goodness gracious! Did you ever!
Why the young man must be really insane!
Mad is Mr. Arthur Cecil,
Idiotic Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne!"

So the story reached at last the ear of pious sister Agatha,
Did this whim of Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne;
And she worked for him an altar-cloth, herself, did sister Agatha,
All on silk from Hardman's ordered,
And with silver crosses bordered,

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

And she sent it up to Dublin, by the train,
Labelled, "Mr. Arthur Cecil,
Glass, with care, Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne."

And straight he called a four-wheeler and drove away to visit her,
Did this love-sick Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne ;
In a gorgeous coat from Buckmaster's he walked upstairs to visit her,
And upon his knees before her,
Was commencing to implore her,
That she evermore would condescend to reign
In the heart of Arthur Cecil,
In the constant heart of Arthur Cecil Payne.

Said she, "Oh goodness gracious ! Did you ever hear such sacrilege,
Bold and earthly Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
If another of Miss Sellon's nuns will listen to such sacrilege,
Her you then perhaps may marry,
But for me I may not tarry,
But must hasten back to Devonport again,
Far away from Arthur Cecil,
Sacrilegious Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne."

So, changed at last by grief to stone, upon the Church at Sandymount,
As a gargoyle stands this Arthur Cecil Payne !
Miraculously there he stands transmogrified at Sandymount,
And to all the Irish nation
Of the evils of flirtation,
A sad monument will evermore remain,
Metamorphosed Arthur Cecil,
Petrified young Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.

C. P. M.

H. T. JAMES.

THE DYING WARRIORS

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND)

THE furious Danes had forced the Swedish host
To the wild, stormy coast ;
The chariots clash, and lifted falchions gleam
In the moon's silver beam :
Two dying warriors on the battle plain,
Father and comely son, lie stretch'd among the slain.

SON.

Alas ! oh Sire, that Fate should summon me
So young, by stern decree ;
Ah ! never more may mother deck my hair,
Making it passing fair ;
My minstrel maiden, skill'd in many a lay,
Perchance from yonder height awaits me from the fray.

FATHER.

They will lament and see our forms at night
In dreamland's misty light :
Be thou consoled, for soon pain's bitter dart
Will pierce thy faithful heart.
Thy bright-hair'd maiden, radiant in her love,
Shall reach to thee the cup in Odin's hall above.

SON.

I've left unharp'd a glorious song of mine,
Attuned to notes divine,

H. T. JAMES.

Of kings and heroes of a bygone age,
Of love and battle's rage :
Ah, longings vain ! when passing breezes blow,
Thrills through the lonely harp a plaintive sound of woe.

FATHER.

The sacred courts of Odin glitter bright
Aloft in cloudless night :
Wander the stars beneath for evermore,
And storms with distant roar.
Repose we there, our mighty sires among,
There, in Valhalla's bliss, complete thy noble song.

SON.

Ah ! father mine, that Fate should summon me
So young, by harsh decree !
My shield as yet bears no emblazon'd name
Of deeds deserving fame.
The judges twelve shall deem thy son unfit
Amongst their awful ranks in solemn state to sit.

FATHER.

One splendid deed may well a host outshine,
It shall be so with thine :
To die a hero at thy country's call
Is noblest deed of all.
Uplift thine eyes, behold ! the foemen fly,
There is our destined home where gleams yon friendly sky !
H. T. J.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

L'AMOUR QUI PASSE

STRAY waifs of perfume yesterday
With art-made scent recall'd the prime
Of spring, and her long years away—
Who loved me well—when she had time!
And I look'd back through Life's career,
Sad-thoughted to that long-ago,
The worn out almanac of the year,
When we two loved each other so.

Once more as in the days gone by,
I see your little garret room,
So near to heaven—I mean the sky—
So sweet—with poison in perfume!
Once more the ballet hour prolong,
Half drown'd, like Clarence, in champagne,
In which your voice through many a song,
To dip her drooping wings was fain!

Fair feet that trod that *cul de sac*!
Where have ye wander'd, in what ways?
Bright eyes! through tears have you look'd back
Upon those careless thriftless days,
And you and I! what tempts us still?
Are we of those wild ways still fain?
The love that went at the winds' will—
The youth that comes not back again.

BRABAZON CASEMENT

Light Love of wasted youth ! adieu,
Vain blossom of the days that were—
In Life's closed page best hid from view—
And yet the poor dead flower was fair.
No summer can with bloom endow
Those press'd and faded petals more,
And dreams alone can sometimes now
That old Lost Paradise restore.

C. P. M.

LOVE AND DEATH

SWEET youth and love in sparkling wine
Fill'd life's fair chalice to the brim ;
And oh ! the cup was wondrous fine
With figured fancies round the rim.

I raised it high in haste to quaff
The brilliant liquor flowing free :
Behind there shrill'd a grisly laugh,
For Death was come to drink with me.

I wrestled with his bony hand :
His hated breath blew love away,
And youth fell wither'd on the sand,
Before we closed the weary fray.

No more in foamy circles high
The liquor sparkles to the brim :
The cup is to the bottom dry :
All rased the figures on the rim.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

And now methinks you will have read
The meaning of this uncouth rime ;
How she that was my love is dead,
And I am old before my time.

B. C.

THE VOYAGE

(AFTER TENNYSON)

WE hired a ship : we heaved a shout :
We turn'd her head toward the sea ;
We laugh'd and scull'd, and baled her out,
We scream'd, and whistled loud for glee :
We scull'd, we scream'd, we laugh'd, we sang,
Beneath the merry stars of June :
Went flute tu-tu, and banjo bang :
We meant to sail into the moon !

Far off a boatman hail'd us high :
" My boat is named the Bonny Bess ;
Old Jack will charge you more than I,
For I will charge you sixpence less.
My boat is strong, and swift, and taut,
But Jack's—she is not worth a cuss."
We held his terms in scorn, for what
Was sixpence, or a crown, to us ?

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

We bang'd ; we baled ; we scull'd ; we scream'd :

The water gain'd upon us fast.

We look'd upon the moon : she seem'd

As far as when we saw her last.

We look'd : no terror did we show ;

We did not care a button, we ;

We knew the good ship could not go

Beyond the bottom of the sea.

But one—at best he was a lout—

The same, we guess, was short of chink—

Exclaimed in terror, " Let me out,

I am quite sure the ship will sink.

The leak is quickly gaining height ;

'Twill soon be half-way up the mast."

And through the hatch that starry night

We let him out, and on we pass'd.

Slight skiffs aslant the starboard slipp'd,

And jet-black coal-boats, stoled in state,

And slender shallops, silvern-tipp'd,

And other craft, both small and great.

But we nor changed to skiff or barge,

Or slender shallop, silvern-peak'd ;

We knew no vessel, small or large,

Was built by mortal hands, but leak'd.

HENRY CHICHESTER HART

Beyond the blank horizon burn'd ;
The moon had slid below the main ;
About the bows we sharply turn'd,
And scull'd the good ship home again.
Before us gleam'd the hazy dawn ;
We scull'd, but ere we shock'd the lea,
And paid old Jack, the ship had gone
Down to the bottom of the sea.

Above the wreck the sad sea breaks,
And many a pitying moonlight streams ;
And o'er the yeasty waterflakes
The snow-white seagull, sliding, screams.
If any goods be wash'd ashore,
Or cash—if any cash be found—
To us, and not to Jack restore :
But then—you cannot ; we were drown'd.

S. K. C.

THE RIME OF LORD RHADNOR

“WHAT ho ! ye churls, is there any here
That can tell me whither my course to steer ?
Room and rest and rustic cheer
Are a weary huntsman's want.
Tired am I, and in need of food ;
My starving hunter has well-nigh chew'd
His bridle through. By the Holy Rood,
Yours is a homeless haunt !

HENRY CHICHESTER HART

"And a woeful welcome this is yours.
Do ye live like the heathcock upon the moors?
Well will I guerdon you, stupid boors,
An ye'll tell me where I may lie."
But the Lord of Rhadnor craved in vain,
Room nor goodwill might he hope to gain.
He cursed the churls in his high disdain,
And they answer'd him mockingly.

He had ridden since first he heard "Hunt's up,"
Ridden in chase since his stirrup cup,
Ridden without or bite or sup,
Ridden he knew not where.
Lost were his friends and lost his way,
And he rode for where a steeple lay,
Hoping for rest at close of day,
Hoping for food and fare.

Oft he sounded his cheering horn—
No answer he got save Echo's scorn;
And he cursed the stag, and he cursed the morn,
That had left him in the lurch.
An angry, reckless wight was he,
Little he laid by sanctity.
Straightway he rode as straight might be
To the good Saint Avan's church.
Never a moment's time he lost,
His godless forehead he never cross'd,
Cared not he, nor counted the cost,
But he forced him through the porch.

HENRY CHICHESTER HART

He settled himself and his horse to rest
Aneath the cross by the good saint bless'd.
Never an orison he address'd

To the saints that watch us below.
But or ever his thoughts might let him be,
Borne on the wind all fitfully,
Gladder than gladdest minstrelsy,
Might he hear both loud and low
The notes of his pack, that in musical time
Came to him droppingly, clear as the chime
Of Saint Avan's bell, and his heart rang rime,
And his voice a hale halloo !

On they came to his well-known call,
Ringwood, Silver, Lady, and all,
And the church was turn'd to a hunting-ball
Ere the dawn began to peep.
Reckless he was, and fain would see
That himself and his dogs might shelter'd be
Albeit so sacrilegiously ;
And he settled himself to sleep.

Saint Avan look'd down from his saintly bliss
To the Cambrian shrine of his holiness.
Saint Avan he blench'd and started, I wis,
And the crown of his glory shook—
“ Was it for this I kept in bounds
Passion and pleasure, bore these wounds—
Was it to stable horses and hounds
In my church? By the Holy Book,

EDWARD DOWDEN

"A curse shall light on that evil lord :
He shall see no more, he shall speak no word,
Deaf and blind for this deed abhorr'd

Be he and his cursed pack !"

Lord Rhadnor awoke, but all was dark ;
He open'd his lips for Halloo and Hark,
But they came not—no, nor ever a spark
Of light—all still and black.

And there was an end of Lord Rhadnor's sport—
His days were evil, his course was short.

Huntsmen, I pray you, wind a mort

In pity of his fate,

And bide your time ere ye make a stable
Or kennel of church, and as long as you're able
Remember the pith of this doleful fable,
Nor hunt till it be too late.

H. C. H.

IN THE LECTURE ROOM

Our doctor lectured divinely ;

We felt our bosoms kindle

As we thought there really might be

A God in spite of Tyndall.

Outside the leaves were tossing,

The clouds raced over the blue,

The lark was in his heaven,

And God was there I knew.

E. D.

JOHN A. CROSS

CYGNUS EXPIRANS

"Parendum est, cedendum est,
Claudenda vitae scena,
Est iacta sors, me vocat mors
Haec hora est postrema,
Valete res, valete spes,
Sic finit cantilena."

(For the rest of this poem see Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry, p, 285, 3rd Ed.)

DEATH calls away, I must obey,
I yield to fate unbending,
The lot is cast, Death's here at last,
Time to its close is tending.
Farewell to wealth, farewell to health,
And so the song is ending.

O glorious sun, run, swiftly run,
Your course to mortals cheering;
Enough your ray has lit my way,
And now it's disappearing;
Now wanes the light 'neath brooding night,
My barque the port is nearing.

O silver moon, to fail so soon,
O golden constellations,
O dim-lit star, whose eye from far
Peers at the earthly nations,
When I am gone, you'll still shine on
For future generations.

JOHN A. CROSS

Well, who need sigh to say "good-bye"
To a world that's all deceiving,
Its joys so mad, their end so sad,
Its wicked ways, and thieving,
Its smiles and tears, its constant fears?
I leave it without grieving.

The marble dome that crowns my home,
Far o'er the landscape showing,
Its pictured walls, and ample halls
With gold and ivory glowing,
I leave them all for the narrow hall
Where Death and I are going.

The festive throng, the roistering song,
No joy to me are bringing,
O Priests that raise the hymn of praise,
I cannot mind your singing,
So loud and near, one song I hear,
That the sexton's bell is ringing.

The butler's hoard, the furnish'd board,
The feast where joy reposes,
The torches' light, the garlands bright,
The winecup crown'd with roses,
But cause me pain, since I must drain
The cup that Death proposes.

The rich perfumes may scent my rooms,
Their costly odours weeping,

JOHN A. CROSS

My purples bright ne'er see the light,
For rust and moth they're keeping.
'Tis little I'll care in the churchyard there,
With the worms about me creeping.

At Fortune's frown come tumbling down
High name and fair possession,
Small grief to me who soon must see
Th' Eternal Judge's session ;
Life's pageantry is passing me
Like a harlequin's procession.

O friends so fond, all friends beyond,
Whose like earth shall see never,
Soon, this world's great Arch-potentate
Our partnership must sever.
We meet no more—our jokes are o'er,
Farewell, at last, for ever.

Farewell to you, my body, too,
Your rest you're longing after,
You shared with me life's pageantry,
Its weeping, and its laughter.
What yet may be, we soon shall see
Of good or ill hereafter.

J. A. C.

ROBERT H. MARTLEY

THE VAMPIRE

It is true! It is true! It is true!
I have seen the horrible thing;
Its lips are red, and its eyes are blue
And oh how its fingers cling!

I had heard of it times and again,
And I thought it an idle tale;—
But I tell you it's true, I have felt the pain,
Or why should I look so pale?

It fix'd itself over my heart,
I had not the power to shrink,—
It seem'd to search for the tenderest part,
To draw off its terrible drink.

Night, as the poets sing,
Is the time for quiet and rest,
But who could sleep with the horrible thing,
The Vampire, over his breast?

But the worst of it all was this,
That now and then, as it quaff'd,
It raised its head from its deadly kiss,
And it laugh'd—the creature laugh'd.

JOHN MARTLEY

For here the stories have err'd ;
It has not the wings of a bat ;
It has not the beak nor the claws of a bird ;
It's a hundred times worse than that.

Its skin was smooth and fair,
And its lips, though steep'd in gore,
Were like some lips I know, and I swear
I had seen those eyes before.

But whatever the creature be,
The fearfulest, cruelest part
Is this, that it fixes its eyes on me,
And smiles, as it drains my heart.

I hope that death will bring
The comfort of quiet rest,
But who could sleep with the horrible thing,
The Vampire, over his breast ?

R. H. M.

AMONG THE FLOWERS

SHE took my flowers with simple grace,
And then I breath'd the truth she knew ;
No flush, the while, was on her face ;
I ceased, and she was silent, too.
At length she speaks, with heaving breast,
Of duty owed to adverse powers ;
She hints at feelings long suppress'd,
And hides her face among the flowers.

JOHN TODHUNTER

Blest garland ! fleeting years have sped ;
Your bliss is past ; your bloom is o'er ;
Fades, too, this cheek, this bosom dead,
These lips that sue and sigh no more ;
Lives, lives relentless Fate alone ;
Still Hope is born in leafy bowers,
But when the blushing buds have blown,
Still finds her grave among the flowers.

J. M.

FROM HEINE

NIGHT lay upon mine eyelids,
Upon my mouth lay lead ;
With heart and brain stark-frozen
I lay in my graveyard bed.

I cannot say what ages
That sleep to my senses clave ;
I woke at last and listen'd—
One knock'd upon my grave.

“Wilt thou not rise, my Heinrich,
Now breaks eternal day ;
The dead have all arisen,
Joy dawneth to last for aye ?”

“My Love, yet rise I cannot,
For blind, still blind am I :
Mine eyes through constant weeping
Are quenched utterly.”

JOHN TODHUNTER

"I'll kiss thee, O my Heinrich,
The night from out thine eyes ;
Thou shalt behold the angels
And splendour of Paradise."

"My Love, yet rise I cannot,
It bleeds, still bleeds, deep-gored—
My heart, where thou didst stab me
With one sharp-pointed word."

"I'll lay so light, my Heinrich,
My hand upon thy heart ;
'Twill bleed no more for ever,
And heal'd will be all its smart."

"My Love, yet rise I cannot,
My head bleeds also—see
Where, through and through I shot it
When I was robb'd of thee."

"With my own locks, my Heinrich,
That wound will I stanch full fain,
And back will I press the blood-stream,
Thy head to make whole again."

So soft it pleaded, so tender,
The will to resist was gone ;
I strove to upheave my gravestone,
And go to this Dearest One.

WILLIAM WILKINS

Then out my wounds burst newly,
Then furiously outbrake
From head and breast the blood-stream,
And lo! I am awake.

J. T.

A REMINISCENCE

Kissing wan olive into red rose—
Black earrings, black eyes, and white white teeth
Flashing about like pearls and sloes,
As you laughed and struggled my lips beneath—
Little slim body so clear and fine,
And little weak hands held fast by mine—
Little bright face as keen as wine,
Do you remember?—I shall till death.

Kissing wan olive into red rose,
Like April flushing at once to June—
Kisses commencing on kisses' close,
And laughter on laughter abounding boon.
You play'd me a trick by the garden ferry;
But paid me a forfeit sweet and merry,
One sunny morning last January—
Have you forgotten, my dear, so soon?

W. W.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

WILLIE AND WINNIE

(AN IDYLL)

By chandler Chawkins at the shop abode
Willie and Winnie. Willie was a man,
And she a woman ; and the moon was full.
Now Willie loved this woman, heart and soul
From chignon to shoe-leather, and full fain
Had wedded Winnie ; but the girl, because
She had so often seen him in the shop,
Thought not of Willie.

Then there came a day,
When Willie called her sire, and said : " O sire,
A fourpence and a groat are near akin,
But love is nearer to your daughter's heart,
Being her whole sole fortune. Listen to me.
I love your daughter Winnie. I do think
(For I have watch'd her close these many days),
That she loves me a little in return.
Therefore, an so you grant us leave to wed,
And look upon mine asking favourably,
We two might live together as one life,
In bonds of holiest love until we die.
You look astonish'd, Sire : you dream me fool,
Ass, idiot, goose ; but such is not the fact.
Goose, idiot, ass ? Here on my bended knees,
And in the presence of these empty chairs,
Kissing my thumb, I swear that it is true."

❖

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

The like-suspecting Chawkins smiled, and replied :
"Well-spoken, 'sdeath : a right-well-suited match."
Then suddenly remembering that a price
Jumpt at, on the first offer, makes a ware
Appear less goodly in the buyer's eye,
Drew back his chair, eyed him askance, and so
Head-haughty, in mock-grandeur, answer'd sharply :
"My daughter, and with you, sir ; you, sir ; you ;
You and my daughter, Winnie ? what a match,
Preposterous (for he meant to practise on him),
Base, scandalous."

For many a year before,
While yet an early-rising April sun
Shot through the shatter'd shutters of the room,
Javelling the folded dusk with spikes of fire,
Suddenly from a deep dream Chawkins awoke.
Well-nigh at first the light had blazed him blind,
But that he closed his eyes ; but afterward
Rising, he drew his night-cap down, and so
All in the mellow middle of the room,
Stood in his long night-shirt, meditating.
Then, when his thought was thought, and he had stood
Stock-still in his sock-soles for half-an-hour,
Musing, he turn'd, doffed cap, shut eyes, crept close,
Raised thumb, press'd spring, and softly with all care
Sunder'd the shutters, and let in the day.
Then down he sat, and up he rose, and jerk'd
The red bell-rope that blush'd against the wall.
The bell rang. "Hark !" said Mary, "my lord calls."

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

It rang again. "The master 's in a hurry."
Down came the rope. Up sprang the dame, and dinn'd
Loud at the door. But Chawkins questioning her,
And roughly shouting, "Menial, is it thee?"
(He never was a scholar), and again,
"What kept thee, girl?" amazed her, and she had
Scarce any breath to answer, and yet gasp'd
Falteringly, "Me, lord: what is thy will?"
And Chawkins could have wept for pity of her.
For harsh in tongue was he, but tender in heart,
And well he knew, or ought to know, the dame,
Being but human, was not inerrable;
Moreover, too, he held the dame so dear,
That ill to her was ill to him; yea, more;
Before his life was link'd in love with hers
Who now proclaim'd him husband, all his heart
Went after her with longing; for the dame
Had served him well for half-a-hundred years,
And oft, of old, while yet his youth was young,
Had dandled him a baby in her arms.
Then softly adding: "Mary, is it thee?"
And, "Is it thee, O Mary?" and again,
"O Mary, is it thee?" he raised the latch,
And gently told the dame to tell the boots
To tell the pantry-boy to tell the cook
That the calf's head, which she had heated twice,
Or thrice, who knows? or may be three times thrice,
And served her lord at luncheon and at tea,
Not ever should be heated any more.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

"For an she serve it to her lord again,
And strive (for cooks are creatures of a month)
With her calf's head to break my appetite,
By heavens!" said Chawkins, "I shall break her head."*
He ended in a passion, and jump'd into bed again.
And in those days he bought a pair of dogs—
Cæsar and Pompey—each so like to each,
That not one single man in the whole world
Could tell the difference. And he made a song,
And sang it: strangely could he make and sing.

Like is my Cæsar, so they say, they say:
But Pompey is as like him any day:
I know not which is liker, he or him.

He, art thou like? Then liker him must be:
He, thou art liker: like is him to he:
He, him, if him were liker, he were him.

Two eyes has each, and they possess two tails:
Neither is feminine, for both are males:
Neither can climb a tree, and both can swim.

Well-bred is each, for I am sure of that:
And his nose is like him's, for both are flat:
And both are fleet of feet, and lithe of limb.

* Cf. *Last Tournament*:—

"Save for that broken music in thy brains,
Sir fool," said Tristram, "I should break thy head."

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Well-train'd is he ; I never use a switch ;
But him is train'd as well : but tell me, which
Did we refer the " he " to ; which the " him ? "

The " he " of course refers,—but nay, I'm wrong :
The " him "—I quite forget now ; but as long
As him and he are happy, what's the odds ?

So, on that later morn,
When William call'd her sire, and said, " O sire,
A fourpence and a groat are near ~~kin~~ kin,
But love is nearer to your daughter's heart,
Being her whole sole fortune," in his chair
Chawkins (for still the ruth was working in him),
Slow-stiffening, spoke : " Young men, whose funds are low,
Should be content to wed with lowly maids.
Since you would wed my daughter, state your means—
Aye, state your means, since you would wed my child,"
And ever like a burthen, " state your means."
To whom the other : " Means, sire : said you means ?
Means, said you ? Truth, and I shall tell thee true.
If what you mean by means be wealth alone,
And only wealth is to be rated so,
Mean were your daughter, then, to wed with me,
Not wedding with your wish : seeing a child
In every thing at every time in every way
Should work her parent's will, and bear it thro'.
And you were meanest man of meanest men,
An you were mean enough to ask it of her.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

But if by means you mean that wealth of mind—
(Mind, *if* you mean ; but *if* you do not mean—
But all is jest and joke among ourselves—
It doth not maim a tittle of the fact,)
That wealth of mind, I say, that makes a man
Lord over all of lesser mind than he,
Then are there none but few wealthier than I.
For wealth is power. And I have power to see
(Altho' I see her never but seldom now,)
The exquisite beauty of your innocent child,
Which never man on earth had power to see,
Else, surely she had wedded years ago,
Whereto her age bears witness. But if means
Be wealth of money, and not wealth of mind,
Then wealth of mind and money are the same.
For as the mind directs the hand to work—
(I speak of manual labour)—so the hand
Without the mind has power to work no more,
Or work without an aim. Therefore, O sire,
An so your daughter's fortune fled my hands,
And the wolf howl'd and prowld about our door,
I could apply my mind to practical use,
Like soul with body, working to one end,
To win the golden goal of love and life,
Beyond all riches. But if means be money,
Myself am not unmean'd ; for my good father,
(For dead-in-life to word and work is he,
Nor knows, nor sees, nor feels, nor smells, nor hears,)
Hath will'd me in his latest testimony

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Full sixty shares in some Peruvian mines,
And half-a-league of hills of steel and brass
In his broad lands beyond the narrow seas,
Under deep mortgage. Such, sire, are my means,
Since you would have me state them ; which, I trow,
Stated, will please you, as I trow they must,
Seeing in whatsoever sense you take them,
Well-mean'd am I, yet not one-third so mean
As you yourself are mean to think me mean."

Then answer'd Chawkins, reddening as in wrath :
"I like your little verbal paradoxes,
Told in quaint Saxon, with a quibble in it.
For jest is good, when jest is seasonable ;
But surely jest is not in season now,
When I and you, in cash and calmness, here
Prate for my daughter's fate. Let be your brains,
Let be too long already ; since, I vow,
When you have need to use them, like a wheel
Worn with long rust, you find them, past repair,
Used by disuse. I rate your chance with her
At nothing. Let me tell thee now a tale.

"All in the almond-avenues of Ind,
And orange-bearing orchards of the East,
There grinn'd upon a certain ash an ape,
Kimbo by name ; Kimbo, of the blue face,
And man-like features : soon there slip'd a swain
Frank-eyed and fleet of feet and lithe of limb
With breadth of solid shoulder, like a man,

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Athwart the forest : and the man was mad.
At length he rested under an oak-tree,
Desiring to be fed on certain nuts
That grew beside the tree where Kimbo grinn'd.
Then, with nor eye upraised, nor sleeve tuck'd up,
But headlong in his youth's impetuosity,
He kneel'd upon both knees, and with hot hands
Clutch'd a huge crag, and labouring to his feet
Face-flush'd and forehead-sinew'd, high on head
Whirl'd and re-whirl'd, and with a swing of the arm
Hurl'd it among the branches of the ash.
The ape well nigh for fright leap'd from its skin,
But the huge crag, whirl'd with full force of youth,
Plunging and surging like a mighty wave
Among the autumn'd crispness of the leaves,
And scraggy-scrabby branches of the ash
Crash'd : and the ape grew deathly-pale for fear.
Beneath its sway boughs splinter'd and twigs smash'd,
Flame shot and thunder stammer'd. Thus it plunged,
Till now the crag—its force of fury spent,—
Firm between two boughs, wedged like a vice, stuck.
But Blobs (for so the swain was named by name,
His mother's choice,) when he beheld the crag
Hang, like an empty purpose, in mid-heaven,
And thinking maybe that the nuts were green,
Or he was green, or maybe both were green,
Or partly green, or nothing green at all,
Rough-reddening in true anger, dash'd himself
Flat down on the damp earth, and cried a cry.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Then, when his cry was cried, and both eyes wiped,
Raising his head soon after, he was ware
How in an ash beside him grinn'd an ape.
Whom, as he thought, not as he ought, the swain
Approaching, hail'd : till nearing, flail-in-hand,
And grinning at him grinning tail-in-jaw,
The rude boy-urchin question'd Jackanapes :
'Come down, O Ape, from yonder ashen height,
And, an ye can, into this other tree
Scaling, gather me nuts.' But Jackanapes
Being right-heavily wroth at the swain's words,
And ruffled at the boy's imperiousness,
Brisk'd up his back, and clutching tail in teeth,
And circling round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Even on the branch for which he sprang the spring,
Low from the bough, jib-jabbering, swung by the tail.
Then softly stealing, as a thief that steals
Who feels the breath of beagles at his back,
The ape kept close, and clasp'd the crag, and out
From its firm wedge pull'd it with pain, and back
Crouch'd on a crisp ash-branch, cogitating :
Then rathe he rose, and gliding, crag in paw,
(The rude youth stood beneath, a rood or less,)
With a jerk of his jaw out of the ash
Plopp'd the huge crag upon him, and squash'd him dead.
So died the bumptious boy that aped at nuts.
What think you of my story? Is it fact,
Or fable—truth or falsehood? answer." Then
That other : " Fact, sire Chawkins : true enow ;

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

But vaster-better manners it had been
If Kimbo had not thrown the stone at all,
But gather'd him the nuts, and given them to him."
So Chawkins told, and William sold, his tale,
And he perceiving how his tale had turn'd
All back like his ape's tail in his own teeth,
And thinking, "Fool, belike and like enow
I have spoil'd my catch in being overfine
To catch my spoil," grasping both hands in his,
Allow'd his former asking formally,
And kiss'd him for his daughter on both cheeks,
(Who, hearing her own name, had slipp'd away,)
And call'd him his poor boy, his motherless child,
His man of men, his pet, his best of sons,
His noblest suitor, and most practicable,
Truest and most obedient ; and again
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, hugg'd : hugg'd, kiss'd, and clasp'd again ;
And left him, clasping, all his daughter's love,
And more ; but what was more than any love
He left not, cash : for neither he nor she
For whom he clasp'd, had any cash to leave,
And pass'd away.

Then William, like a man
Who all life long hath long'd for something sweet,
And sickens, never found, but being found,
Sickens, till one could die for mention of it,
And hearing likewise from a friend in town
How that fair mill's credit was breathed upon,
Writhed from his grasp, and gasping thro' clench'd teeth—

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

"Fool tho' I am—you call'd me fool—I am
Not all so neat or so complete a fool
As you believe me," turn'd, and went his way,
Nor saw before him lying in the way,
A peel of orange, random-thrown ; till now,
Planting his left foot on it carelessly,
The heel of his boot slipp'd on the peel, his head
Descended, and his skull was cleft in twain.
But Chawkins' life was ended differently ;
For he—but that was afterwards—for so
The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,
Accepted a free passage to the East.

And he that knew a man, that knew the maid,
Says that Miss Chawkins married Alfred Smith ;
But he, that should know better, says John Brown.
Whether this be the Brown that lived in Bath,
Or he that scamps among the Scottish hills,
I never learnt ; but this I know for truth :
It is not he of martial name and fame,
The number of whose knapsack no man knows,
But whose dead corpse lies mouldering in the grave.

S. K. C.

HUBERT J. DE BURGH

HALF HOURS WITH THE CLASSICS

(BY A YOUNG LADY WHO HAS BEEN READING "CLASSICS FOR
ENGLISH READERS")

AH ! those hours when bygone sages
Led our thoughts through Learning's ways,
When the wit of sunnier ages
Call'd once more to earth the days
When rang through Athens' vine-hung lanes
Thy ribald laugh, Aristophanes !

Pensive through the land of Lotus
Saunter'd we by Nilus' side ;
Garrulous old Herodotus
Still our Mentor—still our guide,
Prating of the mystic bliss
Of Isis and of Osiris.

All the learn'd ones trooped before us,
All the wise of Hellas' land,
Down from mythic Pythagoras
To the hemlock-drinker grand ;
Dark the hour that closed the gates
Of gloomy Dis on thee, Socrates !

HUBERT J. DE BURGH

Ah! those hours of tend'rest study,
When Electra's poet told
Of Love's cheek, once warm and ruddy,
Pale with grief, with death-chill cold ;—
Sobbing low, like summer tides,
Flow thy verses, Euripides !

High our hearts beat when Cicero
Shook the Capitolian dome.
How we shudder'd, watching Nero,
Mid the glare of blazing Rome ;
How those records still affright us,
On thy gloomy page, Tacitus !

Back to youth I seem to glide, as
I recall those bygone scenes,
When we conn'd o'er Thucydides,
Or recited Demosthenes.

L'ENVOI

*(Ancient sages ! pardon these
Somewhat doubtful quantities !)*

H. J. DE B.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

AFTER STUDY

FOUR men, in a place of note,
Read all a great man wrote.

The first man rose, and said :
"This is Greek which I have read."

One made this memo : "Nearly sound :
Treat this man well : he will come round."

The second man of the four men cried :
"This great man's thoughts and mine coincide."

One call'd for paper, and wrote thus :
"Number two—strait jacket—dangerous."

The third man of the four men sigh'd :
"I can't understand it—I have tried."

One wrote thus : "Harmless : let him alone :
If he ask for bread, give him a stone."

The fourth of the four men answer'd bland :
"I've glanced through it : there's nothing to understand."

The surgeon to the keeper turn'd about :
"This man is quite sane. Let him out."

S. K. C.

OSCAR WILDE

ΔΗΞΙΘΥΜΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΟΣ ΑΝΘΟΣ

(THE ROSE OF LOVE, AND WITH A ROSE'S THORNS)

My limbs are wasted with a flame,
My feet are sore with travelling,
For calling on my lady's name
My lips have now forgot to sing.

O Linnet in the wild-rose brake !
Strain for my love thy melody ;
O Lark ! sing louder for love's sake,
Now my fair lady passeth by.

O almond-flowers ! bend adown
Until ye reach her drooping head ;
O twining branches ! weave a crown
Of apple-blossoms white and red.

She is too fair for any man
To see and hold his heart's delight ;
Fairer than queen or courtesan,
Or moon-lit water in the night.

Her hair is bound with myrtle leaves,
(Green leaves upon her golden hair),
Green grasses through the yellow sheaves
Of autumn corn are not more fair.

OSCAR WILDE

Her little lips, more made to kiss
Than to cry bitterly for pain,
Are tremulous as brook-water is,
Or roses after evening rain.

As a pomegranate cut in twain
Her open lips and amorous mouth,
Her cheeks are as the fading stain
Where the peach reddens at the south.

Her breasts are as white melilote
Blushing for pleasure of the sun ;
The throbbing of the linnet's throat
Is not so fair to look upon.

*

O twining hands ! O delicate
Fair body made for love and pain ;
O House of love ! O desolate
White lily, overdrench'd with rain !

God can bring Winter unto May,
And change the sky to flame and blue,
Or summer corn to gold from grey :
One thing alone He cannot do.

He cannot change my love to hate,
Or make thy face less fair to see,
Though now He knocketh at the gate
With life and death—for you and me.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

II

A ring of gold and a milk-white dove
Are goodly gifts for thee,
And a hempen rope for your own love
To hangen upon a tree.

For you a house of ivory,
(Roses are white in the rose-bower,)
A narrow bed for me to lie,
(White, O white, is the hemlock flower.)

Myrtle and jessamine for you,
(O the red rose is fair to see,)
For me the cypress and the rue,
(Fairest of all is rosemary.)

For you three lovers of your hand,
(Green grass where a man lies dead,)
For me three paces on the sand,
(Plant lilies at my head.)

O. W.

THE IDLE SON

"AN' were you at schule, my son, the day?
Would God you were haif as guid as yer brither!"
"O mither, I heerd the parson say
That God thinks yane as guid as anither,
And I'm his brither."

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

"An' are ye baith in the selfsame class?
Or is he in yane, and you in anither?"
"O mither, d'ye think yer son's an ass?
We're baith in the selfsame class, my mither,
Me and my brither."

"But maybe yer brither's yane end of it, son,
An' ye, you idle loon, are the ither?"
"O mither, but maybe it's me that yane,
An' Jock, my eldest brither, the ither,
O dear mither."

"But maybe yer end of it's called the fut,
While the top, my son, 's the name of the ither?"
"Call it the top, or call it the fut,
It does nae alter the place, dear mither,
Of me and my brither."

"But how do you count, my son, at yer ends?
Don't you count least, and the highest yer brither?"
"O mither, that ailtogither depends
On the end ye begin to reckon frae, whither
From me or my brither."

"An' did the maister scold ye the day,
And heap all the praise on yer elder brither?"
"O mither, he did nae scold me the day,
But praised me—as much as he praised my brither,
O dear mither!"

THOMAS W. H. ROLLESTON

"An' have ye learnt the lessons he set
My sons to learn, baith ye and yer brither?"
"O mither, we've learnt—the lessons he set
Yer sons to learn. I shud think sae, rither,
O dear mither!"

"Then let me hear my guid sons say
The lessons he set, baith ye and yer brither."
"O mither, he set us nae lessons the day,
For baith o' us mitch'd frae the schule, my mither,
Me and my brither."

S. K. C.

ON WALT WHITMAN'S "LEAVES
OF GRASS"

BRING her no crowns of jewell'd gold—
Such the Republic may not wear—
Nor summer flowers whose leaves unfold
Rich fragrance to the languid air!
But thou hast woven a coronal
More meet to deck her brows than all
That ever rested there;
Thy wreath of grass is fitter far
Than fairest flowers or jewels are.

Yet who should offer prayer and praise
Or who adore her more than thou?
For lo! the meed of lyric bays
Her hand has bound upon thy brow!

THOMAS W. H. ROLLESTON

'Twas she alone whose name inspired,
Whose love fulfill'd, whose glory fired
The songs that teach us now
How beautiful beyond compare
Is she whose word is written there !

Songs for the whole wide earth are thine,
Limitless as the clear sunlight :
What bridal hymns of love divine !
What converse with the mystic night !
What tempests of the woods and seas !
In passions mightier than these
What wild and fierce delight,
When through the throng'd exulting street
Thunder'd the tramp of soldiers' feet !

And thou hast tears to shed for one
Whose death has darken'd like a pall
The promise of the peaceful sun
When he had led the states through all
The night of four distracted years.
But thoughts of triumph more than tears
Are thine when heroes fall,
Like lightning-flashes that illumine
The fathomless darkness of the tomb.

For is not Death's eternal rest
Of all the gifts of human life
The latest and the loveliest ?
Is love with fuller bliss more rife ?

THOMAS W. H. ROLLESTON

Nay then, for love and death are one,
And when these angry days are done
With checks and fears and strife,
Love looks to death with hope and prayer
To find her consummation there.

And she, the mistress of thy song,
The hope and love of many lands,
Has heard the cry go up—' How long ?'
For ages past, and still she stands
As fair and fearless as of old,
With eyes expectant, that behold
The years slip by like sands,
Yet all their lapse has left no trace
Of ruin on that peerless face.

And must she wait for ever there ?
No, for thy songs hope for a day
When she shall rise victorious
To purge the earth, and shall not stay
Till all the brood of doubts and fears
That barr'd her path so many years
Be wholly cast away
Before her face, beyond recall,
And supreme love be all in all.

T. W. H. R.

OSCAR WILDE

ΟΡΗΝΩΔΙΑ

(Eur. Hec., 444-483)

Song sung by captive women of Troy on the sea beach at Aulis, while the Achaeans were there stormbound through the wrath of dishonoured Achilles, and waiting for a fair wind to bring them home.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ

O FAIR wind blowing from the sea !
Who through the dark and mist dost guide
The ships that on the billows ride,
Unto what land, ah, misery !
Shall I be borne, across what stormy wave,
Or to whose house a purchased slave ?

O sea-wind blowing fair and fast !
Is it unto the Dorian strand,
Or to those far and fabled shores,
Where great Apidanus outpours
His streams upon the fertile land,
Or shall I tread the Phthian sand,
Borne by the swift breath of the blast ?

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ

O blowing wind ! you bring my sorrow near,
For surely borne with splashing of the oar,
And hidden in some galley-prison drear
I shall be led unto that distant shore

OSCAR WILDE

Where the tall palm-tree first took root, and made,
With clustering laurel leaves, a pleasant shade
For Leto when with travail great she bore
A god and goddess in Love's bitter fight,
Her body's anguish, and her soul's delight.

It may be in Delos,
Encircled of seas,
I shall sing with some maids
From the Cyclades,
Of Artemis goddess
And queen and maiden,
Sing of the gold
In her hair heavy laden.
Sing of her hunting,
Her arrows and bow,
And in singing find solace
From weeping and woe.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ Β

Or it may be my bitter doom
To stand a handmaid at the loom,
In distant Athens of supreme renown ;
And weave some wondrous tapestry,
Or work in bright embroidery
Upon the crocus-flower'd robe and saffron-colour'd gown,
The flying horses wrought in gold,
The silver chariot onward roll'd

OSCAR WILDE

That bears Athena through the Town ;
Or the warring giants that strove to climb
From earth to heaven to reign as kings,
And Zeus the conquering son of Time
Borne on the hurricane's eagle wings ;
And the lightning flame and the bolts that fell
From the risen cloud at the god's behest,
And hurl'd the rebels to darkness of hell,
To a sleep without slumber or waking or rest.

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ Β

Alas ! our children's sorrow, and their pain
In slavery.
Alas ! our warrior sires nobly slain
For liberty.
Alas ! our country's glory, and the name
Of Troy's fair town ;
By the lances and the fighting and the flame
Tall Troy is down.

I shall pass with my soul overladen,
To a land far away and unseen,
For Asia is slave and handmaiden,
Europe is Mistress and Queen.
Without love, or love's holiest treasure,
I shall pass unto Hades abhorr'd,
To the grave as my chamber of pleasure,
To death as my Lover and Lord.

O. W.

JOHN MARTLEY

VESPERS AT ST. NICOTINE'S WITHIN

I CAN'T remember what I thought
At eighteen years of age
Of life or fate, of poets' lay,
Or grave historians' page.
My early love, I know full well,
Was beautiful and kind,
But how she look'd, or what she said,
I scarce can call to mind.

I can't remember why I flung
My golden prime away,
Or why the thing I meant to do
Was shirk'd from day to day.
I've suffer'd, oh! a thousand times,
From New Year to December,
But very few of all my woes
Thank heaven! I now remember.

I know not to what sleeve I pinn'd
My faith at twenty-three;
Locke, Moses, Buckle, Pascal, Mill,
Have had their turns with me.
Journals I've kept, which now to read
Somehow I never care,
They're either lost, or stow'd away,
I can't remember where.

JOHN MARTLEY

One cries "I'm not the man I was,"
When sickness wears the frame.
But can man truly, while he lives,
Change all except in name?
In this Identity of Self
Does memory weave the chain?
Then why with thoughtful prayers bring back
Dead sins to life again?

Perchance the fault 's in gazing back ;
A nobler spirit sways,
When through the mists of crime and grief
We look for better days.
Hope whispers "Self-regard must merge
In love of class and clan,
The Moral System 's but a grand
Trades Union, wide as Man.

"All types are embryos that may thrive
Or perish. Who can say
If Good be aught but what must win
O'er Evil in the fray?
Yield to kind impulse while you're young,
And when you've got gray hairs,
Turn to Walt Whitman for your hymns,
And Darwin for your prayers."

JOHN MARTLEY

Alas ! I seem a maudlin rake ;
But, ladies ! frown not so.
Even if your pastors only guess,
What do our "thinkers" know ?
One day I'll quit the Search for Truth,
And own like any "spoon"
Some memories, I would not yield
For all beneath the moon.

Fadeless, beyond the scenes that fade,
Our childhood's hues remain,
Bright as those tints of early Art,
We toil for now in vain—
Far mountains glimmering with the sheen
Of torrents white as snow,
Fresh founts of darkening floods that roll
Resistless far below !

Oh ! who can tell how much we err
When Reason is our god ?
Her voice still wavers, as when first
On faith and love she trod.
Time mars the tell-tale face. Does he
The soul's fine curve destroy ?
Thus Truth *may* quit the wrinkled man,
To woo the blooming boy.

J. M.

JOHN MARTLEY

POETRY AND COMMERCE

My blood runs cold when I compose
A poem for the press :
I am too season'd now to stop :
I wish to heaven that verse was prose,
Or rhymes were less.
I have a brother in a shop :
And I could wish all rhymes to be
Slew'd, crude and good, into the Zuyder Zee.
S. K. C.

VESPERS AT ST. NICOTINE'S WITHOUT

Ye winds of Autumn wailing
With anguish unavailing,
There's a plaintiveness unfailing
In your sigh ;
There is doubt in your complaining,
There is questioning and straining
At some mystery remaining
Undiscover'd yet on high,
Ye are clamorous for gaining
A reply.

JOHN MARTLEY

Ye stars above us thronging
With keen eyes, whose hungry longing
Idle centuries are wronging

As they fly ;

In the patience of your glaring
Silent all, yet undespairing,
There's a listening, a preparing
For some revelation nigh ;
Where is he that cometh bearing
A reply ?

Yon mountains heavenward reaching
Cling rapt with mute beseeching
To the cold clouds for the teaching

They deny ;

And thou, Sea, dost pine away in
Whisper'd prayers that thou art saying,
Till thy hoarse waves, surging, swaying,
Storm the irresponsible sky,
Lash the heavens, that hang delaying
A reply.

Human hearts for ever heaving,
Doubting still, still half believing,
Loving, striving, singing, grieving,
Till ye die,

In your love's unfathom'd yearning,
In your fever'd fruitless learning,

JOHN MARTLEY

There's a passion for discerning
What is hid from mortal eye,
And your matchless zeal is earning
A reply.

Deep suspense enthralls creation
'Mid the hush of adoration,
'Mid the agonized vexation
Of a cry ;
And the soul divinely planted,
Deaf and blind as one enchanted,
Long, long, hath pined and panted—
Whither? whence? and how? and why?
Though a quiet voice once granted
A reply.

When the winds have ceased from wailing,
And the fires of heaven are paling,
And men's hearts with terror failing,
By-and-by ;
When the clouds are rent in sunder,
And the mountains quake thereunder,
'Mid the thrill of doubt and wonder,
In the twinkling of an eye,
'Twill be heard at last in thunder
That reply !

J. M.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

SWIFT ON STELLA

" ONLY a woman's hair,"
Found as such relics are found
After long years, when the night
Closed on what once had been Swift—
Stella's, the raven-black tress,
Swift's, the inscription, no doubt.

Whereat reporters and critics
Cast in their Lilliput minds
What the dead giant might mean :
Was it the misanthrope's sneer,
Mocking himself in his pain,
Making the love that had died
Point one last epigram more ?

Only a woman's hair !
Read how the day that she died
Swift sat alone in the dark,
"Tearless," "unable to think."
Not so, reporters and critics !
For in these words are the tears,
And the thoughts that would come not that day
Were they not somewhat like these ?

Only a woman's hair ;
All that remain'd of her now,
All that was left of a love
True through the world, through the years ;

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Linking his youth to old age,
Born with his boyhood, to share
Battle and darkness and need ;
Glad when the athlete prevail'd,
Proud when the victor was crown'd,
True when the dark hour came on—
Smiling to calm the wild eyes—
Kissing the lips fierce with scorn.

Only a woman's hair !
Now he remember'd when first
Seen, as it curl'd over eyes
Bent on his own, as they two,
Under the formal, close-trimm'd,
High-Dutch dwarf-trees at Moor-Park,
(Types of the pedant, its lord,)
Learn'd a new language of soul—
Breathed a new life that made free
Genius and hope, love and youth !

Only a woman's hair !
And he had watch'd it so often
Blown by the Laracor winds,
Brighten'd by suns that have set
Where the stream show'd—(does it show
Still ?)—the gray Parsonage walls,
Still the gray walls which that guest,
Coming and going made glad,
Graced with the charm of her youth—
Light laugh from merriest lips,
Bright glance from kindest eye.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Only a woman's hair !
Has he not look'd at that tress
Often at midnight alone,
After the feverish day
When amid mean men call'd great
He, with the sword of his wit,
Smote, and that dark tress recall'd
Home and her far over seas ;
Look'd at it oft as he wrote
" Journals to Stella " each day,
Each thought of his, each hope, hers ;
Soothed with pet names like a child,
Trusted as soul trusts to soul ;
Never was true love more true,
Never were tenderer words.

Only a woman's hair !
Here in this house—home no more—
Here where the garden walks wind
Under the barbarous, grim,
Gothic cathedral's gray tower—
Here where the bold words were written,
Calling the slaves to be free,
And in dead Ireland's name,
Fronting defiant her foes—
Here when denounced and proscribed—
Then when his Dublin rose round him,
Guarding " the Dean," and the foe
Felt his fierce scorn, and was foil'd—

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Here was not Stella beside him !
Loved by his country and her :
Was it not well with him then !

Only a woman's hair!
Not of Vanessa, but hers—
Not of the meteor that, gleaming
Bright on a frivolous hour,
Pass'd to its place in the darkness,
Leaving remorse and dismay,
But of his star that still shone
Then when all else was eclipsed,
Genius and manhood and wit,
Friendship of statesmen and peers,
Leaving that wreck of a life
Only the love of the poor,
Only his country's regret,
" Only a woman's hair ! "

Ireland ! if yet in the years
Being made free, thou shalt think
Then of those great ones, thy sons,
Building the marble to Swift,
Wilt thou not, also, to Stella
Build in that day, to his star—
Star of that great stormy life—
Star that still shines where he feels
" Fierce indignation " no more ?

C. P. M.

OSCAR WILDE

A FRAGMENT FROM THE AGAMEMNON
OF AESCHYLUS

[LINES 1140-1173]

[The scene is the courtyard of the Palace at Argos. Agamemnon has already entered the House of Doom, and Clytaemnestra has followed close on his heels:— Cassandra is left alone upon the stage. The conscious terror of death, and the burden of prophecy, lie heavy upon her; terrible signs and visions greet her approach. She sees blood upon the lintel, and the smell of blood scares her, as some bird, from the door. The ghosts of the murdered children come to mourn with her. Her second sight pierces the palace walls; she sees the fatal bath, the trammelling net, and the axe sharpened for her own ruin and her lord's.

But not even in the hour of her last anguish is Apollo merciful; her warnings are unheeded; her prophetic utterances made mock of.

The orchestra is filled with a chorus of old men, weak, foolish, irresolute. They do not believe the weird woman of mystery till the hour for help is past, and the cry of Agamemnon echoes from the house, "Oh me! I am stricken with a stroke of death."]

CHORUS

THY prophecies are but a lying tale,
For cruel gods have brought thee to this state,
And of thyself, and thine own wretched fate,
Sing you this song, and these unhallow'd lays,
Like the brown bird of grief insatiate
Crying for sorrow of its dreary days;
Crying for Itys, Itys, in the vale—
The nightingale! the nightingale!

OSCAR WILDE

CASSANDRA

Yet I would that to me they had given
The fate of that singer so clear,
Fleet wings to fly up into heaven,
Away from all mourning and fear ;
For ruin and slaughter await me—the cleaving with
sword and with spear.

CHORUS

Whence come these crowding fancies on thy brain,
Sent by some god it may be, yet for nought ?
Why dost thou sing with evil-tongued refrain,—
Moulding thy terrors to this hideous strain
With shrill sad cries, as if by death distraught ?
Why dost thou tread that path of prophecy,
Where, upon either hand,
Landmarks for ever stand,
With horrid legend for all men to see ?

CASSANDRA

O bitter bridegroom, who didst bear
Ruin to those that loved thee true !
O holy stream Scamander, where
With gentle nurturement I grew
In the first days, when life and love were new.
And now—and now—it seems that I must lie
In the dark land that never sees the sun ;
Sing my sad songs of fruitless prophecy,
By the black stream Cocytos, that doth run
Through long low hills of dreary Acheron.

OSCAR WILDE

CHORUS

Ah, but thy word is clear !
Even a child among men,
Even a child, might see
What is lying hidden here.
Ah ! I am smitten deep
To the heart with a deadly blow !
At the evil fate of the maid,
At the cry of her song of woe ;
Sorrows for her to bear !
Wonders for me to hear !

O my poor land, laid waste with flame and fire !
O ruin'd city, overthrown by fate !
Ah, what avail'd the offerings of my Sire
To keep the foreign foemen from the gate ?
Ah, what avail'd the herds of pasturing kine
To save my country from the wrath divine ?

Ah, neither prayer or priest availèd aught,
Nor the strong captains that so stoutly fought,
For the tall town lies desolate and low.
And I, the singer of this song of woe,
Know by the fire burning in my brain,
That Death, the healer of all earthly pain,
Is close at hand. I will not shirk the blow.

O. W.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

ΥΟΜΟΥΣΙΑ

(SWINBURNISM)

I TROW, wild friends, God's soul wots well by rote
My sweet soft strains, and lovely lays of love,
And all the white ways of her sweet sharp throat,
Which not right yet I have wax'd weary of.

Nathless I wot of glad such things as these,
And blent bland lips Christ's blessed kingdom is :
Like to scorch'd air blown thro' rich grape-branches
Was the hot balmful breeze that breathed her kiss.

I never left of kissing her, I well think ;
But, wrapp'd in red rich raiment of her hair,
Kiss'd her all day, till her lips parch'd for drink,
As the parch'd often lips of a flute-player.

No maid of a king's blood, but held right high
In God's sharp sight, from whom no things are hid :
"You must not tell," she sigh'd and turn'd to cry ;
"That I should tell your mother, God forbid."

Said so, I kept my word ; I never told her.
You drink pure water ? I, sir, I drink wine ;
Your cool clear brain must needs yield verse-water,
But sweet strong drunken maniac-music mine.

S. K. C.

OSCAR WILDE

A NIGHT VISION

Two crownèd kings ; and one that stood alone
With no green weight of laurels round his head,
But with sad eyes as one un comforted,
And wearied with man's never-ceasing moan
For sins that neither prayer or priest atone,
And sweet long lips with tears and kisses fed.
Clothed was he in a garment black and red,
And at his feet I mark'd a broken stone
Which sent up lilies, dove-like, to his knees.

Now, at their sight my heart did burn as flame ;
Then she, who lay beside me : " Who are these ? "
And I made answer, knowing well each name,
" Æschylus, first ; the second, Sophocles ;
The last (wide stream of tears !) Euripides."

O. W.

WILLIAM WILKINS

ACTAEON

It was on the mount Cithaeron, in the pale and misty morn,
That the hero, young Actaeon, sounded the hunter's horn.
Princeliest of pursuers of the flying roe was he,
Son of great Aristaeus and Theban Autonoë.
Oaklike in massy stature, and carriage of kingly limb,
Lo the broad, brave grace, and the fleet fine might of manhood's fair
prime in him,
Grandly brow'd as a sea-cliff with the curling waves at its base,
And its storm-haunted crest a tangle of deep, ripe weeds and grass.
And many an Arcadian maiden thought not of a maiden's pride,
But look'd on the youth with longing, and watch'd as he went, and
sigh'd.
And Aegle had proffer'd a jewel that a queen might carefully keep,
For a favouring smile of the hunter, and a touch of his beardless lip ;
But never on dame or damsel had his falcon glance made stay,
And he turn'd from the love-sick Aegle, and toss'd her gifts away.
For where was so soft a bower, or where so goodly a hall,
As the dell where the echoes listen'd to the noise of the waterfall ?
And where was there cheek of woman as lovely to soul and sense
As the gracious hues of the woodlands in depths of the stately glens ?
And where were there eyes or tresses as gloriously dark or bright,
As the flood of the wild Alpheus as it pour'd from the lonely height ?

WILLIAM WILKINS

So the hero, young Actaeon, fled far from the girl-fill'd house,
To rove with the beamy spearshaft through the budded forest boughs.
And sweeter than smiles of Aegle or sheen of her rippling hair,
Were the heads of his great hounds fawning, or snuffing the morning
 air ;
And to tread by the precipices that down from his feet shore clean ;
And to mark where the dappled leopard was couch'd in the long
 ravine ;
And to look on the eagle wheeling up peakward, and hear him scream ;
And to plant strong steps in the meadow, and splash through the
 babbling stream ;
And to hurl the spear in the thicket and draw the bow in the glade,
And to rush on the foaming fury of the boar by the dogs embayed ;
And ever in midland valley to smell the leaves and the grass,
Or the brine-scent blown o'er the headlands high up to the bare hill-
 pass,
Where lovelier far than Aegle, or her eyes' bright witchery,
Was Morning, born of the marriage of silent Sky and Sea.

So the hunter, young Actaeon, to the mount Cithaeron came,
And blew his horn, in the dank white morn, to startle the sleeping
 game ;
Nor thought, as the pealing echoes were clatter'd from crag to crag,
That Fate on his trace held him in chase, as a huge hound holds
 a stag.

By rock and by rift and runnel, by marsh, and meadow, and mound,
He went with his dogs beside him, and marvell'd no game was found.
Till the length of the whole green gorge, and the grey cliffs gleaming
 on high,

WILLIAM WILKINS

Rang and re-echoed with horns, and the musical hunting cry.
And the hounds broke out of the covert, all baying together in tune ;
And the hart sprang panting before them along up the lawns dew-
strewn.

And a bevy of buskin'd virgins, dove-breasted, broke from the bowers,
With spears half-pois'd for the hurling, and tresses tangled with flowers ;
Their lips, rose-ruddy, disparted to draw their delightful breath
For the chase, and the cheer thereof ringing the rapture of dealing
death—

The fine heads eagerly lifted, the pitiless fair eyes fix'd ;
The cheeks, flower-fresh, flush'd flower-like,—rich lily, rich rose com-
mix'd ;

The slender feet flying swiftly, the slight shapes rushing like reeds,
When the Thracian breezes of winter descend on the marshy meads ;
So swept they along like music ; and wilder'd Actaeon stood,
Till the last of the maiden rangers was lost in the leaning wood.

As a Bacchanal starts from slumber, on snowy ridges remote,
To see o'er the peaks and gorges the silvery moonbeams float,
So the soul of the youth was smitten with wildest wonder through ;
And a deadly tremor of madness through his quivering members flew ;
And a joy that was almost anguish took hold of his breast and brain,
And he nothing on earth regarded but to see the nymphs again ;
Though the scorn of their arrowy glances should slay him a thousand
ways,
He would die by their merciless sweetness with an open, adoring gaze.

And she, Diana, their leader, the queen of the greenwood glade,
The goddess of stainless maidens, herself a stainless maid ;
Fair sister of sunbright Apollo, they twain being born at a birth,

WILLIAM WILKINS

Gold-hair'd children of Jove supreme, and lovers and lighteners of
earth ;

Phoebe, maiden majestic, sovereign lady most high ;
Moon, more lovely, more chaste, than all the stars of the sky ;
Cold as the dew on a flower, and pure as the wings of a dove ;
Divine—the rival of Venus, and more victorious than Love ;
Ruler of mightiest waters, and couch'd in them night by night,
And soul of the sunless heaven, laving the world with light ;
And edging the clouds and mountains with splendour, and tipping the
trees,

And flying o'er lake and river with brighter feet than the breeze ;
And at morn with kirtle and quiver a huntress by field and wood,
The swift overtaker, the certain smiter of hart and of pard pursued ;
Hater of wantons, and shunner of sloth, and fleër of revels and feasts,
And scorner of man through the brutish in man, and lance-bearing
slayer of beasts ;

Enamour'd of all the freshness that the lonely hills immure,
And Queen of Honour, and Patroness pray'd to of women pure ;
Modest maidenliness made perfect, immortal in virgin grace,
The young Actæon would see her, and die beholding her face.

So the hunter wander'd hapless, not caring to lift the spear,
But found not the racing maidens, nor heard in the woods their
cheer ;

And weary at last of seeking, he cast him adown to sleep,
Where join'd a wood and a meadow in greenness heavy and deep
Of the water'd Gargaphian valleys, that spread in the noonday heat
A welcome shelter for sun-scorch'd eyes, a rest for far-travell'd feet.

WILLIAM WILKINS

So he dream'd, and lo ! in a vision he saw a lovely place
With boughs overgloom'd, and a river that fell down a rock's dark face
To a basin brimming with crystal, pebble-paved, mossy-quay'd,
Fill'd with the dusky lustre and broken lights of the glade ;
For though it was broad a spear-cast and mirror'd a space of blue,
The tree-tops caught, and let fall, and caught the streams of sun pouring through ;

And soothed was the scene with silence, and notes of birds far away,
And murmur of leaves, and the constant cadence of cascade spray.

And behold, there came through the thicket Diana, beautiful-brow'd ;

On her forehead a silver crescent that shone through a golden cloud.
And behind came her trooping sisters, unarming apace with glee,
And flinging buskin and girdle to rock and sheltering tree ;
And fillets were loosed, and broadly were banner-like locks let fly ;
And the dell was sown with snowflakes of swan-white shoulder and thigh.

Here a maiden, gliding downward, stopp'd breathless, as she set
Her small, warm foot, an alighting bird, in the ferns forever wet.
And here, dishevell'd, half-cover'd in grasses, with timidest glance,
Sat one, as fearful to have unrinded so much hid sweetness at once.
And here paced another, wondering, the sward feeling strange to her palm,

And strange on her shrinking tenderness the forest's breathing of balm.

And here another kneels musing, her slender beauty all bare,
Fingering faintly the branches that mix with her long brown hair.
A head like a glossy chestnut bends under the chestnut frond,
While blushes like chestnut-blossom a face in the shade beyond.

WILLIAM WILKINS

And thereby lingers a maiden, her stately shape disarray'd,
Yet fain of the clothing dimness of scented leaf-tinted shade.
And here, disrobed, from the rushes twin laughing sisters arise
Drawing the vagrant auburn from beaming bosom and eyes.
And here on her innocent smoothness a maid watch'd shimmer and spin
The sun-flecks rain'd from a breach far aloft where a glory of gold
broke in.

And here, where the slope was coated with close moss daintily sleek,
A sweet maid lean'd on her elbow round, and touch'd it with hip and
cheek.

And here, on the turf, one flushing at kiss of the delicate air,
Venus-like, rose from her billowing whirlpool of sea-dark hair ;
And here, advancing together, dance maids like a wall of white,
Maid girded with arms of maidens, and dark locks flowing with bright ;
Intercaressing delicious slim necks they move in tune, and their feet
Flutter o'er carpeting flowers, and, lily-like, mingle and meet.
Here, crouch'd by the brink, a damsel who peers, but suddenly swerves
To see in the tide beneath her the white of her soft full curves.
Here steps down a fair girl smiling, lightly borne as with wings,
Yet, indeed, like a panther stretching, and swift as a pard that springs.
She flies like a cloud of summer, all nakedly bright from the wood,
And with round lovely arms high-tossing, Diana first cleaves the flood.
Through swirling luxurious water, clear-cold, made mad with her force,
With slight neck nervous, with long side shining, she holds her course.
And the rings of her plunge are broken, the spray of her splash borne
back

By the milk-white flight of her maidens, who follow their mistress' track ;
And the pool was gorged in an instant with beauty that sprang and
swam,

WILLIAM WILKINS

And struck through the cistern'd freshness with arm, and forehead,
and ham.*

Here a face, pearl-dash'd, rose-radiant, through the surge translucent hurls,

Towing by strong oar-pulses the silken raft of her curls,
Her hands making silvery fire of the water's voluptuous crests
That laugh at the touch of her shoulders and purr at the plunge of her
breasts.

Here shoots a luminous body far down, skimming under the rocks,
And follow'd ever by turning trailing snakes of its golden locks.
And here sculls gently a maiden, her soft back bent for a keel,
With but lips and eyes over water, and sometimes a ruddering heel.
And here lies another, drifting, full-stretch'd in her snowy pride,
Enfolded from ear to ankle—a marble bar—in the tide.

And here in the lustrous blackness, that mirrors a wall of rock,
A swimmer eclipses her fulgent form that makes of the shade a mock.
And sinking in eddies that murmur for pleasure and swirl to her throat,
A damsel with spread arms paddles, and basks in the sunshine afloat.
And here, in a cove over-shadow'd, a soft shape beams from the gloom,
Censer-like shining, and—flower-like—set amid beds that perfume :
Lily of lilies, and tender mouth of the rose-bud's red and its mould,
And eyes of the violet's purple, and locks of the asphodel's gold.
And beside her the fluttering ripples, deliciously cool, caress
The polish'd waists of her sisters who wade to the landing-place.
And hard by, to a limpid shallow come three, in the depth to launch
A timid swimmer, their captive by ivory middle and haunch.
At wrist and at neck she catches. They bear her back from the bank ;
She struggles—their laughter echoes—those mischievous maidens dank.

* *Cp. Faerie Queene, Bk. II. xxvii.*

WILLIAM WILKINS

Their arms interlace. Their whiteness is mass'd like a lily-brood.
They rear them, and fling them together with glee in the blissful flood;
And while yet the bubbles are bursting, each body and roguish face
Rosed as with recent kisses, comes up from the river's embrace.

Now the hero, young Actaeon, heard the washing water lap
Round the knees and necks of maidens, and on dainty flank and pap,
And glad girlish voices mingling with the babble of the stream,
Yet was he but half-delighted, knowing all was but a dream.
With the effort of a lifetime cramm'd into a moment's throes
He achieved his fate through torments, and—almost a god—arose,
Flinging off the chains of slumber; nor had longer doubt or care,
Diana's pure suave contour, the young sunshine of her hair
Knowing:—even as a god knows the sweet pout of Hebe's mouth
When she brings the brimming vintage of no earthly vineyard's growth
For the gods to quaff together;—and his joy had naught of fear,
Breathing the Gargaphian breezes like a bridegroom's atmosphere;
But for lyres, and friendly voices, and warm scents of orchard bloom,
On Actaeon shone the everlasting glory of his doom.

Earth's terrible high mane of the mountain nakednesses,
The pastoral green plots in the piny glens' recesses,
The verdurous descent of the olive-girdled hills,
The generous air, the salving light, the voluble sweet rills,
The sunshine frank and flowing, the heaven overbow'd
With unnumber'd reefs and islands of tender-colour'd cloud,
The cheerful fields, the bugling winds, the azure-gleaming bays
The cordial of clear manhood, the joy of youthful days,
The temple-crested headlands that rise along the shore,
Their lover, young Actaeon, left them all for evermore.

WILLIAM WILKINS

For better than youthful manhood, and better than kingly sway,
And sweeter than happy wedlock, and dearer than shining Day,
Was to see the Queen Diana with his soul-fill'd maiden eyes,
And for her sake set his life at stake, and yield it a sacrifice,
That through all the unending ages the nations of men might know
How above ground a man was found to honour Diana so.

Thus to the thoughts of the hero disrobed was the virgin queen
As the moon disrobes to a glorified lake, dispelling the clouds
between.

And the starlike mortal maidens inurn'd in the cool recess
Were too heavenly pure to blush, him thought, or to know unbecoming-
ness.

So the broad Actaeon thrust him through the thicket's emerald air,
And far through the ferns and frondage a tangled creek found there,
Where the oaks tower'd more majestic, the scents hung sweetlier sweet,
The grass throve thicker and thicker, as feeling Diana's feet.
Anemone, crocus, and pansy, in fragrant alleys untrod,
Bloom'd ever lusher and lusher, as paving the path of a god ;
And hyacinth tufts in the covers made all the undergrowth blue
As the eyes of the streamlet peeping its naiad-kept lilies through.
And madness shone ever diviner in the hunter's expectant gaze,
And the air seemed rain-cool'd about him, so fresh were the forest ways
With youngest dew-diamonded herbage, and delicate-burgeoning
branches,
And deepening river-sounds opening up to the waterfall's glances.

Suddenly brighten'd the water ; the flowers of the brim flush'd
rosier.

Suddenly look'd Actaeon right into the sacred enclosure.

WILLIAM WILKINS

Suddenly saw he a hundred tapering female shapes lily-pale,
Pureness of air and water and soul for their only veil.
And fearless of male eyes gazing, Diana through iris'd air
Shower'd the clinging crystal from free-tossing limbs and hair.
The wave running over her insteps argent, Latona's heaven-eyed
daughter
View'd her unrivall'd whiteness beneath in the wavering water ;
More regally high from the shoulder transparent than all her following
vestals,
Stately purest in virgin beauty, the noblest of the celestials ;
Musing as muse the immortals upon their unutterable grace,
Her vein'd high brow bending forward, a brooding light in her face,
Watching the cooing waters that brighten'd and beam'd as they passed
her,
Glassing the nude refulgence of delectable alabaster.

So the hunter, young Actaeon, stood rapt for a little space
On the edge of the dell, and panted, his marvelling soul in his face :
While upon his temples noble did laurel and cypress meet ;
Nor could he speak, nor retire, nor totter to fall at Phoebe's feet.
And lo, as the gods thus held him, there flash'd a sudden storm
Of dazzling splendour and fearful, from Diana's dilated form,
Serene in high indignation, superb in haughtiest scorn,
Terrible in its beauty of deadliness heaven-born ;
That the constellations of maidens shrank scared in the pools and
nooks
Nor dared encircle the awfulness of their incensed mistress' looks.
The small round neck lifting direly the exquisite menacing head,
The curving nostril, the steel-blue eyeball striking the gazer dead ;

WILLIAM C. K. WILDE

W. W.

DRAMATIC SONNETS

I

OUTSIDE THE CONVENT

FAUSTINE

“ BECAUSE bright jewels my fair bosom deck,
And Love’s hot lips—close press’d—cling fast to mine,
Because rose-garlands crown the cups of wine,
And all Love’s ministers are at my beck,
Think you I mourn—repent—or aught I reck
How tongues wag? Think you that I weep and pine,
Shedding sad tears as bitter salt sea-brine,
Because his arms lie warm around my neck?

WILLIAM C. K. WILDE

Look you ! we live but once—this life I know ;
No other wot I of beyond the tomb—
I laugh to scorn your devils down below—
Your torture-fires—your everlasting gloom !
I seek no heaven, I dread no God above,
I fear no hell, save living without Love !”

II

INSIDE THE CONVENT

SISTER MARY

“BECAUSE my treasure knows nor moth nor rust,
Because I live in holy peaceful rest,
In sacred maidenhood on God's own breast,
And in His loving mercy put my trust,
Therefore I fear no taint of sin or lust ;
Espoused to Him, in mystic union blest,
I work unceasingly in His behest,
Whose ways are pure, and sanctified and just.

He loves me, and no love of man I crave,
At best 'tis link'd with some desire of sin,
Whilst here I serve Him,—when I pass the grave,
My Bridegroom waiteth me to lead me in
To His own place,—Lord Christ, who lovest me,
Deign to receive my life's virginity !”

W. C. K. W.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

A DIRGE

We stray'd along the shingly shore,
I and my second coz ;
But never again no never more
Will those days come back to us !

We roam'd beside the raging main,
My second coz with me ;
But never not no more again
Shall I ever roam with he !

We gazed across the gloomy tide,
Great tears bedew'd each lid ;
Then he committed suicide—
My second cousin did.

He sank, like a goblet, into the sea :—
So frantic was his state ;
He rush'd with joy on death, did he—
But I am content to wait.

O days that come not back to us !
Ah, shingle, and O shore !
O me, and ah, my second coz !
O never again no more !

S. K. C.

JOHN ORMSBY

RITTER TOGGENBURG

(AFTER SCHILLER)

“KNIGHT, a sister's true affection
At your service is,
But I can't upon reflection
Promise more than this ;
Calmly can I see thee leaving,
Calmly coming see ;
None effect your silent grieving
Hath at all on me.”

Never a word in answer said he,
Dropp'd a tear of course ;
Arms he flung around the lady,
Legs upon his horse ;
Summon'd all his jolly Switzers,
Told them he must go ;
Bade them “ Pack up all your kits, sirs—”
Went to Jericho.

There such skill he show'd in sloggin',
That the Turk to tame,
There was nothing like the Toggen-
Burger's awful name ;

JOHN ORMSBY

Ever did the foeman find him
Foremost in the row ;
Still the girl he'd left behind him
Wouldn't be his *frau*.

Just a twelvemonth did he hold out,
Couldn't stand it more ;
From the army then he sold out,
Voted it a bore ;
Saw the packet leaving Joppa,
Ran along the pier ;
Made the captain " ease her, stop her,"
Sail'd to seek his dear.

Managed, guise of pilgrim under,
To her door to come ;
There the news he heard, like thunder,
Smote his tympanum :
" She you seek is now a nun, sir,
Gave last night the Church
Self and chattels every one, sir,
Left you in the lurch."

Then he left his castle, never
To approach it more ;
Hung his armour up for ever,
Lock'd his stable door ;

JOHN ORMSBY

Leaving horse and hauberk there he
Went *incognito* ;
For, yclad he was in hairy
Penance paletot.

Like a dismal love-cross'd oyster,
Up himself he shut ;
And hard by his lady's cloister
Built himself a hut.
From the morning's early dawning
Until evensong,
Never winking, never yawning,
Sat there all day long.

As he sat, a dreary satis-
Faction did he find
Gazing at his lady's lattice,
Till she raised the blind ;
Till her mignonette inspecting
On the window-stool,
Came she, *robe de chambre* deck'd in,
Airy, light, and cool.

Oh ! it made him almost happy,
Gazing at her pane ;
So that after every nap he
Rose to gaze again

JOHN ORMSBY

Years speed on, and find him gazing,
Ever gazing find ;
Waiting patient, past all praising,
Till she raise the blind.

Till, her mignonette inspecting
On the window-stool,
Comes she, *robe de chambre* deck'd in,
Airy, light, and cool.
But one morning somehow odd he
Seem'd to sit and stare ;
Woe is me ! 'twas but a body
Sitting, staring there.

And the inquest found the knight had
Died 'cause he was drove
Thereunto by unrequited,
Undigested love.
But the popular opinion
Held it a combined
Visitation dire, of mignon-
Ette and window-blind.

J. O.

JOHN MARTLEY

MY KING

WHERE and how shall I earliest greet him?

What are the snubs that will make him swear?

By what arts shall I learn to cheat him?

I know not now, but in love all's fair.

With a face of sunshine smiling upon him,

Scornful anon, till his pride takes wing,

I shall tell him some day when I have won him

How I checkmated my King! my King!

I will not dream of him sage and wary;

He that I love must be wild and brave;

I do not say that he need be hairy,

Whatever he does, he will surely shave.

And he may be Willy, or simply William,

Or that short Bill, which is just between;

But whatever he is, he must have a million,

And serve in the Army the Queen! the Queen!

And he must be handsome, he must be scrumptious,

Six feet in stature, the youth I spoon;

But whether his manners be mild or bumptious,

I care no more than the man in the moon.

And I'll have the latch-key in my own keeping,

I'll show what "obey" in the prayer-book means;

And when he comes home he won't find me sleeping,

If ever he goes to the Queen's! the Queen's!*

J. M.

* The Dublin Theatre of that name.

WILLIAM WILKINS

STUDY ON THE RIVER DODDER,*
NEAR DUBLIN

10TH DECEMBER, 1876

THE lovely sky is seen half-bare,
The calm, bright river past us flows ;
December holds the evening air
As fairest fingers hold a rose,

So light, so sweet the touch of chill
On clear green mead and winding tide ;
The brown trees on the height are still,
Nor mourn their plummy summer pride.

We feel the quiet Sunday time
Sink to the heart. Though far away
Be bells that ring the vesper chime,
The landscape, restful, bids to pray,

As the heart prays without the lips'
Weak words,—even as before our feet
The unruffled water, dreaming, slips
From glassy sheet to glassy sheet.

We know this place. The poplar lone,
A tall, dark pillar—but it gleams
By moonlight,—the white arch of stone,
The open green between the streams,

* Between Rathgar Bridge and the gateway of Rathfarnham Castle.

WILLIAM WILKINS

The gateway grey—amongst the trees
That sweep between us and the south,
The cascade's murmur on the breeze,
The low bridge at the brooklet's mouth,—

We know them all. They show to us
The dearness of a dozen years ;
Twined memories multitudinous
Of happy smiles, of bitter tears.

Rock-seated on the river's brink,
In sabbath twilight, strange is it
To watch the cool, full stream, and think
Of last night—of the excited Pit *

Fill'd with our lusty College crew,
Red-ribbon'd, loud in Irving's praise,—
Young Hamlet full before our view,
To haunt us till our latest days.

Breathless, we watch'd him move and muse.
The gilding and the gas were lost
Out of our minds. Who would peruse
The imperfections of the Ghost,

Or shovings-on of Elsinore towers,
While Irving held us by a spell ?
A thousand hearts were tranced with ours,
A thousand bosoms rose and fell

* Of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, occupied by the students of Trinity College, on the "College Night," 1876.

WILLIAM WILKINS

With Hamlet's sigh, with Hamlet's jest,
The house was rapt. The galleries high
Lean'd listening heads. The actor paced,
Bearing the praise of every eye.

And after that the play was play'd,
After the uproar of acclaim
That through the sleeping city bray'd
Its fanfare of the player's fame,

I grasp'd the fine-wrought, eloquent hand,
I talk'd with Hamlet, friendliest-voiced ;
Anon he took the table end,
The healths went round, and we rejoiced ;

And the great heart's great gratitude
For loving homage nobly won
And freely given, seem'd more good
To pledge, than aught beneath the sun.

Indeed, well-pleasing was the feast
That fill'd the flying hours of night ;
But now—this river's argent breast,
The pale, sweet sky, the tender light

Steal on the sense, and drink the soul ;
The clear west opens, calm and broad ;
The deep peace deepens, and the whole
Stirr'd spirit nestles up to God.

W. W.

JOHN MARTLEY

OUR LADY OF GAIN

MILD maxims that hold just for one day
Hard hearts that grow soft for an hour,
Stale tenets that thrill on a Sunday
From the lips of a preacher of power ;
When these have gone by with the tories,
Our *crescunt dolores* refrain
Shall be changed into *crescit dolores*,
Our Lady of Gain !

On Mount Sinai, as Exodus shows us,
Apollo of old was outdone ;
Ten commandments were given by Moses—
The Muses were fewer by one ;
And none of those laws was a wee thing,
But the handmaids of Phoebus were strong ;
For they broke one a-piece, just bequeathing
The tenth for my song.

We are clad in new hats and clean linen,
While unwash'd, with a cap on his head,
Comes thy servant, and toys with the tin in
Our pockets, till, lo ! it hath fled ;
Or we play with a coin, and we cast it
On high, and make bets, and complain,
When 'tis gone from us, yea, when thou hast it,
Our Lady of Gain !

JOHN MARTLEY

Still jewels there may be to steal, or
Locks, newly-invented, to pick ;
What new work wilt thou find for the peeler ?
What ruse ? what manœuvre ? what trick ?
What sells that they know not a word of,
Whose hats into helmets have grown ?
What weapons undream'd of, unheard of,
Unmodell'd, unknown ?

Could you hurt me, police, though I hurt you ?
Touch gold, and ye change in a trice
The medals and mildness of virtue
For coin and connivance at vice ;
The gold door of escape recollect, if
They catch thee, and try thee, and chain ;
Ah ! viewless and venal detective—
Our Lady of Gain !

How Advertisement ramps in all places,
O'er all that is right riding rough !
See our Railway guides hid like oases
In deserts of trade-mark and puff ;
And ere *Punch* with a *bon-mot* can please us,
Our eyes are regaled, on the back,
With the physic for dismal diseases,
Prepared by a quack.

JOHN MARTLEY

Fruits fail, and crops die, prices raising ;
Thou art fed with perpetual bread,
And alive, after infinite grazing,
Thy rent never paid but in lead.
What pestilence art thou a prey to ?
What, beetle, what blight, or what bane
Can attack thy unfailing potato—
Our Lady of Gain ?

Our landed and liberal gentry
Call visions of beauty their own,
Seen from hills, where their friends may have entry,
By order, on week-days alone.
The high trust that we yield them they keep ill,
When heaven-favour'd heaths are untrod
On the day we preserve for the people,
And name after God.

Are the parsons or lawyers thy chosen ?
The doctors or pliers of trade ?
They have all found the secret to cozen,
For this, this alone are men paid.
They alone, they are wise and none other,
Who smile, and are villains in grain,
And love thee more than wife or than mother—
Our Lady of Gain !

JOHN MARTLEY

But alas ! when with age we grow callous,
The pleasures of pillage must fail,
And a gaol may at last be our palace,
Our palace might pall like a gaol ;
For as Fate or the juries determine,
We lapse into convicts or peers,
And lawn, cat-o'-nine-tails, and ermine
Make barren our years.

The maidens who wile our hearts from us,
Their bondage of old, is it past ?
Free and fervent as fire, while they promise,
Yet feel they no fetters at last ?
Yea, with kisses and vows though they greet us,
We fight with fair weapons in vain ;
For like Satan behind, thou wilt cheat us,
Our Lady of Gain !

“ Dost thou dream in a respite of slumber,
In a lull of the fires of thy life,
Of the days without name, without number,
When thy will stung the world into strife,”
When thy standard led Punic invaders
O'er river and Alp to old Rome,
Or cruciform dragg'd the Crusaders
From country and home ?

JOHN MARTLEY

We can blow up a ship in mid ocean,
Or butcher a friend in the Bank,
Deal an agonized death by a potion,
Or slay with a bullet point blank ;
But the rascals of ages gone by, whose
Achievements we envy in vain,
Were the sons, not of guns, but *mitrailleuses*—
Our Lady of Gain !

What ails us to fear over-measure,
To praise thee in timorous tone ;
When each man is robbed of his treasure,
Each man will have more than his own.
We shall love one another, and cherish,
We shall not learn war any more,
When the rights of proprietors perish
On sea and on shore.

Who has known all the sins that we write of,
We bards, the enigmas we weave ?
Though our meaning men come not in sight of,
Or blushing, that shadow perceive ;
Though the heathen of old will outlive us,
And our powers and performance are twain,
Ah ! forgive us our verses, forgive us,
Our Lady of Gain !

J. M.

WILLIAM WILKINS

22 T. C. D.

Up here I sleep in the hawthorn scent,
It swims through my windows from lawn to lawn
While June's first nights with their deep content
Possess my spirit from dusk to dawn.

I lying here, alone, a king,
In the centre of pleasancess green and sweet ;
Hearing the tree-tops murmuring,
Hearing the far-away sounds of the street.

With only to lean o'er the garden-bed,
To see steadfast Jupiter shine in the south,
To see Arcturus hang overhead,
And the stillness of spars o'er the river-mouth.

Eastward, westward, spread in the dark
An acre of grass, an acre of daisies :
Northward, a square ; to the south, a park ;
Mine is the midmost of pleasant places.

Hence I can see, as the midnight wears,
The first blue tides of the morning steal
Between shores of cloud, among fleets of stars,
Blanching the coigns of the Campanile,

WILLIAM WILKINS

And all the divine repose that looms
Through the College Courts as the sweet hours go ;
Palatial piles and their cloister'd glooms,
And dormer, and terrace, and portico.

While the sea-like city is laid asleep,
No motion or sound in its mountain heights
Of dark, vast waves,—or its furrows deep,
Sown with the lines of unnumber'd lights,

Till the blue turns grey, and the grey turns gold,
And the sea and land taste the new day's breath ;
And I hear the joys of the young morn told
By the wakening birds in the boughs beneath.

And thus in the city, I scarcely sigh
For hollows that eglantines perfume,
And speedwells make like an under-sky
Peering through clouds of chestnut bloom.

For I know my part in the treasure-trove
Of the glad green meads where the June winds roam,
As I knew the looks of my fair first love,
As I know the shapes of our hills at home.

And so I sleep in the hawthorn scent
That dwells with me here like a haunting passion,
And so in the city I wait content
While the time draws on to the long vacation.

W. W.

OSCAR WILDE

WASTED DAYS

(FROM A PICTURE PAINTED BY MISS V. T.)

A FAIR slim boy not made for this world's pain,
With hair of gold thick clustering round his ears,
And longing eyes half veil'd by foolish tears
Like bluest water seen through mists of rain ;
Pale cheeks whereon no kiss hath left its stain,
Red under-lip drawn in for fear of Love,
And white throat whiter than the breast of dove—
Alas ! alas ! if all should be in vain.

Behind, wide fields, and reapers all a-row
In heat and labour toiling wearily,
To no sweet sound of laughter or of lute.

The sun is shooting wide its crimson glow,
Still the boy dreams ; nor knows that night is nigh,
And in the night-time no man gathers fruit.

O. W.

OSCAR WILDE

REQUIESCAT

TREAD lightly, she is near
Under the snow ;
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast ;
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet ;
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

O. W.

OSCAR WILDE

SALVE SATURNIA TELLUS

I REACHED the Alps : the soul within me burned,
Italia, my Italia, at thy name :
And when from out the mountain's heart I came
And saw the land for which my life had yearned,
I laughed as one who some great prize had earned :
And musing on the marvel of thy fame
I watched the day, till marked with wounds of flame
The turquoise sky to burnished gold was turned.
The pine-trees waved as waves a woman's hair,
And in the orchards every twining spray
Was breaking into flakes of blossoming foam :
But when I knew that far away at Rome
In evil bonds a second Peter lay,
I wept to see the land so very fair.

O. W.

OSCAR WILDE

THE TRUE KNOWLEDGE

*Thou knowest all ; I seek in vain
What lands to till, or sow with seed :
The land is black with briar and weed,
Nor cares for falling tears or rain.*

*Thou knowest all ; I sit and wait,
With blinded eyes and hands that fail,
Till the last lifting of the veil,
And the first opening of the gate.*

*Thou knowest all ; I cannot see ;
I trust I shall not live in vain ;
I know that we shall meet again
In some divine eternity.*

O. W.

OSCAR WILDE

THEOCRITUS

A VILLANELLE

O SINGER of Persephone !
In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily ?

Still through the ivy flits the bee
Where Amaryllis lies in state ;
O singer of Persephone !

Simaetha calls on Hecate
And hears the wild dogs at the gate ;
Dost thou remember Sicily ?

Still by the light and laughing sea
Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate :
O singer of Persephone !

And still in boyish rivalry
Young Daphnis challenges his mate :
Dost thou remember Sicily ?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,
For thee the jocund shepherds wait,
O singer of Persephone !
Dost thou remember Sicily ?

O. W.

OSCAR WILDE

THE DOLE OF THE KING'S
DAUGHTER

Seven stars in the still water,
And seven in the sky ;
Seven sins on the King's daughter,
Deep in her soul to lie.

Red roses are at her feet,
(Roses are red in her rose-gold hair)
And O where her bosom and girdle meet
Red roses are hidden there.

Fair is the knight who lieth slain
Amid the rush and reed :
See the lean fishes that are fain
Upon dead men to feed.

Sweet is the page that lieth there,
(Cloth of gold is goodly prey) :
See the black ravens in the air,
Black, O black as the night are they.

What do they there so stark and dead ?
(There is blood upon her hand)
Why are the lilies flecked with red ?
(There is blood on the river sand.)

WILLIAM WILKINS

There are two that ride from the south and east,
And two from the north and west ;
For the black raven a goodly feast,
For the King's daughter rest.

There is one man who loves her true,
(Red, O red, is the stain of gore !)
He hath duggen a grave by the darksome yew,
(One grave will do for four.)

No moon in the still heaven,
In the black water none,
The sins on her soul are seven,
The sin upon his is one.

O. W.

IN THE ENGINE SHED

THE air was heavy with greasy vapour ;
The walls were like cinders ; the floor, of slack :
The engine-driver came to his labour,
A good-humour'd corpulent old coal-sack,
With a thick gold chain where it bulged the most,
And a beard like a brush, and a face like a toast,
And a hat half-eaten by fire and frost,
And a diamond pin in the folded dirt
Of the shawl that served him for collar and shirt
Whenever he harness'd his steed of mettle,
The shovel-fed monster that could not tire,
With limbs of steel and entrails of fire ;
Above us it sang, like a big tea-kettle.

WILLIAM WILKINS

Now, I wouldn't have him think I'd note it,
Much less—ever dream that I wrote it,
But he came to his salamander toils
In one of the Devil's cast-off suits,
All charr'd, and discolour'd with rain and oils,
And smear'd and sooted from muffler to boots :
Some wiping, it struck him, his paws might suffer
With a wisp of threads he found on the buffer ;
(The improvement, indeed, was not very great) ;
Then he spat, and pass'd his pipe to his mate.

And his whole face laugh'd with an honest mirth,
As any extant on this grimy earth,
Welcoming me to his murky region ;
And had you known him, I tell you this
Though your bright hair shiver and shrink at its roots,
O piano-fingering fellow-collegian—
You would have return'd no cold salutes
To the cheery greeting of hearty Chris,
But ungloved your hand, and lock'd it in his.

The icy sleet-storm shatters and scatters,
And falls on the pane like a pile of fetters ;
He flies through it all with the world's love-letters :
The master of mighty leviathan-motions
That make for him storm when the nights are fair,
And cook him with fire and carve him with air,
While we sleep soft in the carriage cushions,

WILLIAM WILKINS

And he keeps watch on the signal red O's.
Often had Chris over England roll'd me ;
You shall hear a story he told me
Of tender grace and the dewy meadows :—

THE STORY

We were driving the down express—
Will at the steam, I at the coal—
Over the valleys and villages !
Over the marshes and coppices !
Over the river, deep and broad !
Through the mountain ! under the road !
Flying along ! tearing along !
Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,
Fifty tons she was, whole and sole !

I had been promoted to the express :
I warrant you I was proud and gay.
It was the evening that ended May,
And the sky was a glory of tenderness.
We were thundering down to a midland town—
It makes no matter about the name—
For we never stopp'd there, or anywhere
For a dozen of miles on either side :
So it's all the same—

Just there you slide
With your steam shut off, and your brakes in hand,
Down the steepest and longest grade in the land
At a pace that I promise you is grand.

WILLIAM WILKINS

We were just there with the express,
When I caught sight of a muslin dress
On the bank ahead ; and as we pass'd—
You have no notion of how fast—
A girl shrank back from our baleful blast.

We were going a mile a quarter a minute
With vans and carriages down the incline,
But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it,
I look'd in her eyes, and she look'd in mine
As the train went by, like a shot from a mortar,
A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke ;
And I mused for a minute, and then awoke,
And she was behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express
Leap'd in her black resistlessness,
Evening by evening, England through.
Will—God rest him !—was found, a mash
Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash
He made with a Christmas train at Crewe.
It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
Or I shouldn't now be here alive ;
But thereafter the five-o'clock out express
Evening by evening I used to drive.

And I often saw her—that lady I mean
That I spoke of before. She often stood
A-top o' the bank : it was pretty high—
Say twenty feet—and back'd by a wood.
She would pick the daisies out of the green,

WILLIAM WILKINS

To fling down at us as we went by.
We had got to be friends, that girl and I,
Though I was a rugged, stalwart chap,
And she a lady ! I'd lift my cap,
Evening by evening, when I'd spy
That she was there, in the summer air,
Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night :
Bless you ! no ; just now and then,
And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.
Then one evening I saw her again,
Alone, as ever, but deadly pale,
And down on the line, on the very rail,
While a light, as of hell, from our wild wheels broke,
Tearing down the slope with their devilish clamours
And deafening din, as of giants' hammers
That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke
All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.
Never, O never, had she seem'd sweeter !
I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke
Down that awful incline, and signall'd the guard
To put on his brakes at once, and *HARD*—
Though we couldn't have stopp'd. We tatter'd the rail
Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.
We *couldn't* stop ; and she wouldn't stir,
Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch
Her arms to us ;—and the desperate wretch
I pitied, comprehending her.

WILLIAM WILKINS

So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,
Sprang down on the lady the terrible train—
She never flinch'd. We beat her down,
And ran on through the lighted length of the town
Before we could stop to see what was done.

O I've run over more than one !
Dozens of 'em, to be sure, but none
That I pitied as I pitied her—
If I could have stopp'd, with all the spur
Of the train's weight on, and cannily—
But it wouldn't do with a lad like me
And she a lady—or had been.—Sir ?
Who was she ? Best say no more of her !
The world is hard ; but I'm her friend—
Stanch, sir,—down to the world's end.
This is a curl of her sunny hair
Set in this locket that I wear.
I pick'd it off the big wheel there.
Time's up, Jack. Stand clear, sir. Yes ;
We're going out with the express.

W. W.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

LITERARY MERITS

FROM A LAUREATE TO AN AUTHOR

You tell me how, in thundering speech,
As tho' you will'd all earth to hear,
You deem my poems very dear,
Calf-bound, at six-and-sixpence each.

You deem them dear : I may not tell :
I only know I hear you prate,
Day after day, about the rate
At which your own effusions sell.

I prize your worth and boundless wit :
I hold you great : I know you learn'd :
I read your volume, and return'd
To him from whom I borrow'd it.

My larger genius holds you high ;
For you, however large your mind,
Must hold your larger life resign'd
To live a lesser life than I.

I chime but when the public choose :
You flash from chance-lit fires within :
We toss : you turn up heads : I win.
We toss : I turn up tails : you lose.

JOHN MARTLEY

You chant at chance, and stock the shops,
While I retail, with timelier luck,
For lilliputian mouths to suck,
My literary lollipops.

A pupil, as my patrons list,
I write : and they, to win repute,
Find some fine sense in every foot,
And see strange charms where none exist.

You lie unread : from land to land
My work, on wings of fashion flies :
Each churl some latent charm describes :
“How grand : how deep : I understand.”

S. K. C.

THE DESERTED CITY

SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF GOLDSMITH IN FRONT OF COLLEGE

SWEET Dublin, loneliest is the prospect seen,
Where applewomen sat in College Green ;
Where longing school-boys loiter'd on their way,
And eyed the fruit for which they could not pay.
Dear ancient dames, whose innocence and ease
Attracted youth for ever prone to tease ;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd lamp that kept the tea-pot warm ;
The never-failing mug, the batter'd can,

JOHN MARTLEY

The rusty tray, long guiltless of japan,
The umbrella huge with seat beneath its shade
For talking age and whispering gossip made !
How often have I watch'd at parting day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
Some frisky Freshman from the Hall set free
Upset stall, fruit, umbrella, lamp and tea ;
Loud was the scuffle there beneath the shade,
The old contending, while the young survey'd.

Sweet ducal palace, lovely Leinster Lawn,
Thy lords are fled, and all their pomp withdrawn !
Amid thy flowers the nursery-maid is seen,
And squalling children squabble o'er thy green.
One Exhibition grasped thy whole domain,
Where half-a-crown admission might obtain.
No more let glassy domes reflect the day,
For Exhibitions here will never pay ;
Within those rails there stands a worthy guest,
Dargan, in all things save his sculptor blest.

Near yonder Bank, where Curran once inveigh'd,
And still, where many a current coin is paid,
There, where a few street lamps the place surround,
The statue of our native bard is found.
A man he was to all the country dear,
But, "save me from my friends," he well might sneer.
Unwieldy form, behold him from afar
With finger raised to scold, or call a car !
When summer's friendly dust conceals his grace,

JOHN MARTLEY

None e'er have wash'd nor wish'd to wash his face.
Heedless of fame, his Art our sculptor plies,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

How blest is he, the Hero of the Nile,
Above the ken of critics on a pile !
By the Post Office, where with chiming song
The clock tells every hour, and tells it wrong,
The gallant sailor stands, and thither oft
Our country friends repair to go aloft.
From these the keeper poor, but never proud,
Claims sixpence each, and has his claims allow'd.
Pleased with his guests, the good man lets them in;
They laugh, and laugh again to hear the din ;
He points them to the steps that upwards wind,
But while they climb, he wisely stays behind ;
And, as a bard each art ennobling tries,
To tempt his grovelling readers to the skies,
He gives them light, and speeds them as he may,
Himself too old a bird to lead the way.
And then, the summit won, what waits them there?
To see from Patrick's Close to Rutland Square,
To see the peerless palaces of gin,
Where countless lilliputian men go in,
And cake-shops, where full many a darling son,
His mother leads to eat a currant bun.
Soon the spectators feel their spirits rise,
To see their fellows so reduced in size,
Till with sublime philosophy they think
How mean a thing it is to eat and drink.

JOHN MARTLEY

McSwiney, twice Lord Mayor, the very spot
You laid the famous stone is now forgot.
Near Carlisle Bridge, beneath the lamps close by,
Where once the sign-board caught the passing eye,
Low lies that stone, and thirteen years have run
Since great O'Connell's statue was begun.
Imagination fondly stoops to play
Around the glories of that festive day ;
The Lord Mayor's coach, the banners of the trades,
The coal-barge men with green and white cockades,
The harp of paste-board, miracle of art,
Borne by a minstrel butcher on his cart,
His robe a lawyer's gown, sublime he sat
With bays of green wall-paper round his hat.
Vain transitory splendours ! must we own
That monument is still a sunken stone ?

Ill fares the Town, to hastening ills a prey,
Whose Councillors the part of statesmen play.
Princes and lords may flourish and declaim,
Merchants, of course, are free to do the same ;
But some of them should study fields less wide,
Or else resign ; their place can be supplied.
A time there was ere Erin's griefs began,
When limpid as a brook, the Liffey ran :
Then nets were spread to catch her wholesome store :
She gave what Life required, but gave no more.
But times are alter'd ; buildings spread about
Usurp the stream, and dispossess the trout.

JOHN MARTLEY

That sparkling wave where shining salmon rose
Unsightly now with cumbrous hulks it flows,
And every woe to pestilence allied,
For Death sits brooding o'er the noisome tide.
But all forget in chilly spring-time's bloom,
The breeze that fann'd a harvest for the tomb.
Those hopeful schemes that fill'd the daily press,
Floodgates and sewers to make the nuisance less,
These all await their season as of yore,
Till swooning Chiefs adjourn the Courts once more.

Oh ! cherish'd Dolphin, famed for beer and wine,
Retreat from Care where juniors love to dine ;
How blest is he who crowns in summer's drought,
A plate of lobster with a pint of stout !
Who quits a Court, where stifling odours are,
And since 'tis hot for walking hails a car ;
Not like his seniors paid to work and weep,
Who crowd the coffee-room like flocks of sheep,
Where surly waiters round the doorway spar,
And spurn imploring famine from the bar.
But he in peace reviews his latter end ;
Briefs soon will come, for time will prove his friend,
The whole will pass with unperceived decay,
And resignation gently slope the way.
Thus prospects brighten as he plies his blade,
And heaven commences, when his punch is made.

JOHN MARTLEY

Oh ! ye who fuse by Acts without a flaw
Wild Equity with most uncommon Law,
Will Courts of Justice now more nearly vie
With heaven above because we call them " high " ?
" Fused " are the famed tribunals of our youth,
" Divisions " of one perfect whole forsooth.
Words even beyond the scrivener's wish abound,
Our law reforms, if nothing else, are sound.
But count our gains ; this boon is but a name,
That leaves our litigation still the same.
Not so the loss ; some clerk, a rustic swain,
Will tinker pleas, which tax'd the lawyer's brain.
Our future Judges, wrapt in silken sloth,
Will rise no more by learning's gradual growth.
Meanwhile the peasant, " rooted in the soil,"
Impatient spurns frugality and toil ;
O'er the wide world his fired ambition flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies ;
And though on clods the ploughman's feet must tread
A Christy's hat will soon adorn his head :
Thus the poor land, assigned to paupers all,
In Governmental mortgage waits the fall.
As some young rake, devoid of proper cash,
Resolved while credit stays to cut a dash,
Flies every clamorous tradesman that pursues,
Nor shares with duns the tribute of the Jews.
But when those duns draw near, for duns prevail,
When time advances, and advances fail,
He then walks forth, solicitous to bet

JOHN MARTLEY

In all the glaring impudence of debt.
Thus fares the land by statesmanship betray'd,
In Nature's robes of wealth at first array'd,
But spoil'd by long neglect each boon receives
And every specious flattering tale believes ;
Then when recurring failure brings its train
Of shame, disease, and famine once again,
Plays her last card, Rebellion, like a fool,
And cries Young Ireland! Tenant-right! Home Rule!

O Politics, ye cursed by heaven's decree,
Small trivial themes are dearer far to me !
How have I sped in many a bygone year
To meet my lady fair on Kingstown Pier !
Beneath that tottering roof at Westland Row,
'Mid scenes long cherish'd, still I love to go.
The jarvey fierce, the fare that will not pay,
The proud policeman, doubtful what to say,
The mongrel cur, sad victim to the mange,
The throngs that leave no time for counting change,
The boys that loudly and more loudly bawl
" *Thay* 'Weekly News,' " which no one buys at all ;
The man who seems a double debt to pay,
Waiter by night, and ticket-clerk by day ;
The folk that peep at *Judy* on the stall,
The lady with the curls, who greets them all :
While these in wild confusion play their parts,
I view my train, but not before it starts.

JOHN MARTLEY

Sweet intercourse of fogies, club-delights,
Departed joys of tedious winter nights,
Could even our social Dublin not resist
The fatal spell of never-ceasing whist?
No more the doctor's news, the parson's tale,
No more the schoolboy banter shall prevail;
No *savant* now his eloquence will air
With ease of style upon an easy chair;
No more acrostic-solvers, race unique,
Will read through half the poets once a week,
Till the coy word, unwilling to be guess'd,
Beams upon one, who tells it to the rest.
Losers may now regret, though winners hate
Those genial circles, all forsworn of late,
Abandon'd for the whist club, where no joke
Dispels the gloom, except a stray revoke.
When first mankind a game with nature play'd,
The ace of trumps was Adam's garden-spade,
"To sleep, perchance to dream" the quiet "rub,"
Till Cain ruff'd hearts for ever with a club;
And oh to me more soothing rest from toil
Are tea and talk than Cavendish and Hoyle:
Spontaneous jests and theories unconfined,
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind:
But the misdeal, the honours all unclaim'd,
The call unanswer'd and the culprit shamed;
The "volunteer" we lead without a cause,
The luck that crowns with ill-deserved applause,
In these, ere "duffers" half the game acquire,

FITZGERALD ISDELL

They lose enough to purchase half a shire,
And while the creamlaid, flowery cards decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.
Sweet Dublin, doom'd in slavery to cower,
Thy thoroughfares confess the tyrant's power ;
In many a silent street policemen stalk,
And tire the echoes with unvaried walk ;
Crown'd are their heads with classic helmets all,
And oft on ours their vengeful batons fall ;
As some bold critic, pompous, though an ass,
With empty head array'd in classic brass,
Who for the dread V.R. and 20 D.
Dons the imposing editorial "WE,"
Lays his almighty stick about our brains,
And breaks the very law that he maintains,
Deeming our grammar quite defective shown,
Because it differs widely from his own :
But parodists in Phoebus' force I call
The shrewd detectives ; bribe me, poets all.

J. M.

THE STUDY OF ASTRONOMY

I SWING about and in and out
On slow celestial axes,
While Aries and false Libra flout
Me with their parallaxes.

FITZGERALD ISDELL

I wander softly in a node
With gentle aberrations,
And then I climb an endless road
Gold-sprinkled with lunations.

I give to gibbous Jupiter
A distant cold nutation ;
For all his broad diameter,
He's but a mean equation.

And now I see with sadden'd gaze
The lunar periodic,
Still chasing in a circling maze
The retrograde Synodic.

The belted hunter shines afar,
Orion with his gladius ;
His total length $4\pi^2r$,
Divided by the radius.

The vertical, that comrade prime,
Fills achromatic glasses ;
We clink, and drink in varied time
Proportioned to our masses.

Then by degrees my drowsy head
Gives way to gravitation,
I wonder where I'll find a bed,
And what is this rotation.

F. I.

GEORGE WILKINS

AT LAWN TENNIS IN COLLEGE

(ATALANTA OUT OF CALYDON)

WHEN winter comes, making blue our faces,
Much mud is mix'd in highway and lane,
While scavengers smoke in shelter'd places
Out of the way of the riddling rain ;
And the old umbrella voluminous
Is sought, and settled, and spread by us ;
Though vanished mayhap are its pristine graces,
And rift and rent in its plumes are plain.

For all the smiles of summer are over,
And bands, and flirtations, and strolls by the sea,
And twilight walks of lover and lover,
With speeches spooney as spooney can be ;
And business remember'd is love forgotten,
To other people and things you cotton,
And though you be call'd a faithless rover,
That makes no odds, between you and me.

And learning by day and forgetting by night
Brings towards his B.A. the fleet-foot gib,
With foot-ball, and hockey, and such delight
As bursteth blood-vessel and staveth rib ;

GEORGE WILKINS

And though landmen hold their noses and shiver,
The gig-oars dash in our unsweet river,
And the oarsman exulteth, oblivious quite
Of vigils o'er Euclid and Giles's crib.

With petticoats toss'd and ribbons a-flutter,
With veils that escape and scale to the sky,
With hats that trundle along the gutter,
The bleak November comes blustering by ;
And, gasping, we grin as the wild wind fleet,
Along the stricken straight stretch of the street,
Dishevels bare heads, whose mild mouths mutter
Blessings benign on the things that fly.

The rude wind ravishes Beauty's hair ;
The lost nymph shudders and hides her eyes ;
The sunny snare slipping away leaves bare—
No matter what—but the coiffeur sighs ;
The curls take flight like the autumn leaves,
And never a hair-pin catches or cleaves
To the scalp despoil'd, the sights that scare
Mars who follows, Adonis who flies.

G. W.

ARTHUR PALMER

EPICCHARIS

"Atque interim Nero recordatus Volusii Proculi indicio Epicharim attineri ratusque muliebre corpus impar dolori tormentis dilacerari iubet. At illam non verbera, non ignes, non ira eo acrius torquentium ne a femina spernerentur, pervicere quin obiecta denegaret. Sic primus quaestionis dies contemptus. Postero cum ad eosdem cruciatus retraheretur gestamine sellae (nam dissolutis membris insistere nequibat), vinco fasciae, quam pectori detraxerat, in modum laquei ad arcum sellae restricto indidit cervicem et corporis pondere conisa tenuem iam spiritum expressit, clariore exemplo libertina mulier in tanta necessitate alienos ac prope ignotos protegendo, cum ingenui et viri et equites Romani senatoresque intacti tormentis carissima suorum quisque pignorum proderent."—TAC. ANN. XV. 57.

MOTIONLESS, in a dark, cold cell in Rome,
A woman, bruised and burnt, but breathing still,
Lay all alone, and thus her weak, wan lips
Whisper'd to high Jove from that dungeon floor—
"I am a poor weak woman, O ye gods,
And now I ask forgiveness, lying here,
(I have no strength to rise upon my knees),
For all the heavy sins that I have done.
Remember, O just gods, that this is Rome,
And I a woman, and the weakest born.
Could such a woman, nursed in such a city,
Live righteously, as high-born maidens live?
A poor, fair slave, on Rome's waste ocean thrown,
I had but heaven to turn to in distress,
And heaven always turn'd away from me.

ARTHUR PALMER

But if I have offended by my life,
O let me make atonement by my death !
I bore the torture yesterday, kind gods,
Bravely, and would have died before a word
Escaped me ; but my cunning torturers,
Seeing the ensign of my ally—death—
Advancing swiftly, seeing me still dumb,
Released me, hoping that another trial
Would quell me : and I fear, I fear, it may,
For O the pain was horrible : but yesterday
A sort of trance was on me all the time
That let me triumph over any pain,
And made me secretly deride the fools
For wasting all their cruel toil in vain.
But to begin the agony again—
The burning bricks, the red-hot plates, the scourge—
Kind gods assist me ! let me not die a traitor !
Take from me this weak breath, or give me means
To stop it, so men may say when I am gone,
' This was a poor weak woman, but no traitor ! '
And so, perhaps, when poor Epicharis
Is cast away, without a grave or name,
Some man, who fears the gods, and loves not traitors,
May come and lay a penny on my lips,
That I may want not Charon's passage fee,
Nor flit for ever by the bank of Styx."
She ceased for very weakness, but her words
Mounted as high as heaven from the stones,
And on the moment Nero's messengers

W. C. K. WILDE

Came in to lead her to the torment-room ;
But finding that she could not stand, they brought
A litter, and so bore her through the streets.
And thus the gods granted the harlot's prayer ;
For in the litter's roof she spied a ring,
And quickly loosed the band that bound her waist,
And did it round her neck, and through the ring,
And calling up her torture-broken strength,
Crush'd out her little life—a faithful girl.
And on the soldiers bore her through the streets,
Until they reach'd the hall of doom, and there
Open'd the litter's door, and she was gone ;
More nobly dead, though but a freed-woman,
Than many a Roman, swoln* with pedigree.

P.

SALOME

(FOR A PICTURE)

THE sight of me was as devouring flame
Burning their hearts with fire, so wantonly
That night I danced for all his men to see!
Fearless and reckless ; for all maiden shame
Strange passion-poisons throbbing overcame
As every eye was riveted on me,
And every soul was mine, mine utterly,—
And thrice each throat cried out aloud my name !

* Cf. Juv. Sat. viii. Tumes alto Drusorum stemmate.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

"Ask what thou wilt," black-bearded Herod said.
God wot a weird thing do I crave for prize :
"Give me, I pray thee, presently the head
Of John the Baptist." 'Twixt my hands it lies.
"Ah, mother ! see ! the lips, the half-closed eyes—
Dost think he hates us still now he is dead?"
W. C. K. W.

LADY-BIRD

HER life was like the life of birds,
When birds in May have met :
Her language and her voice were words
To music set.

To tripping song she tripp'd along :
And Death, that still'd the nest,
Came sweetly, in her sweet life-song,
A bar of rest.

The bar of rest that comes betwixt
A bird's last lullaby,
And that first song, with morning mixt,
It sings on high.
S. K. C.

OSCAR WILDE

“LA BELLE MARGUERITE”

BALLADE DU MOYEN AGE.

I AM weary of lying within the chase,
While the knyghtes are meeting in market-place.

Nay, go not thou to the red-roof'd town,
Lest the hooves of the war-horse tread thee down.

But I would not go where the squires ride :
I would only sit by my lady's side.

Alack ! and alack ! thou art over-bold,
A forester's son may not eat off gold.

Will she love me less, that my father is seen
Each Martinmas Day in a doublet green ?

But your cloak of sheepskin is rough to see,
When your lady is clad in cramoisie.

Alack ! and alack ! then, if true love dies,
When one is in silk, and the other in frieze !

Mayhap she is working the tapestrie ;
Spindle and loom are not meet for thee.

If it be that she seweth the arras bright,
I might ravel the threads by the fire-light.

OSCAR WILDE

Mayhap she is chasing of the deer ;
How could you follow o'er hill and meer ?

If it be that she hunteth with the Court,
I might run behind her, and wind the mort.

Mayhap she is praying in chapellrie
(To her soul may our Lady show gramercie!)

Ah, if she is kneeling in lone chapelle,
I might swing the censer, or ring the bell.

Come in, my son, for thou look'st sae pale,
Thy father will fill thee a stoup of ale.

Oh, who are these knyghtes in bright array ?
Is it a pageant the rich folk play ?

It's the King of France from over the sea,
That has come to visit our fair countrie.

But why does the curfew toll sae low ?
And why do the mourners walk a-row ?

Oh, it's Hugh of Durham, my sister's son,
That is lying stark, for his day is done.

Ah, no, for I see white lilies clear ;
It is no strong man that lies on the bier.

Oh, it's good Dame Alice that kept the Hall :
I knew she would die at the autumn fall.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Dame Alice was not a maiden fair;
Dame Alice had not that yellow hair.

Oh, it's none of our kith and none of our kin;
(Her soul may our Lady assoil from sin).

But I hear the boy's voice chaunting sweet,
"Elle est morte, la Marguerite!"

Come in, my son, and lie on the bed,
And let the dead folk bury their dead.

Oh, mother, you know I loved her true:
Oh, mother, one grave will do for two.

O. W.

A SUPPLEMENTAL EXAMINATION

Low in the tower toll'd the bell:
The gown'd jib bow'd the trembling knee;
He knew his classics passing well,
But of his science nothing he:
A yard of sums was up his sleeves;
A band of scrip around his cuffs;
And in his shoes were frequent leaves,
And scraps of scientific stuffs.

For the mother was anxious
Her boy should pass:
And his father alarm'd
For the fees of the class:

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

And the father had promised
A five-pound note ;
And the mother with science
Had padded his coat.

And one said tremblingly, "To pass
I trow it is no use to try ;
Let us go hence and drain the glass."
To whom another, "No, not I,
For be our brains obtuse or quick,
I hold it true, whate'er befall,
'Tis better to go in and stick,
Than never to go in at all."

And thro' the gates,
As soon as they sunder'd,
The raw undergraduates
Stumbled and thunder'd,
All in a fluster,
Like sheep in a cluster,
A marvellous muster,
Nearly six hundred.

And thro' the open doors he pass'd,
And forth he paced into the hall ;
And on a bench his body cast,
In one dark corner of the wall.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

At little-go or term exams,
He scarce could stick, so stocked was he
With scientific diagrams,
And multifarious formulæ.

And the boy was contented,
His corner won.
For all supervisors,
Sane or demented,
Fear he hath none.
"Sizars, O sizars,
None of your capers :
Hand us the papers,
And let us have done !"

And forth with stealth the scraps he drew,
And books that were for chance alarms,
Tied to elastic bands, which flew
Up with a spring into his arms.
He fear'd no scare from cube or square,
Since coat and cuff held stealthy store ;
He knew the very sums were there,
And he could pass for evermore.

Almost of science
Nothing he knows,
All his reliance
Lay in his clothes,
With scrips in his pocket,
With slips in his locket,

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

And sums in his shoe,
Nothing could stand him :
Nil desperandum,
Little boy blue!

And soon the flimsy sums he floor'd,
And conn'd the conics thro' and thro' ;
But, at his boasted classics, scored
Out of a dozen only two.
O blank his brain, but bland his luck,
For, tho' long coach'd in classic leaves,
He had most certainly been stuck
But for the science in his sleeves.

Lecturer, lecturer,
How have I pass'd ?
Answer, O answer,
Tell me the worst.
Where am I reckon'd ?
How am I class'd ?
Not in the first,
No, nor the second ;
Last in the last !

And swift unto his home he hied,
And arms about his parents cast :
And, " O sweet father," leapt and cried,
And, " O sweet mother, I have pass'd.

OSCAR WILDE

O strange and true the tale I tell,
And true as strange, and strange as true,
Altho' I knew my classics well,
It was my science pull'd me through."

And his father was happy,
And gave him the note ;
And his mother embraced him,
And stitch'd his coat.

S. K. C.

AVE MARIA

Was *this* His coming? I had hoped to see
A scene of blinding glory, as was told
Of some great god who in a rain of gold
Broke open bars, and fell on Danae ;
Or a dread vision, as when Semele
Hungering with love and unappeased desire,
Pray'd to see God's clear body, and the fire
Caught her fair limbs and slew her utterly.

With such glad dreams I came into this place,
And now—with wondering eyes and heart I stand
And look upon this mystery of Love.
"A kneeling girl with passionless pale face,
An angel with a lily in his hand,
And over both, with outstretch'd wings, the Dove."

O. W.

ST. MARCO, FLORENCE.

JOHN VERSCHOYLE

DANAE

I'd paint, but ah ! 'twould need a master's hand,
The extreme splendour of those virgin charms
That drew the Thunderer captive to her arms,
Whom in the brass-bound cell a sire's command
Coffin'd from love and life. The sea-breeze fann'd
Softly her tear-tired eyes ; half drowsed she lay,
While strange sun-shafts, more bright than beams of day,
Stol'n through the bars, her beauteous body spann'd,
Toy'd with the rippled chestnut of her tresses,
Spent all its soul upon her rosebud lips,
And lover-like that golden glamour presses
Her bright white breast, and each sweet secret sips.
Smiles fleet but sweet answer those charm'd caresses,
Love lovelier ne'er had Zeus than now he clips.

J. V.

THOMAS W. H. ROLLESTON

ΠΩΣ ΟΥ ΧΡΗ ΚΑΙ ΑΟΙΔΟΝ ΕΝ ΕΙΛΠΙ
ΚΑΛΟΝ ΑΕΙΣΑΙ

WIND, O wind of the Spring! thine old enchantment renewing,
Strike from my soul, like a lyre, billowy music to birth—
Like as a harp's strings clash when struck with the sword of the spoiler
So, at the shock of thy might, wakens a cry within me.
Out of what wonderful lands, never trodden by man, never heard of—
Burning with quenchless desire, fierce with a madness divine—
Comest thou, breathing like flame till the whole earth flames into
blossom,
Quickening the sap of old woods, swayed in thy stormy embrace;
Rousing, in depths of the heart the wild waves of an infinite longing,
Fervent for freedom and life, yearning for springs that are dead!
Surely the far blue sea, foam-flecked with the speed of thy coming,
Brighten'd in laughter abroad, sang at the feet of the isles,
Stirr'd in a tumult of joy, as my soul stirs, trembling with passion,
Trembling with passion and hope, wild with the spirit of Spring.
Something remains upon earth to be done, to be dared, to be sought for;
Up with the anchor once more! Out with the sails to the wind!
Out to the shock of the seas, that encircle the Fortunate Islands,
Vision of souls that are free, home of the wind of the Spring.

T. W. H. R.

HARRY CRICHTON WEIR

VENUS VICTA

WHATEVER moonstruck poets say,
Love, shorn of humbug and pretences,
Is, as we see it every day,
A mere delusion of the senses.
I've felt myself the transient glow,
And even now I well remember
How ardently it burn'd, although
The month was, as I think, December.

I sigh'd—just then—to find some nice
Unfeathered angel, and adore her ;
So, meeting Alice on the ice,
I fell an easy prey before her.
Yes, fell—for, giving her my hand,
I stumbled, slipp'd, and willy-nilly
Saluted what she trod on, and
Look'd most unutterably silly.

However she was very kind,
And courteously suppress'd her laughter ;
And, neither seeming disinclined,
Of course we met again soon after.
She smiled, and I began to see
Through blinded optics of affection,
And soon her merits seem'd to me
A very full and choice collection.

HARRY CRICHTON WEIR

Her French had just the native twang,
She play'd sonatas most divinely ;
Like Patti, I averr'd, she sang ;
And whilst she play'd (I thought) so finely,
She painted, and to me she seem'd
A female Titian—Vandyke—Turner ;
Her manner, as I rightly deem'd,
Had nothing of the plodding learner.

In church her style of giving the
Responses was affecting, very ;
Her acting always seem'd to me
Quite to eclipse Miss Ellen Terry.
Her dresses were a thing apart
From all experience—past all praising ;
Her insight into Shakspeare's art
Was something really amazing.

She scribbled verses, and I swore
She rivall'd Byron, Keats, and Shelley ;
I vow'd that nothing could be more
Delicious than her apple jelly.
I hung upon her repartees,
I doted on her tiny bonnets ;
I worshipp'd the triumphant ease
She show'd in salads and in sonnets.

HARRY CRICHTON WEIR

I wrote a ream of verse about
 "Twain souls" and "passion's wasting fire,"
And had it neatly copied out
 On paper at twelve pence the quire.
I dedicated it to her—
 She was my Muse, my inspiration—
And sent—by special messenger—
 The precious, precious lucubration.

I wonder what became of it?
 I wonder did she ever read it?
Perhaps so. Flattery apt and fit
 Is food for girls. They seem to need it.
And she was worthy. Yes, I vow,
 I've rarely met with such another.
But why discuss the matter now?
 She's married—and a triple mother.

And yet I cannot choose but think—
 Had time and chance made the suggestion—
How near I once was to the brink
 Of putting the important question.
The answer in the negative,
 I should have vow'd upon my honour
A moment longer not to live,
 And laid my tragic end upon her.

JOHN MARTLEY

That leaf of life—its earnest fun—

Ah ! did she once for ever close it ?

Or does she still remember one

Who made himself a fool—and knows it ?

Perhaps, contented with her lot,

She harbours no such recollections,

It's just as well that she should not :

The husband might have grave objections.

H. C. W.

THE PAYMENT OF THE RENT

OH Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's going round ?

No honest man will be allow'd to live on Irish ground.

Now all who lay their money out in Ireland will repent,

For there's a cruel league again' the payment of the rent.

I met with Doyle the tailor, and said he, " Who'll care my wife

When I am gone ? for I have lost the savings of a life.

On a score or two of acres in the Land Court they were spent,

And the tenants now will shoot me if I ask them for the rent."

The land God gave to feed us all is what the tenants crave ;

The rest may have a little share,—enough to make a grave.

If every lord that brings us trade be hateful as a Turk,

Are there no men but farmers that are poor and do their work ?

When rogues can make the forest trees grow level with the weeds,

And they can make a harvest rise who never sow'd the seeds,

Then to give up all my earnings to the cut-throat I'll consent,

But till that day, please God, I'll have my acres or my rent.

JOHN MARTLEY

THE INDEFEASIBLE TITLE

I'LL sing you all a song that was made by an honest pate,
Of a fine old Irish gentleman, who mortgaged his estate
To a bluff old English mortgagee, who swore he couldn't wait,
But would sell the lands at any price and at an early date,
Like a business-like old Englishman, all of the olden time.

But when a purchaser was sought, the title was so queer
That people thought at any price the bargain would be dear ;
Then this offhand Englishman pooh-pooh'd, and answer'd, " Never fear,
For I'll create a brand-new court to make the title clear."
Like a politic old gentleman, all in the famine times.

Then in this novel auction-court the land was sold ding-dong,
And Justice Christian made a speech that we'll remember long,
How the Act against all comers made the title stand so strong,
That even the very child unborn might chance to suffer wrong,
Like a caustic, tart old gentleman, the censor of his times.

So the new owner gloated o'er his title from the Crown,
And plumed himself that nevermore on him would fortune frown,
And gave his tenants all a spread, and took the train to town,
And went to see the pantomime, and bought his wife a gown,
Like a jubilant old purchaser, all in the piping times.

But after years the Fenians rose and made a great to-do,
And, worst of all, in Manchester a poor policeman slew,
And made a very loud report, which frighten'd London too,
At which mishaps the Englishman quite agitated grew,
And felt he could no more resist the current of the times.

JOHN MARTLEY

Farmers there are, like other men, who like a little game,
Which is to get their neighbours' goods, not paying for the same,
So they passed an Act to satisfy the Irish tenant's claim,
("Compensation for Disturbance" was the euphemistic name),
Which gave him what his landlord own'd in less enlighten'd times.

And when the tenant thus was well-nigh rooted in the soil,
About the fixing of the rent there rose a great turmoil ;
And to fix the rent at nothing was the outcome of the broil,
Whereat the poor old owner felt his blood begin to boil,
Till at length his feelings found relief in writing to the "Times."

Then the honest Englishman replied, " My friend, consider well,
You've bought a fine fat oyster cheap, and now you won't rebel
If we give your oyster to the poor, and leave to you the shell,
With a title none will e'er dispute—not even the bold Parnell,"
Like a very dry old gentleman, who made a joke at times.

To the old parish church, long left without a clergyman,
This ruin'd landlord bent his steps, the Bible's page to scan,
And found a passage there by chance, and this was how it ran :
" Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man,"
Did this broken-hearted gentleman, who'd fallen on evil times.

Thus round the wealthy Englishman while hungry creatures prowl,
He throws his children to the wolf that gives the loudest growl ;
Nor, when the landless labourer in turn begins to howl,
Will the farmer fare much better than the "coroneted Ghoul,"
At the hands of this old gentleman, who always serves the times.

J. M.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

IDADÆCA *

COALS are again announced to rise,

Idadæca :

I cannot half believe my eyes,

Idadæca.

Here, as I grope and freeze and hark

The listless curs ayont me bark,

Idadæca,

At the great moon that gilds the dark,

Idadæca.

Ah, when will these things have an end,

Idadæca ?

I call to thee, as to a friend,

Idadæca.

Already prices range so high,

I cannot, with my income, buy,

Idadæca,

Food, light, or fuel ; no, not I,

Idadæca.

So in the dark I starve and freeze,

Idadæca :

I hear the knocking of my knees,

Idadæca :

* See advertising columns of London press.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

There is none other help for me,
Nor will there ever likely be,
 Idadæca,
Except I find that help in thee,
 Idadæca.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 Idadæca :
How I wonder what you are,
 Idadæca :
On ledge, on wall, on window-frame,
In spots unknown, in haunts of fame,
 Idadæca,
I see huge placards with your name,
 Idadæca.

Oh, say, whatever can you be,
 Idadæca ?
The governor-general of Fiji,
 Idadæca ?
Some horse's name—some favourite foal,
Or may be, (peace, my panting soul,)
 Idadæca,
Some good cheap substitute for coal,
 Idadæca ?

Some new-style "dolman" for the spring,
 Idadæca ?
Another "Idyl of the King,"
 Idadæca ?

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Some highly-recommended tea ?
Or, (hence, ye frisky fancies, flee,)
 Idadæca,
Another Ouida novelty,
 Idadæca ?

Alas, I cannot make thee out,
 Idadæca !
My mind is clouded with a doubt,
 Idadæca :
But Time, which raises bards to fame,
(And murder,) I suppose the same,
 Idadæca,
Will solve the mystery of thy name,
 Idadæca.

S. K. C.

MY OULD CLAY PIPE

Of the sorrows and strife of a journey thro' life,
 It's myself could unfold you full many a tale :
Of the friends of my youth, some are dead, in good sooth,
 And some have got married, and some are in jail.
And some have gone hence—at the country's expense,
 And some on the gallows departed this life.
Oh, the only ould friend that has stood to the end,
 My faithful companion, thro' sorrow and strife,

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Is my ould clay dhudeen, from sweet Ballyporeen,
So famed for its bogs and its cabins of clay !
Oh, my darlin' ould pipe, which I made of a wipe
From the walls of my father's mud cabin one day !

One day, when I went for to beg off my rent,
From the murderin' landlord (who granted my prayer),
A case, neat and clean, for my darlin' dhudeen,
I cut from the leg of his dinin'-room chair.
And that evenin' at nine, when he sat down to dine,
Down crash'd the ould chair, and he lost his ould life.
Oh, the only true friend that has stood to the end,
My faithful companion, thro' sorrow and strife,

Is my ould clay dhudeen, from sweet Ballyporeen,
So famed for its bogs and its cabins of clay !
Oh, my darlin' ould pipe, which I made of a wipe
From the walls of my father's mud cabin one day !

By aspirin' to fame, by desirin' a name,
Some folks are deceived, till for death they are ripe ;
But my old clay dhudeen tells me just what they mean—
Bright bubbles of soap in the bowl of a pipe !
And one night when in bed (I was smokin' they said),
'The clothes caught on fire, and cremated my wife.
Oh, the only true friend that has stood to the end,
My faithful companion, thro' sorrow or strife,

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Is my ould clay dhudeen, from sweet Ballyporeen,
So famed for its bogs and its cabins of clay !
Oh, my darlin' ould pipe, which I made of a wipe
From the walls of my father's mud cabin one day !

You may boast of your birth, and your titles of earth,
But yet you're no more than my ould clay dhudeen !
Of clay you were made, and in clay you'll be laid :
So, friends, when I die, in some case, neat and clean,
Lay me gently to rest, with my pipe on my breast,
Till I wake some fine morn, and rekindle my life.
Oh, the only ould friend that has stood to the end,
My faithful companion thro' sorrow and strife,

Is my ould clay dhudeen, from sweet Ballyporeen,
So famed for its bogs and its cabins of clay !
Oh, my darlin' ould pipe, which I made of a wipe
From the walls of my father's mud cabin one day !

S. K. C.

4

ANOTHER WAY OF ART

(ON READING "ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE"—A TRANSCRIPT)

I

SULTRY December
With steaming rain
Was drenching her roses
That *passim* blew,

0

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

When a man I knew,
But do not remember
(I won't be plain :
The true Bard poses),
Taking a volume of poems up,
And pausing, as 'twere 'twixt the lip and the cup,
Said, If this is a riddle, I give it up.

II

What's all this "June" about,
June and her bosom,
As thorny with prickles
As the *Flight of the Duchess* ?
I know just as much as
The man in the moon about
What mean the blossom
And masstime and trickles.
So the man thinks, in the midst of his curses,
Of things once described as the rudders of verses,
Wherewith certain poets still pilot their courses.

III

And then, if for *triumph*
A rhyme be too *khalepon*,
It is not surprising
(In one who hails *sperm-oil*

FREEMAN WILLS

To jingle with *turmoil*)
To find that with *hi humph*
The Poet can gallop on ;
And the thought keeps arising,
That if, with experience of June and her lover,
Art use her art-rhymes for the passions that move her,
And stop Introspection—why, Art may recover.

T.

EWIGKEIT

We sat together on the shore,
And saw the ships sail out to sea,
And slowly sink to Evermore—
And fleets of clouds pass'd grand and free
Till they were lost to her and me.

We sat and watch'd an airy flight
Of gannets fleck the central blue,
Until they task'd the straining sight,
And into motes of distance grew—
Then faintly faded from the view.

I said, They pass : the clouds fleet on :
Full sail to Thule go the ships :
To Ewigkeit the birds are gone :
Each in that orb of purple dips—
To dust come love and loving lips.

C. K. POOLER

One only thing is fix'd : while I
Am clasping you in loving might,
A moment all in sea and sky
Must stay upon relentless flight—
Give all for this to Ewigkeit.

F. W.

THE DRAUGHT

PRINCE SMILED : " I, poet and something more "—
Priming the sage—merest hedge-schoolmaster—
Gave him own style though, forced i' the hot-bed, eh !
Heat's your true motive, care not for the source—
Weeping (him wont), verse mouth'd, had paused abrupt.
Whereat some fool—the ass's jaw, which late
Drove through the surreptitious apple, perk'd
To scoff his betters : " Explicate, Sir Sage,
Your verse—' mix'd nothings, clouds of fuzz,' says one,
' No Kosmos, chaos rather '—verse which helps,
No less, man's life, probes sense, I grant, to heal,
How comes it halting, knotted, gnarl'd, confess'd
Confusion of rough-strung parentheses ?
Were not the higher art to triumph down
Just such obstructions, give us (Samson you),
As says the Jews' book, sweetness from the strong.
Put case. Our Indian doctor—whirl'd in silk,
Four horses—proffers universal cure ;
' Your mark's a tonic,' quotha, ' steel's the tip '

C. K. POOLER

Obtruding what?—A shovelful of nails?
Or, for a bolus, say, a cannon ball?
Nowise, I promise you ; ensuring what
Prompt answer? 'Peptics that endure, survive
Cast-iron, were they better'd by any leech?'
Put case once more, sir. You have nuts to give ;
What ! for the kernel? or to test the teeth,
Strengthen the cheek's strap? Crack your proper jaw,
But do your guest the grace of leverage—
Resistance midmost—nut-crackers, in fine."
Ferishtah smiled : " I, poet and something more,—
Witness that verse, 'How twink's thine eye, my Love !'
(You know it, and it takes you. Well ! should take)—
In morals (mark you) easily allow'd
Judge, jury, advocate, put case (conceive)
Or cases, such as serve ; not yours i' faith,
My John a Noakes or John o' Stiles. For why?
A rustic—call him Noodle—Cupid's fist
Thrust full i' the throat of him—no word will come,—
Shuffling, or dangling wi' the t'other heel,
Leers ; meanwhile, Dulcinea dusts a chair,
Snickers, the huzzy, sees her trick will bite.
Down plumps Sir Noodle—smother'd expletives
Attest sense outraged—fumbles, finds, you ask?
What but a pin, set fast i' the soft of him?
'Corker,' you call it—crook'd a' purpose too !
But I (Gadzooks, you thought you had me, sir)
Choose chair to suit, dust it myself (believe !).
No cloud to-day on neighbour Hafiz' brow ;

C. K. POOLER

Full sunshine there! Well, yesterday, his boy,
With hand—so to be graphic—placed athwart
Just where gripes thicken most i' the father's husk,
Shins to the Hakim—asks advice, in brief,
What does Sir Leech—you've mark'd him, hand on pen,
Airing his Latin. *R* for *recipe*;
Mag. Sulph., four ounces; *Glycy.* (*Ext.*), a half;
Tinct. Sennae, two-an'-a-half; *Tinct. Card. Co.*, ten
(Drams, mark you, these); *Inf. Sennae ad* a store.
M. F. M. sumat cyathum, and the rest.
Home scuttles, lighter by a few dinars,
Bearing the billet, who but Hafiz *fil*s?
Gripes regnant (tell me) what does Hafiz *père*?
Fumble and focus? Find no sense in it,
Twirl'd so i' the fingers?—You mistake the man.
Off scuds our youngster, rather hump'd for speed—
To—what's Parsi for 'Pothecaries' Hall?
Draught, wax, string, paper, so much (cash!) Our friend
(Stark nought were else all 'pothecaries) finds
Prompt action in a phial. Smiles to-day.
Nay more, this billet—snug in 's Zendavest—
Baffles the prying, serves another's turn;
Why rouse the Hakim when a neighbour groans?
Well, *revenons*—twig the lingo, French, no less—
Has no Ferishtah-Fame Society,
(My 'pothecaries grip of tooth and claw
For disentanglement)? My craft (perpend)
Is verse. 'Fit audience let me find, though few,'
Said Milton, so do I say. Great wits jump."

A. C. MEREDITH

FROM THE GERMAN

*μάλα γέ τοι τὸ μεγάλας ὑγείας
ἀκόρεστον τέρμα, νόσος γὰρ αἰεὶ
γείτων ὁμότοιχος ἐρείδει.*

ÆSCH. AG.

Two chambers hath the heart :
There dwelling,
Live Joy and Pain apart.

Is Joy in one awake ?
Then only
Doth Pain his slumber take.

Joy, in thine hour, refrain—
Speak softly,
Lest thou awaken Pain.

T. W. H. R.

THE VOICE OF THE HEIGHTS

(FROM HEINE)

THROUGH the cleft of the heights, in strange, sad wise,
Journey'd a warrior brave ;
"Go I," he cried, "to my lady's eyes,
Or go I to the dark grave ?"
And the heights' voice answer gave,
"To the dark grave."

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

He sigh'd full sore, and hasten'd on
Upon his knightly quest ;
"Go I," he cried, "to the grave so soon—
Ah, well, in the grave is rest !"
And the voice thereat confess'd,
"In the grave is rest."

Down the cheek of the warrior, ruefully,
One salt, hot tear-drop fell ;
"In the grave alone is rest for me,
For me in the grave 'tis well."
And the voice was like a knell,
"In the grave 'tis well."

A. C. M.

LOCKSLEY HALL HOTEL

THE MORNING AFTER

WAITER ! please to clear the table, ere as yet 'tis break of day ;
Clear the table, and bereave me of your jocund company.

Stow the empty brandy-bottles underneath the tufted floor,
And consign the vacant goblets to the press behind the door.

Waiter ! I am supper-sated : I am dying for a doze :
Let me sleep, and when you want me play upon me with the hose.

'Tis the room, and all around it, where we sup'd the night before ;
And the only sole survivor is my friend upon the floor.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

I have seen the spruce Ojibways swallow vitriol for sport,
And the almond-eyed duennas dancing jigs to pipes of port.

I have seen the double Dutchman play such fiery pranks with gin,
That the juniperian berries sprang, in spring-time, from his skin.

I have seen the cow-like Lascar chew his alcoholic cud,
And unwholesome alligators wallow in unfathom'd mud.

But a tongue of tougher metal, or a throat of wider bore,
I have never yet encounter'd, than my friend's upon the floor.

He is snoring so profoundly, with his head within the bowl,
Like a china nightcap round him, peace to his convivial soul !

Who, or whence, I wonder, is he? for I only saw my friend
Drinking, all night long, in silence, at the table's further end.

Drinking deeply ; but whenever, one by one, the board was reft
Of my messmates, and, at midnight, he and I alone were left,

Filling up one last huge draught, he drain'd it with one mighty toss,
" Here's to our next merry meeting, and our better 'quaintance, boss ! "

Thus he spake ; then smiling blandly, went, without another word—
Like a mainmast in a whirlwind—by the hospitable board.

Hark ! I hear some rusty rooster, to the dawn, reveille crow :
Hark ! I hear the lusty landlord totting up the score below :

And I fancy that the total lies beyond my income's scope :
But the door, behind my messmate, opens streetward—and I slope.

WILLIAM HEAZLE

SALLUST

CATILINE, CHAPTERS I TO VI

It becometh all men who ashpire
Other animals for to exshel,
To labor through wather and fire
To make hashte an' to larn for to shpell ;
Lesht in silence their lives they should pass
Like cattle that thinks but of atin',
Or like jackasses feedin' on grass,
That all the shmall boys do be batin'
An' proddin' wid nails an' brash pins.

For the whole of the strinth that we boasht
In the body an' sowl quite complate is,
But the sowl does be rulin' the roasht,
While the body is diggin' the praties.
For our sowls, sure, we share wid the gods,
That are free from all troubles an' crosses,
But our bodies, poor divils, are sods,
Wid the mazely boneens an' owld horses,
Afther sellin' their brishtles an' shkins.

WILLIAM HEAZLE

So I think 'tis a far better plan
To be famous by manes of the janius,
Than by fightin' as hard as ye can
Wid blaggards that to touch would demane yez.
An' sence we can't live whin we die,
An' dead min is too shtill to be shpakin',
We should do somethin' here mighty high,
An' not always be dhrinkin' an' rakin',
An' shpilin' our owld dacint name.

For money's the divil to keep—
Good looks may be shpiled by the small-pox—
But vartue's etarnally deep,
As the sarmints at Gregg's or at Alcock's.
But min a long time did inquire
Whether it was by fishts or by science,
That O'Brallaghan bate Pat Maguire,
When he guv him the mortal defiance
At the Patthern of Ballynagrame.

So before ye begin, ye musht think,
An' whin ye've done thinkin', must hurry,
Or, begorra, before ye can wink
Ye'll be gettin' yerself in a flurry.
Thus aich wan is wake whin alone,
But they're illigant fine things together
(Like hot wather an' owld Inishowen
Mix'd wid shuggar, to keep out the weather,—
An' there's many worse things than that same).

WILLIAM HEAZLE

An' so thin, at first, ye see, kings
 (For that was the name that they gave 'em),
Though they'd different idayas of things,
 Would grab all ye had if ye'd lave 'em.
So some used their wits an' their sinse,
 Which manes that they chated their nabers,
While some by the fishts did dispinse
 The prosades of the waker wans' labors,
 Which happens sometimes to this day.

But in owld days their lifetime was shpint
 Widout any desires fit to mintion ;
To the fairs an' the pattherns they wint
 Widout e'er a rookawn or contintion.
Thin aich wan, well plazed wid his own,
 To the childer an' wife kep' attindin',
An' no soart of shkamin' was known,
 For they'd nothin' worth shtalin' or lindin'
 That robbers could carry away.

Whin the Danes war all bate by Boru,
 At Clontarf, by the side of the wather,
An' the gallant O'Nale overthrew
 The Saxons wid terrible slaughther,
Whin min guv up fightin' for love,
 An' kep' lookin' afther the plundher,
An' iv'ry shpalpeen thried to shove
 Himself up an' all other min undher,
 Then follow'd a change most complate.

WILLIAM HEAZLE

For 'twas seen just as straight as a rule,
That the head was the thing for the fightin',
That a gossoon might bate Fin MacCool
Thro' the manes of the readin' an' 'ritin'.
Thin larnin' began for to shpread,
An' sojers to carry dispatches—
Sure Caesar himself, it is said,
By his janius did win all the matches
That he fought to be head of the shtate.

But if monarchs, an' all sich big-wigs,
An' sojers all peaceful together,
Would turn to the raisin' of pigs,
An' to watchin' the signs of the weather,
Affairs would go shwimmin'ly on,
We'd be free from tithe-procthors an' thraitors,
An' iv'ry son of a gun
Would have work for his own masticathors,
An' potteen would flow for a song.

For 'tis aisy to keep a thing fasht,
If ye howld it as well as ye grabb'd it,
But if ye get lazy at lasht,
'Twon't be long afore some wan has nabb'd it.
So 'tis always the knowinest chap
Gets the betther of iv'ry shpooney,
An' laves—oh the divil a rap
Wid the stupid, misfortunate looney,
But pitches it into him sthrong.

WILLIAM HEAZLE

So vartue is always obey'd
By farmers an' by navigathors.
But she's shoved, poor dear sowl, in the shade
By all yer great shleepers an' aithers,
Who take iv'ry thing aisy an' cool,
As if they wor goin' to thravel,
But, for all that he's worth, such a fool
Might as well be laid undher the gravel,
Wid an owld bit of shtone at his head.

But the chap wid a notion of life
Is him who keeps close to his thradin',
Or to fightin', or coortin' a wife,
Or any way glory is made in ;
For in all the quare thrades that is goin',
Such as sojers, an' sailors, an' tinkers,
It is nathur herself does be showin'
Iv'ry man what is fit for his fingers,
To help him in arnin' his bread.

'Tis an illigant thing to be kilt,
Av wan's name 'ud be put in the papers,
Or to tell of the blood that was shpilt,
Is found for to pay well, by Japers !
Keepin' quiet, or raisin' a fight
A man, sure, can make himself famous ;
What the chap *didn't* do, he will write,
Or else (like Dutch Billy an' Shamus),
He'll get up a scrimmage himself.

WILLIAM HEAZLE

And tho' thim that tells of a row
Don't get much of the honor an' glory,
Yet it's no aisy task anyhow
To make out a responsible shtory ;
An' the rason of this is bekase
You must make out it all was delightful,
Or iv'rywan that you don't praise
Will say *you* were cranky and shpiteful,
An' that's why *he's* laid on the shelf.

An' when of a hairo you shpake,
Iv'rybody will listen, my shaver,
Till there's somethin' for which *they're* too wake,
Thin they'll call you a bloody desaver.
Ever sence that I was a gossoon
I niver yit miss'd an election,
But I guv my vote wanst rather soon,
An' was sarved wid a writ of ejection—
So I cut the political thrade.

An' sure it was well that I did,
For the dhrinkin' an' fightin' wor shameless,
An' oceans of money wor bid
To support a blagárd musht be nameless.
So as my own sowl did deshpise
Sich thricks an' sich bribes an' desthruccion,
I kep' myself out of their lies
In all the confusion an' ruction,
Tho' 'twas bitterly hard, I'm afraid.

WILLIAM HEAZLE

An' whin afther that / came to grief
An' wint down to the counthry for quiet,
I didn't go look for relief
In huntin' or farmin' or riot ;
Not I—I knew bettther nor that—
And wint back to my Latin an' larnin',
Down to histhory-writin' I sat—
So I'll tell yiz the shtory consarnin'
Mishther Catiline's shindy of owld.

An' the rason this shtory I pick
Is bekase 'tis by far the unfairest
An' wickedest soart of a thrick
That iver I heerd,—an' the quarest.
An' before we commince for to tell
Of the bizness in all its whole bearin',
Perhaps it 'ud just be as well
To shpake a few words of the rarin'
That med him so vicious an' bowld.

Lucius Catiline kem of a shtock
That always wor dacint an' civil ;
He was cute, an' as sthrong as a rock—
But—a regular limb of the divil.
To him, from his tindherest years,
Faction-fightin' an' robbin' wor plazin' ;
He shpint most of his time, it appears,
In such practices out of all rason,
The misguided, misfortunate rake.

WILLIAM HEAZLE

He could fasht all the day till the night,
An' all night till the mornin' be dhrinkin',
An' no wan would believe what a sight
Of cowl'd he could shtand widout shrinkin'.
He was shkamin', an' cunnin', an' hot,
An' the broth of a boy for humbuggin';
He'd shtale an' thin shpind all he got,
An' the girls he was niver done huggin',
An' nonsinse galore he would shpake.

His covetious sperrit desired
Things always beyant his resoources,
An' whin Misther Sulla retired
To the place that was jue to his coorses,
This pure boy detarmined to plan
How he'd tare the whole counthry asundher;
An' he didn't care wanst he began
By what manes he'd git howlt of the plundher,
As long as he'd make himself king.

He hadn't a minnit of pace
Whin he found that he hadn't a farden,
An' his frinzy an' rage would incrase
Through the manes of his constant blaggardin'.
Of them thricks that I sed wor his curse,
Some new patthern he always was givin',
An' what med him twinty times worse
Was the way that the ginthry was livin',
Rich naygers not good for a thing.

WILLIAM HEAZLE

An' now sence of mor'ls is our talk,
The sarcumstance seems to remind us
To go a bit back in our walk
To the jolly ould times long behind us,
An' to tell in a couple of shakes
All our ansisthers used to be doin',
Whether workin' hard for their own sakes,
Or mischief for furriners brewin';
An' well they did both, I go bail!

An' how, by their shkamin' an' pluck,
They med the shtate sthronger an' sthronger,
An' handed it, not a bit shuck,
To their childher to keep it up longer.
An' how they, poor baists, nivir know'n'
How to manage so grate a vocation,
Let it maner and waker be grow'n',
Till they brought it to pure ruination,
An' all thro' the want of Repale!

W. H.

H. CRICHTON WEIR

MILITAVI

AND so you've been refused, my boy,
And come to me to share your sorrow.
Well—don't be hurt—I give you joy,
And you will think with me to-morrow.
I'm twenty years your senior, yet
The facts remain, though names may vary ;
Just twenty years ago I met
And fell in love with lovely Mary.

Ah, Mary was a thoroughbred ;
Where'er she came, the men were staring ;
Eyes like a cloudless dawn, a head
Of Juno's poise, a queenly bearing,
A bust like Hebe's firm and full ;
A hand, white, sensitive, and slender ;
Her lips a rosebud dewy-cool,
A voice of music rich and tender.

I loved at sight,—I loved with all
A boy's embarrassing devotion.
She took the homage of her thrall
With witching grace in every motion.
My suit was rather in the rough—
A boy's first passion, crude, unmellow :
She took it graciously enough,
And then she took—another fellow.

H. CRICHTON WEIR

I storm'd, I raved, I almost tore
My hair—at that time somewhat thicker ;
And, if my memory serves, I swore
To take my life or take to liquor.
Three days the desperate fit endured,
Then with a merry crew I started
For other scenes, returning cured,
Nigh half ashamed, and quite whole-hearted.

Ah, many a time, my boy, have I,
Since Mary first my fancy vanquish'd,
In sadness heaved the lover's sigh,
And like a lover moped and languish'd.
But soon the fervour of my flame
Began to show a tinge of mocking,
And each successive shock became
By several degrees less shocking.

And after Mary, who—for me—
Personified complete perfection,
I never met with any *she*
Whose “diamonds” defied detection.
Whatever beauty clothed her form,
The mocking fiend insinuated
There was a foil to every charm,
Her gold was only copper-plated.

H. CRICHTON WEIR

Yet no. Once more, at manhood's height—

Such weakness after all is human—

I fell in love, but not at sight,

With one who seem'd a pearl of woman :

Refined, well-read, but not a blue,*

A medieval saint in feature,

Kind-hearted, gentle, bright, and true,

A genuine hall-mark'd human creature.

That was no boyish whim or craze ;

I loved her soberly, sincerely ;

I told my love in lover's phrase—

She wept, and proffer'd friendship merely.

Again the world grew dark with cloud

On cloud of tragic desperation :

It pass'd. I never since have bow'd

My soul to woman's fascination.

Yet Life has solace—friends, a few,

Whose faith I have no cause to question ;

My cottage with its charming view ;

My horse and dogs, a sound digestion ;

Books, pictures, curios, odds and ends,

That help to keep a man contented.

Yes, Life has made me fair amends,

And Fate, I feel, has quite "relented."

L. E. STEELE

But you—with youth's unreason—think,
Because your suit has been rejected,
That Life hangs tottering on the brink
Of ruin—one small word has wreck'd it.
Life, you will learn, is no such stuff
That sentimental shocks should mar it.
You'll find that weed a pleasant whiff,
Come, help yourself, and pass the claret.

H. C. W.

BALLADE OF CONVERSATION

IN Psychical Science much credit I've won ;
I yearn with Impressionists, pant for "the light" ;
And have read all the theories Darwin has spun,
Out of times when our ancestral Apes were still tight
In the matter of clothes,—and when might was the right ;
With a sprinkling of dado, ascidian and frieze,
I strive to impart to my friends some delight ;—
Bah ! Society's motto is, "Chatter to please."

To Phoebe and Phyllis I talk of the sun,
Of his weight, of his speed, luminosity bright ;
And Chloe, like them, shows a liking to run,
When I start on a subject at all recondite.
Gurney, Myers, Blavatsky (to me subjects trite),
I've tried upon Polly and Ann and Elise ;
They don't want to learn—I'm convinced of it quite ;—
Bah ! Society's motto is, "Chatter to please."

R. F. LITTLEDALE

They Buddha contemn—worship Jones's coarse fun,
"Hypothesis nebular," say "is a fright!"
To the Vedas, Korán, prefer Smith's wretched pun,
And for Brown's comic songs, my philosophy slight;
Patter verse to the banjo, when sung by *that* Wright,
And songs sentimental on "lovers and leas"
They applaud as though Browning's—I'm sure out of spite;—
Bah! Society's motto is, "Chatter to please."

ENVOI

O Buddha! consider and pity my plight;
I hoped to have raised them through many degrees,
By knowledge occult, to serene astral height;
Bah! Society's motto is, "Chatter to please."

L. E. S.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER

(LUDWIG UHLAND)

Es zogen drei Bürsche wohl über den Rhein

It was three students that cross'd the Rhine,
And fared till they came to a tavern sign.

"Ho! landlady, hast thou good wine and beer?
And where hast thou hidden thy daughter dear?"

R. F. LITTLEDALE

"Of beer and wine good store have I ;
My daughter dear in her coffin doth lie."

Into the chamber they've ta'en their way,
Where in her coffin the maiden lay.

The shroud from her face the first one took,
And gazed upon her with wistful look.

"Ah ! wert thou living, thou maiden fair,
Henceforth thou only shouldst be my care."

The second drew over again the veil,
And turn'd him away with a grievous wail.

"Alas, thou liest upon thy bier,
And I loved thee well full many a year ! "

The third has the shroud again withdrawn,
And press'd a kiss on the lips so wan.

"I love thee now as I loved before,
And I'll love thee, maiden, for evermore."

R. F. L.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

LYRA EVANGELICA

THE SAINTS' COMEDY. *—A FRAGMENT

Dramatis Personae

SAINT GOBATIUS, Bishop and Aggressor.
The REV. MR. SLIM, his examining Chaplain.
AL-JERICHO, Pasha of Jericho.
BEN TA'UM SÜN, a converted Arab Crossing-sweeper.
AL-YESSIR, Mohammedan Waiter at a Coffee-house in Jericho.
LADY VANE, a serious British Female of Rank.
GEORGINA, her daughter, engaged to Mr. Slim.
ZULEIKAH, Al-Jericho's Chief Wife.
Chorus of Evangelical Aggressors.
Semi-Chorus of Pluralists.
Soupers, Tract Distributors, Mutes, and Soldiers.

PROEM

Sleep again, thou age of tract and sermon ;
Sleep, thou creed of railways and of rents !
Draw repose from Scotch divines and German ;
Rise, my soul, as rise the three per cents !
Tell not how of yore the dear old ladies,
Our grandmothers, when they heard Gobat

* This fragmentary poem, which has recently come into our hands, is one of a good many (some, in our judgment, of much merit) written about fifty years ago, and dealing with questions which then agitated the English Church. As they reflected at least the opinions of one class of churchmen in Trinity College, Dublin, at that interesting epoch, we have decided to introduce the most characteristic of the pieces which have come into our possession, under the general title *Lyra Evangelica*. They emanated from a set of men who formed a club called "*The Jokers*," and whenever there is any uncertainty about the authorship, we adopt the signature "*Joculator*."

R. F. LITTLEDALE

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CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

SCENE II.

Exeter Hall. The platform densely crowded. BISHOP GOBAT,
MR. SLIM, and a host of sympathising friends.

CHORUS OF AGGRESSORS.

A bishopric before us,
Exeter Hall behind,
Our ship shall go to Jericho,
When once we raise the wind.
Great Deans and fat Archdeacons
For fresh subscriptions cry ;
And we vow and swear we'll all forbear
For proselytes to try ;
Till the Catechists and Soupers
Throughout the holy town,
With tracts of might, and dollars bright,
Shall do the Patriarch brown ;
Till on the hill of Holborn
Shall Bishop Gobat stand,
The Deans of Cork and Bristol
Shall guard him on each hand.
There shall he dodge the natives
With promise and with wile,
And pour on all the Papists
The tracts of Mr. Ryle.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

SEMI-CHORUS OF PLURALISTS.

Our forms are fat and gouty,
Our Church opinions low,
And yet to this subscription list
The cash we love must go.
We won't support our Curates,
We'll neither fast nor pray,
Yet here the gold, for which we sold
The Church, is given away !

II.—CONVOCATION, 1854.

Ye Catholics of England, who guard our native Sees
In College and Incumbency, in Halls and Deaneries,
Come from each Chapelry and Church throughout old England spread
Where the prayers are sung in the vulgar tongue, and the service daily
said,

Where the people meet in each open seat, for the service daily said.

The spirit of our fathers shall start from every nave,
From altar tomb and sculptured brass, from arch and architrave ;
With us before the altar bow, or thro' the cloisters tread,
While the prayers are sung in the English tongue, and the daily
service said,
While the surpliced priest kneels towards the east, and the prayers
are daily said.

To-day we dare them to the strife as in the days of old,
Foes unconceal'd in open field, false friends within the fold.
We dare *them* now as Hoadley then, and by the vows they bear,

EDWARD SULLIVAN

And by each creed they've sworn to teach, and by each holy prayer,
That they fear to speak save once a week, but which should be daily
said,
Or which should be sung in the English tongue where'er the rubric's
read.

On us the Sign they hate was laid for twice nine hundred years,
As now through schism and sacrilege, through tyranny and tears,
'Tis lifted on our spires to heaven, 'tis burning in the east,
In the golden hues of stained glass, where kneels the bending priest.
And their penal laws, their venal state, may rob us as they will,
But the Cross they shall not tear away, the Creed they shall not still ;
For we'll chant it daily in their ears, till the Catholic faith be spread,
Till from Prime to Nones in Gregorian Tones shall the daily prayers
be said. C. P. M.

THE KING OF THULE

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE)

IN Thule dwalt a king of old,
Love-leal to his latest day ;
An' his lady she gied him a tassie o' gold
What time she dying lay.

'Mang a' his gear was naught sae dear,
Never feast but its fill drain'd he ;
An' aft as the cup to his lips cam up
The saut tear blint his e'e.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

An' when his hour was come to die,
His cities' tale he told—
A' his warl's ware he gied his heir,
But never the tassie o' gold.

At the royal board his seat he's ta'en
Wi' mony a knight beside ;
In the hall where his sires to feast were fain,
In their castle aboon the tide.

Uprist he there, that toper gray,
An' a last glad draught drain'd he—
Then hurl'd the cup he cherish'd sae
Adown into the sea !

He saw it to fill, as he saw it to fa',
Aneath the waters ta'en—
An' the light frae his e'en it flicker'd awa',
Nor a drap drank he ever again.

E. S.

THE EXAMINATION HALL

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old the porters loll,
Velvet-capp'd and gaiter'd, guarding the Examination Hall.

College Hall, that in the distance overlooks the College Park,
Whence the daring Senior Freshman scales the railings in the dark.

Many a morn from yonder casement, as I can remember well,
Have I look'd on boozy Sutton sloping slowly towards the Bell.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Many a time I saw the graduates, tangled in their sheepskin hoods,
Looking like a drove of donkeys with a pack of woollen goods.

Here beneath the classic cloister did I spend my early days
O'er the Elements of Euclid and the metres of Greek plays.

Here I studied Vulgar Fractions, vainly striving to get off
What would pass my Term in Science and the long results of Gough.

Then I dipt into the future with anticipating eyes,
Seeing visions of Gold Medal and of mathematic prize.

In the Term the seedy grinder wishes he had newer clothes,
In the Term a deeper purple tinges Dr. Luby's nose.

In the Term to Jude and Kinsley heavy debts the students owe,
In the Term the Freshman's fancy turns towards his Little-go.

Then his form was plump and squatter than was meet for one so small,
And as I perused his face, I did not like his looks at all.

And I said: "My Mickey Roberts, let me pass, and pass me quick.
Trust me, Mickey, if you do so, I'll consider you a brick."

On his chubby cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
As I've seen the ruddy liquor mantle in "the Shades" at night.

And he turn'd, his utterance broken with a sudden storm of damns,
Or at least with language borrow'd from the more emphatic Psalms,

Saying, "I your note will alter to a very different song."
Saying, "Do you think I'll pass you?"—swearing—"then I think
you're wrong."

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

O, my Roberts, stony-hearted! O, my Mickey, mine no more!
O that odious, odious Livy! O that horrid, horrid bore!

What is this my tutor tells me? I am caution'd,* and what for?
Just because I couldn't date that wretched Second Punic War.

"Yes, yes, yes, my poor, dear fellow, it has given me much distwess.
You've been pluckt by Mr. Woberts—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes."

What is this? Mick's face is smiling: he may let me off at last.
Go to him: it is thy duty. Tutor, get me, get me pass'd.

He will answer to the purpose easy things to understand—
Better I had never enter'd than have come beneath his hand.

Better had I turn'd to commerce, and avoided this disgrace,
Vaulting counters at McBirney's, or at Manning's selling lace.

Cursèd be the Murray's Logic which confounded my poor brain;
Cursèd be the "Locke's Abridgment" which I stew'd so long in vain;

Cursèd be those books of Homer which, forsooth, they call divine;
Cursèd be tangent and co-tangent, radius, secant, and co-sine!

What profession shall I turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd by custom, and but opens to Degrees.

So my heart leaps up within me, beating strong against my ribs,
To be in some sort of college, in among the throng of jibs—

* "Cautioned," in Trinity College, means "plucked." The word *cave*, appended on the list to the name of the "plucked" candidate, gave him the name of Lord Antrim's (*antrum*) prizeman.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Jibs my brothers, jibs the workers, ever mugging something new,
All the books they stew'd but earnest of the books that they shall
stew.

I will drop my term in Dublin, go to one among those three
Colleges that constitute a so-call'd University.

Smaller competition in them, thinner classes, many a prize
Which will glad the student's spirit, and delight his parents' eyes.

Never thither comes a Proctor, there no tutor e'er is seen,
There the jibs live out in lodgings, dreading ne'er a Junior Dean ;

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in these classic halls,
'Mid the Night-rolls and the Chapels, fines and "catecheticals."

There my genius, cramp'd no longer, shall at last unfetter'd be ;
I will take some steady grinder, and will read for my degree.

Fool ! again the dream, the fancy, what I've said is all a fib,
For I count the Queen's Professor lower than the Dublin jib.

I to herd with dull provincials, stupid dolts with addled brains,
Dull as ere the yearly cleaning are the College window-panes.

Not in vain my tutor nags me ! harder, harder, let me stew.
I'll go in for the *post-mortem*, and I'm certain to pull through.

Through the shadow of my "Caution" I shall sweep into my work :
Better portership in Dublin than professorship in Cork.

C. P. M.

GEORGE F. SHAW

ULTIMA

SHE dwelt among the traces
Of former hopes and fears,
And praised the vanish'd graces
Of long departed years.
She said—the Dead come round me
From grassy graves afar,
No griefs can now confound me—
They have been—and they are !

To her no vow was plighted,
No tender word was said ;
Her smile, her kiss, were slighted,
But still remain'd—the Dead.
She loved those phantom faces,
And knew that they loved her,
Nor sigh'd for new embraces—
They had been—and they were.

The sweet fall time she cherish'd,
Inhaled its pensive breath—
For the bright things were the perish'd ;
The beauty was all—death !
She sang, in some old measure,
Of a spring she yet might see ;
But the dead were still her treasure,
Who had been—and would be !

G. F. S.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

THE DEDICATION TO FAUST

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE)

YE come again, dim forms, as in the past
Ye floated once before my troubled eyes :
Shall I make bold e'en now to hold you fast ?
Doth my heart yield to your old sorceries ?
Ye crowd around ! Come then, in mist and shade,
Your ancient influence o'er my soul to gain :
The fires of youth my throbbing breast pervade,
Fanned by the magic of your airy train.

Ye bring me back the scenes of happy time,
And many a darling form doth now draw near ;
Like to some old and half-remembered rhyme,
First Love and Friendship hand in hand appear :
Old pangs awake, while sorrow's cry rings o'er
The mazy windings of life's daedal ways ;
And tells the tale of dear ones gone before,
Bereft by cruel fate of happy days.

For them no more my latest strains shall sound,
The souls for whom I tuned my first-born lay ;
In vain I look for loving forms around ;
The old old echoes long have died away.
My notes now fall upon a stranger throng,
Whose praise but galls the heart it cannot cheer ;
And they that hung delighted on my song,
If living still, are scattered far from here.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Dead yearnings rise that fill me with desire
For that still, solemn land, the spirits' home ;
And, like the murmurs of the Æolian lyre,
In half-formed tones my faltering numbers come.
Fear holds me fast ; tear follows tear apace ;
My stout heart yields—its strength has ceased to be ;
The present fades in dimness on my gaze,
The past is now reality for me.

E. S.

THE HOUSE THAT BESS BUILT

THIS is the House that Bess built.

This is the Scholar, that lived in the House that Bess built.

This is Bolton J. Waller, the chum of the Scholar,
That lived in the House that Bess built.

This is Mr. Potter, a foe to riot,
Who gave the party so steady and quiet
To Bolton J. Waller, the chum of the Scholar,
That lived in the House that Bess built.

These are the cowardly rascals four,
That lay in wait outside the door
Of Mr. Potter, a foe to riot,
Who gave the party so steady and quiet
To Bolton J. Waller, the chum of the Scholar,
That lived in the House that Bess built.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

This is M'Dowell, and Kidd of the goats,
Who came in drunk, with mud on their coats,
To help the cowardly rascals four,
That lay in wait outside the door
Of Mr. Potter, a foe to riot,
Who gave the party so steady and quiet
To Bolton J. Waller, the chum of the Scholar,
That lived in the House that Bess built.

This is the merry and excellent Chief,
Who so very nearly came to grief
At the hands of M'Dowell and Kidd of the goats,
Who came in drunk, with mud on their coats,
To help the cowardly rascals four,
That lay in wait outside the door
Of Mr. Potter, a foe to riot,
Who gave the party so steady and quiet
To Bolton J. Waller, the chum of the Scholar,
That lived in the House that Bess built.

These are the Porters, all forsworn,
Who told such lies on the Saturday morn
Against the merry and excellent Chief,
Who so very nearly came to grief
At the hands of M'Dowell and Kidd of the goats
Who came in drunk, with mud on their coats,
To help the cowardly rascals four,
That lay in wait outside the door

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY

Of Mr. Potter, a foe to riot,
Who gave the party so steady and quiet
To Bolton J. Waller, the chum of the Scholar,
That lived in the House that Bess built.

This is the Board, so shabby and mean,
Who sack'd ten bob by that scandalous scene,
By the help of the Porters all forsworn,
Who told such lies on the Saturday morn
Against the merry and excellent Chief,
Who so very nearly came to grief
At the hands of M'Dowell and Kidd of the goats,
Who came in drunk, with mud on their coats,
To help the cowardly rascals four,
That lay in wait outside the door
Of Mr. Potter, a foe to riot,
Who gave the party so steady and quiet
To Bolton J. Waller, the chum of the Scholar,
That lived in the House that Bess built.

This is J. J., with his glass in his eye,
Who made them all eat humble pie,
Both the Board, so shabby and mean,
Who sack'd ten bob by that scandalous scene,
And the Porters, all forsworn,
Who told such lies on the Saturday morn
Against the merry and excellent Chief,
Who so very nearly came to grief

EDWARD SULLIVAN

At the hands of M'Dowell and Kidd of the goats,
Who came in drunk with mud on their coats,
To help the cowardly rascals four,
That lay in wait outside the door
Of Mr. Potter, a foe to riot,
Who gave the party so steady and quiet
To Bolton J. Waller, the chum of the Scholar,
That lived in the House that Bess built.

C. P. M.

EPITAPHIUM BIONIS

(FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS)

WHEN winter's withering blast blows cold the mallow fading lies,
The anise sheds its fleecy leaf, the parsley's colour dies ;
Yet mark, when Summer comes again, their wintry sleep is o'er,
And in their beauty's bloom they rise to glad the fields once more.

And we, the great, the strong, the wise, pass like the flow'rs away,
To lie beneath the vasty halls of earth in long decay ;
To us, alas, no summer comes, to wake us with its breath ;
Too deep the sleep that dulls our sense, the endless sleep of death.

E. S.

GEORGE H. JESSOP

A BUTTERFLY ON BROADWAY

With a shimmer of sun on its wonderful pinions,
Twin beds of the softest and silkiest down,
It flitted away from the summer's dominions,
And lost itself here in the dust of the town.
What rivulet flowing, what spring zephyr blowing,
Could ever have led it so widely astray?
Whence came it, what brought it, and where is it going—
This butterfly lost upon busy Broadway?

It hovers, it lights upon beauty's soft bosom—
Do butterflies know that Eve's daughters are fair?
Ah, no: the attraction it finds is the blossom,
The bunch of late violets half-hidden there.
Alas! a delusion. It learns, with confusion,
That waxen and cold are those flowers so gay.
Poor waif! all in vain was thy daring intrusion,
For all is not real we meet on Broadway.

The stages roll past, and the murmur of traffic
Goes up through the tramp of the hurrying feet,
As, poising aloft like a presence seraphic,
The butterfly, wondering, watches the street.
Will it stoop to the shadows or soar to the meadows?
Will it rest on the pavement or perch on the spray?
It flies—no, falters—these false El Dorados
Attract our poor butterfly back to Broadway.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

'Tis lost in the throng of the comers and goers ;
Its corpse will be found in the mud of the streets ;
But never again will the innocent flowers
Yield up to its kisses their hearts' hidden sweets.
The cold, cruel city, with no touch of pity,
Engulfs its light form as it flutters away—
'Twas graceful and innocent, lightsome and pretty,
But not the first butterfly lost on Broadway.
As light wings as these in the dust have been trailing,
As innocent creatures have flutter'd along ;
Home's faintly heard summons has proved unavailing—
They soar'd, stoop'd, and vanish'd, engulf'd in the throng.
Alas for their lightness, their beauty, and brightness !
Alas for the impulse that led them astray !
The mud of the city can smirch any whiteness,
And thousands of butterflies fall in Broadway.

G. H. J.

“ BRITTLE LIFE ”

La vie est brève,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bonjour.

Ah, life, how fleeting !
Love's glimmering ray ;
A dreamland greeting,
And then, good day.

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de peine,
Et puis—bonsoir ! *

Ah, life, how hollow !
Hope's shimmering light ;
Brief tears to follow,
And then—Good night !

MONTENAECKEN.

E. S.

* By permission of Messrs. Chappell and Co.

GEORGE H. JESSOP

ANOTHER VIEW OF IRISH DISTRESS

THE broad lands stretch to the swelling tide,
Acre on acre, a noble fee ;
For may you fare ere the hills subside
In the level sand of the western sea.
From your path starts whirring the mountain grouse,
Mingling his crow with the snipe's shrill call.
'Tis a grand domain, and a noble house,
On the wind-swept sea-coast of Donegal.

The broad lands stretch to the ocean side,
Acre on acre, a noble fee ;
But every rood is truss'd and tied
In the lawyer's tape of the mortgagee.
When the half-year's interest is paid, I wis,
The half-year's income is poor and small.
There's many a property such as this
On the heathery mountains of Donegal.

Famine in Ireland, rents unpaid,
And the landlord muses on what he owes.
He loves each mountain, each wood, each glade,
And almost weeps as he sighs "foreclose,"
Must his hale old age from the homestead part ?
Must he watch the roof-tree of centuries fall ?
And Jack (the darling wish of his heart)
Will never be member for Donegal.

GEORGE H. JESSOP

For the heavy rains have not ceased to pour,
And the west winds bear in the fatal rot,
And the kelp crop fails on the barren shore,
And the tuber melts in the garden plot.
He has done his best, he can do no more,
His favourite hunter has left its stall ;
The wolf is howling at many a door,
And famine lies heavy on Donegal.

The ghosts of the mortgages he owes
Will not be laid by any rule.
Well, the girls must wear last winter's clothes,
And Tom must go to a cheaper school.
And Jack had best exchange to the Line—
He can't keep pace in his corps at all.
And the table—well, they must banish wine.
Alas ! for the glories of Donegal !

And the broad lands stretch to the ocean side,
Acre on acre, a noble fee ;
And faint in the shadows of eventide
The hills mix mistily with the sea.
“ That bird is happy,” the old man said,
As he heard a curlew's mournful call,
That flitted seaward over his head ;
“ He has no duties in Donegal.”

G. H. J.

GEORGE NEWCOMEN

MICKEY FRERE ON THE NEW CAB REGULATIONS

[NOTE.—By a regulation of the Police Authorities in Dublin, it was arranged that after April 1st, 1892, the fare for a drive accomplished in ten minutes should be sixpence. Apologies are tendered to Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Mr. Paul Revere.]

WHISHT for a minnit until you hear
Iv the wondherful dhrive iv Mickey Frere!
On the first iv April, in Ninety-two!
It's a wondher I'm here to tell it you!
Upon that remarkable day an' year
I was on me stand at the Leeson Brudge,
Thinkin' how mane the world had grown:
How the quality dhrive in thrams, an' begrudge
To take a respectable car iv their own.
While thus I pondhered, a sound did jar
On me ears, as somebody screech'd out, "Car!"

Thin I dhruv to the foot-path, where there stood
An elderly lady. She, firstly, view'd
The mare's two fore-legs, and murmur'd, "Good!"
Secondly, slowly she mounted the sate—
I noticed that she was iv no slight weight—
Lastly, I heard her these words repate:—
"It's a little better than tin to wann;
But ere tin minnits are past an' gone

GEORGE NEWCOMEN

I must get to the Broadstone upon your car,
For I start, be the wann, for Mullingar ! ”
I touch'd me hat, as I said, “ Ma'am, I'm
Just thinkin' we haven't got too much time !
I'll thry. If we're bate, it'll be no crime ! ”

A hurry iv hoofs in Leeson Sthreet,
A crack iv a whip on the ould mare's sides,
An', like gr'ased lightnin', off she glides ;
Tail up, and hoofs flying fearless an' fleet.
That was all ! And yet, such a break-neck pace
Was never seen in a throttin' race,
In Ball's-bridge, or London, or any place !
Aye ! for the mare was a bad wann to beat !

We were tarin' along, be the aisthern side
Iv Stephen's Green, on our awful ride—
Iv Stephen's Green, where the swans an' geese,
An' the divin' ducks, an' more quare fowls
Swim, as the Vartry so gintly rowls—
Divin', an' playin', an' feedin' at ease.

It was six to wann by the College clock,
Whin I pass'd the portals iv Trinity.
A bread-van gev us a ter'ble knock
(I damn'd the dhriver, and he damn'd me).
Thin the scint iv the Liffey was wafted nigh ;
An' the polis thrembled as we tore by
O'Connell Brudge tareanageously !

GEORGE NEWCOMEN

It was four to wann be Chancellor's clock,
As we gallop'd away, now onward sthraight,
Now in and out, through a crowded block
Of thrams, careerin' like lightnin' gr'ased.
Ould Findlater's Church, so tall and bare,
Gazed at us with a ghostly glare,
As if it didn't at all feel pl'ased
To see us goin' at such a rate.

'Twas a minnit to wann by the Station clock
Whin we gallop'd up to the Broadstone gate,
An' the ould mare nigh fell down wid the shock
Iv pullin' up sudden before the dure.
Th' ould lady lepp'd down, like a three-year-ould.
Says she, "You've done it, me jarvey bould!"
She smiled till me heart grew as big as a plate;
I thought I had earn'd me three bob sure.

I'll tell you the rest. . . . Says the lady thin,
"Jarvey! you've done it in minnits TIN!
Ycar fare is Sixpince! Here it is!"
Never an answer to me lips ris.
I felt so sick, I was like to fall,
As the lady flew like a cannon-ball—
Flew, and divil another word,
Only just waitin' to fix her skirt.

Thus far for a sixpence dhruv I, Mick Frere;
But if once more I that dame could see,
Be tunder and turf! an' the Powers that be,

EDWARD SULLIVAN

I'd put in her heart iv Heaven some fear !
Mind ye, through that ould sixpence a hole is bore,
An' I keep it by me for evermore.
But down below, whin her life is past,
Chain'd to a fiery car, and fast,
That hurries along, at the divil's speed,
In a place of darkness, an' peril, an' need,
May she dhrive, that lady, from year to year,
And think how she thrated poor Mickey Frere.

G. N.

A NICHT WI' BURNS

(BORN 25TH JANUARY, 1759)

At last, fair Scotia, land o' Burns,
Within your realm I find me.
The Lon'on folk, their fog and smoke,
I've left a wee behind me.
Sac, landlord, as ye love your soul,
An' wad be deemed good fellow,
Just fetch me here a brimmin' bowl
O' something rare and mellow.

Hech ! man, the taste is unco guid ;
Sure 'tis a winsome liquor ;
'Twill stir, methinks, my sluggish blood
Lang ere I drain the bicker.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

And 'chance 'twill wake a slumberin' thought
To blossom ere I know it.
But here's a right guid-willie waught
To Scotland's lyric Poet !

Aboon my cup his spirit hings,
And as I quaff the measure,
I catch the echo'd murmurings
That took the warld wi' pleasure ;
And though without the ingle-nook
'Tis cauld, and may be snowin',
The airts that blew for Robbie Burns
About my head are blowin'.

Around me seem the hills to rise,
Aflame wi' purple heather—
The heights that kenned his wanderin' steps,
In Autumn's dreamy weather—
The Ayr that gurgled at his feet,
Seems now beside me flowin',
And what, amidst a scene sae sweet
Wad haud my pen from goin' ?

From pathless wild, from wimplin' burn,
From Logan braes sae bonnie ;
From where in ither days lang syne
The wild bee gathered honey.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

From sunny leas, from greening trees,
Where Catrine's doves are cooin',
I catch the echoes of his song,
The music of his wooin'.

Sure, landlord, 'twas a luscious grape
That fathered wine sae bonnie ;
I never quaffed sae brisk a cup,
Though I hae drained fu' monie.
It fills my soul wi' words that rush
From out their habitation ;
E'en sic a draught as Robbie loved,
Brimmin' wi' inspiration.

It gars me loose a stammerin' tongue,
To show how weel I cherish
The land that Robbie loo'd and sung
In words that winna perish ;
And aiblins, wakened from the past
By my poor rhymin' blether,
The winsome lassies that he knew,
May gather here together.

Soft as the flow of Allan stream,
Beyond sun-steep'd Benledi,
A shimmerin' train o' misty forms
Around me crowds already.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

From winding Nith, from Ballochmyle,
And monie a famous dell, come
The souls the Poet sang erewhile,
To bid a stranger welcome.

Lo! risin' through the mist I see,
Aboon my half-drained tassie,
A lightsome form wi' gladsome e'e—
I greet ye, bonnie lassie!
Yet late, I trow, by monie a day,
Ye seek the arms that held ye
What time the burnie dashed wi' spray
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The lassie wi' the lint-white locks
Comes sidlin' in wi' Jenny;
Comes Anna of the melting form,
Still heedless of her minnie;
And fair as beauty's fabled queen
Comes Phely, still unwary—
I greet ye a'—but maist of a',
Immortal Highland Mary!

And here is ane aboon the lave,
That smiles and winks and a' that;
She comes to find her willing slave—
An' wha a crime may ca' that?

EDWARD SULLIVAN

For a' that, and a' that,
Stream soon her tears for a' that ;
Fu' late she kens bards gang agley,
And there be nane may thraw that.

But lo! the morn is breaking grey,
My thoughts from dreams to banish ;
My phantom comrades fade away,
My phantom landscapes vanish !
Farewell ! the blithesome hour must pass,
And passing, ne'er returns—
Sae wi' the last drap in my glass,
I greet ye, Robbie Burns !

And so I bid ye, Rob, good-night !
Good-night, to ilka lassie
Whose face ye loo'd, whose name ye pledged
Whene'er ye raised your tassie.
Though o'er your graves the rowan waves,
Wi' monie a modest daisy,
Yet never will ye taste o' death
While one poor bard can praise ye.

E. S.

GEORGE H. JESSOP

THE FARO-DEALER'S STORY

ABOUT the game's morality—

I think that's neither here nor there ;
It's pretty much like other games
When dealt upon the square.

If men have coin and want to play,
The law won't hinder them a bit ;
In time they learn it doesn't pay,
And then they sometimes quit.

I've dealt the game for thirty years—
I've left it now ; I didn't fail—
I sicken'd at one sight I saw,
And thereby hangs a tale.

Some three years since I ran a game,
A high-toned one—dead on the square ;
If I'm not wrong, you know the place ;
I think I've seen you there.

Well, sir, I ran a thriving game,
And dealt for half the bloods in town :
I've had as much as five lay-outs,
And no chance to sit down.

GEORGE H. JESSOP

One evening a young chap stroll'd in—
Fair hair, blue eyes, and clear-cut face,
So fresh that you could see he was
A stranger in the place.

He was at home, though, for I saw
In his blue eyes the love of play ;
And after that first evening's deal
He scarcely miss'd a day.

He play'd his pile right up and up,
And never growl'd if luck was hard ;
He'd stack the limit up in blue
On every second card.

His luck was bad—sometimes the worst
I ever saw, and I've seen lots ;
I've seen him in a single deal
Lose seven double shots.

Business for me, of course ; and yet
Sometimes it almost seem'd too bad.
Of course I couldn't say a word,
But still I liked the lad.

He'd lots of cash, though ; I should think
He must have dropp'd, since the first day,
A hundred thousand, first and last,
Before he gave up play.

GEORGE H. JESSOP

We both quit gambling the same night :
He, poor boy, for sufficient cause ;
And I because I loathed the game—
And this is how it was.

He didn't have much coin along ;
It gave out in a deal or two ;
So he put up a diamond ring
To see his ill luck through.

The chips soon went. A pin he had,
A flaming stone in massive gold :
Without a word he pass'd it in,
And drew five hundred cold.

So help me, God ! I wish'd him luck,
As did each player in the place.
But no ; his last check came my way
Upon a losing ace.

He handed in a watch and chain,
And drew, I think, three hundred more,
And tried again his line of bets—
The luck was as before.

My God ! I never shall forget
The pale, drawn look upon his face ;
But still he never spoke a word,
And never left his place.

GEORGE H. JESSOP

His hand lay where his chips had been,
And moved, at times, as if to bet :
A thin, worn circlet of dull gold
Was on his finger yet.

At last it caught his eye ; he stopp'd
And look'd at it a little space ;
And a dark wave of crimson blood
Pass'd hotly o'er his face.

And then he drew it off—it came
Reluctantly, this worn old ring—
Far closer than the flashing gem
That circlet seem'd to cling.

He handed it across to me ;
“ I don't know what its value is,
But I'll redeem it first of all :
What can I have on this ? ”

I took the ring : it might have cost
Five dollars—it was worthless then ;
But I pass'd out a fifty stack
To let him try again.

He plank'd the pile down in the pot,
Then low upon the table laid
His head upon his folded arms ;
And so that deal was play'd.

GEORGE H. JESSOP

Well, the luck changed ; he won three times ;
I told him when the limit barr'd ;
He took no notice—so we play'd
Three hundred on each card.

Would you believe it ? in that deal
The pot won out, and never lost ;
And still the winner hid his face
Upon his two arms cross'd.

The deal was out—I spoke to him—
He did not stir—I raised his head ;
And there, amid his piled-up gains,
The boy was sitting—Dead !

I've often wonder'd to myself
What thoughts were flitting thro' his mind
When he bent down his fair young face,
And hid it from mankind.

What pledges of a better life,
Regrets for fortunes spent in vain,
And loathings of his bygone course,
Were burning in his brain.

We do not know—it is as well.
Such pangs we guess at, do not feel.—
His face show'd countless years of hell,
Lived through in that brief deal.

C. K. POOLER

It was not till the inquest sat
That I learn'd all remorse's sting :
The ring that changed his luck and life
Was his dead mother's ring.

Poor boy ! had his sad lot been cast
With different or better men,
He might be living now. For me—
I never dealt again.

G. H. J.

ECHOES FROM THE EAST

(A BARRACK-ROOM BALLAD)

I, THE scorner of the feeble, and the champion of the strong,
I, the singer of the sinews and the heart,
Goes it blind on Mr. Atkins, 'ears the cry go hup : "'ow long
Will you snigger at 'is notions of 'igh art?"

(*Chorus*) But it's, Tommy, keep your pecker up,
It's make the cinders fly ;
The Colonel's gals is slingin' of your language on the sly ;
An' the loudest toff in London,
If 'e knows above a bit,
Will be shortly seen paradin' in a cast-off kit.

When a beggar of a hill-man is a lancin' Tommy's jaw,
When 'e feels 'isself houtside a nigger's knife,—
It's nasty, but it's nothin'. Wot gets 'im on the raw,
Is the thought of 'ow to break it to 'is wife.

C. K. POOLER

(*Chorus*) But it's, Tommy, keep your pecker up,
It's make the cinders fly ;
The Colonel's gals is slingin' of your language on the sly ;
An' the loudest toff in London,
If 'e knows above a bit,
Will be shortly seen paradin' in a cast-off kit.

True, the canteen porter 's bloomin' slops, the canteen butter 's lard ;
The commissariat cam-u-el 's a skunk ;
But neither one nor other makes a Tommy sweat as 'ard
As treatin' 'im irreverent when 'e 's drunk.

(*Chorus*) But it's, Tommy, keep your pecker up
It's make the cinders fly ;
The Colonel's gals is slingin' of your language on the sly ;
An' the loudest toff in London,
If 'e knows above a bit,
Will be shortly seen paradin' in a cast-off kit.

But the Moosik 'all 's a callin' and the Western 'eart 's aflame,
Fann'd to fury by the spirit of the Heast ;
With the grit and thews and passions that exalt the larger game,
Man is struggling to the level of the beast.

(*Grand Chorus*)

So it's dame ! dame ! dame !
For the boys are raisin' Cain,
An' the bugle blows Revelly, an' the earth is young again ;
Keep a cleanin' rod for niggers,
When you're not upon the burst ;
An' you're sure to dwell 'ereafter where you're safe to raise a thirst.

A. C. MEREDITH

LINES WRITTEN IN MY GREAT-
AUNT'S COMMONPLACE BOOK

'Tis times are changed, good Auntie, dear,
And commonplace books grown uncommon ;
We shun "the sympathetic tear,"
Nor prize of "lovely woman" ;
In fact to tell you grieves me sore—
The age has grown as hard as iron,
We reckon Mr. Pope a bore,
And "shoddy" is our term for Byron.

No more, with "direst anguish wrung,"
We pause to catch at Night's dark portals
The Thoughts of Dr. Edward Young.
'There's ups and downs among the Immortals !
Shelley you're shock'd I know—with you
He wasn't quite the thing precisely—
Is just emerging into view,
And Johnny Keats is doing nicely.

Howles Howles what Howles? The Sonneteer
Whom Coleridge sang and Byron slated ;
He's gone the way that poets fear,
And, like his lovers, much belated.
Montgomery, Rogers, once loved well,
Are now not even themes to sport on ;
They're all forgot like L. E. L.,
And Caroline Lamb, and Mrs. Norton.

A. C. MEREDITH

Behold your gods! Ah, could you see
What clever things *we* say and do, dear,
You'd give your very eyes to be
With us in 1892, dear.
Ours is an age that passeth not,
Nor change nor death shall find it human,
Till Tennyson shall be forgot,
And not a tongue shall prate of Newman.

Our Popes, our Byrons, and our Bowles
(Not one, like all of yours, a cipher),
We reckon them, I guess, by shoals,
Carlyle and Morris, Watts and Pfeiffer ;
With whatsoe'er of classic page
Ennobled hath in house and hovel
The age when Langtry boss'd the stage,
And Mrs. Humphry Ward the novel.

But hold! You've heard enough, you say,
—Materials are in no wise scanty—
Your queer old world has pass'd away,
And nothing's left you cared for, Auntie !
Love, scandal, politics, and prose,
And verse alike are all uncertain ;
The play is play'd, the actor goes,
Up comes the light, and down the curtain.

A. C. M.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

EPITAPH ON AN ATTORNEY

Here *lies* Mistor Quirk,—

Still at the ould work !

J. S. D.

LOCKSLEY HALL HOTEL

AFTER THE SUPPER

Colloquy between "the last survivor" and a plain-clothed Policeman

"COMRADE ! you are faint a little : you are feeble in the feet :
Take my arm ; and if you love me, keep the middle of the street.

"I have travell'd East, for trading : I have wander'd West, for fun ;
And I hold the doughty walrus daintier than the railway bun.

"But a mouth of tougher metal, or capacity for more,
In a self-supporting Christian, I have never seen before.

"I would sooner stand a Templar banquet, say, for sixty-two,
Than a single liquor-luncheon for a limekiln, such as you.

"Gay the city ; dull the country ? right you are, my beamish boy !
Better half-a-day in Dublin than a fortnight in Fermoy.

"Home ? you've none. Your name ? forgot it : second-cousin to an
earl ?

Sober ? dazed with sorrow—jilted by a shallow-hearted girl ?

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

"Never heed her! devil speed her. Wed a nigger. Let her go,
On the other side of Jordan, to the town of Jericho!"

Thus he spake: to whom the other—overcoat and pantaloons
Moving to the muffled music of the clink of silver spoons:

"Wed a nigger? well, I never! 'zounds, sir! such astounding cheek
Would revivify a dodo, and would drive the dumb to speak!

"Were you not a man of mettle, every muscle like a flail,
I would hang you, I would draw you, and would quarter you—in
jail.

"Ho! you whistle! dream me drunken? and some whistling thief
replies:

Silence! 'tis no whistling matter, pal, or peeler in disguise!

"Which? who knows!—these times? deceitful! when the plain
policeman plays
Aesthete, tailor, masher, sailor,—shadowing? I suppose it pays.

"I, to mash a thick-skull'd humbug, three-times blacker than my
hat?

I must ask you, sir! this instant, to apologize for that.

"I, to wed a howling savage, with a louder-howling sire—
I, the much-respected leader of the Ballycuddy choir?

"I, to marry a mulatto? I—deny it, if you can—
The recipient of a post-card written by the Grand Old Man?

"I—but such a thought is madness—I, a masher and a swell,
To prefer a swarthy savage to an Enniscorthy belle?

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

"Friend! if I have drunken deeply, there is truth, I hold, in wine:
And the water-wits of Solon are as soapsuds unto mine.

"Erin! isle of guile! my country! where the faithless and the fair
Drive their landaus to the Dargle, and their lovers to despair!

"I will leave thee, tho' it grieves me: I will slope beyond the sea,
To some clime whose courteous canons tolerate polygamy.

"I will strike my tent to-morrow: I will sail for foreign parts,
To some fit and proper climate for a Bachelor of Arts.

"I will move away, by moonlight: I will dumbly disappear,
By the first Pacific liner, sailing anywhere from here.

"For I see a land of promise looming in the rosy west,
Where policemen vex no longer, and the weary are at rest.

"See a land that looms with plenty, where champagne, like water,
flows."

But the prison-van approaches, looming likewise—and he goes.

S. K. C.

CALIBAN UPON KOTTABOS

[Will sprawl, now that the cricket's coming on,
On flat o' back i' the mid o' the day 'po' the grass-banks
And, while he chews stem o' black halfpenny clay,
Looks out o'er yon much mire o' the football-ground,
Billowing with blackish sea o' mud-made furrows—
A bad gigantic smile o' the brown old earth—
And talks to his own self howe'er he please

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Touching that other Thing call'd Kottabos ;
Because he sent a song-thing to the Editors
They wouldn't have,—“unsuitable,” such as that ;—
Because to talk about Them vexes—ha,
And it is good to slang the Pair, and gibe,
Letting the rank tongue blossom into speech.]

Kottabos, Kottabos, and Kottabos !
'Thinketh, 'twas made for dons and dryasdusts.

'Thinketh, there's far too much of Greek and Latin,
Of *-di*, *-do*, *-dum*, supine and gerund grinding.
'Thinketh, a bob's too much to pay for It,
Equals by chop or barter a dozen smokes,
Two glasses o' whiskey or four do. o' beer.
'Thinketh, the Editors should a' ta'en my song-thing,
Which my dam Sycorax thought “so good and clever.”
'Wisheth dam Sycorax was the Editor,
Or Robert Browning, who'd have understood it.
'Thinketh, I'll borrow Kottabos in future,
Or steal it from the Phil. or the Historical.
Put case unable to borrow or to steal,
'Lieveth, I'll e'en make shift to do without It.
'Saith, his dam held the Editors are cruel,
(The Editors, the Something over Kottabos),
Are strong themselves compared with yonder jibs
That march from Entrance to the Littlego ;
And do in envy, littleness, or spite,
Put twenty in, refuse the twenty-first,
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

'Saith, It is terrible : watch Its feats in proofs !
One Druckfehler spoils a jib's six-months' work.

'Hath made this song-thing : "*Browning must be frowning,
Tho' once in glory drowning. since disowning,
Their master Browning, from Christ Church to Downing,
All the Societies have stopp'd crowning Browning.*"

'Hopeth that some day Kottabos will die,
Die o' misprints, or parodies o' Browning,
Or Greek and Latin verse, or prose o' Newcomen ;
Or doze decrepit, doze as good as die.

What, what ? O there, there, there, there, there, there !
A clap ! "Well hit !" Yon blazer'd dandiprat
Letteth out at a ball to square-leg, hitteth Caliban,
Who saith one plain word first, then, stupid-like,
Lo ! lieth flat, and loveth Kottabos !]

R. Y. T.

BACONIANISM

" To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! "

TIME was when Will's immortal verse
Was deemed the flower of inspiration,
Ere slipshod learning's blighting curse
Assailed his matchless reputation—
Or ere a pippin-squeezing school,
With slander growing daily rifer,
Had preached that plays are writ by rule,
And but to advertise a cipher.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

Macbeth, ye gods! the vengeful Dane,
Shrewd Touchstone, passion-tortured Juliet ;
Cordelia, flouted in her pain,
Manly Horatio (though at school yet) ;
Perdita, Falstaff, Imogen,
The homeless Lear, the Dromio brothers—
All these, forsooth, the sandwich-men
Of Mrs. Pott, Judge Webb and others !

They're lettered folk—it must be so—
Who torture letters, words and phrases,
To snatch the bays from off a brow
That wore the world's unstinted praises ;
And heedless of the curse that lies
On those that wreak such desecrations,
Stuff silly mortals to the eyes
With their ephemeral lucubrations.

That which, while Will lived, no rash fool
Had dared to whisper by the Avon—
In days when stocks and ducking-stool
Had wholesome terrors for the craven—
Now all may do that wield the pen
To air a fad, or prop a fancy,
Shielding themselves within a den
Of Rosicrucian necromancy.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

Dick Turpin, if report be true,
Ne'er spoil'd the dead—though slack his morals ;
And would have scorned, as all his crew,
To rob a poet of his laurels ;
For ne'er to them was Honour dumb—
Some pride then had the mask'd Baconian ;
Yet what they spurned has now become
The heritage of the Baconian.

Dreamers of dreams, they print so fast
Their baseless fabric's weird concoctions—
Each going better than the last,
Like bidders at our City auctions,
That some who never read the Bard
By Webb and Mystery get taken ;
And some who are not yet disbar'd
Pretend at least to favour Bacon.

In vain is learning, logic, lore,
When with such disputants contending ;
Their senseless tenets by the score
Have been demolish'd times unending ;
Yet never budge they from their place,
But, dosed with allegoric jalap,
Still hurl their ciphers in our face
From founts of type and Mrs. Gallup.

BRABAZON M. CASEMENT

Yet stay—if mere words have the force
These theorists declare they carry,
Others may do as they, of course,
And so contrive their thrust to parry.
Be this our solace then—we find,
For all the silliness they cram on,
That Pott and Bacon when combined
Are like, at best, to give us—gammon.

E. > S.

NATURE'S RELIGION

To me no shrine with walls of clay,
No dome engirt with marble towers ;
I worship thee in the open day
Amid the meadows and the flowers.

The shadows of the mighty trees
To me are dim religious light ;
To me the murmurs of the breeze
Are voices of the infinite.

B. C.

CECIL BROOKE WELLAND

THE BOUQUET

'Tis in a heavy-scented eve
I take the garden's flowers.
Ah me! the sun is fading fast,
All shadowy the hours.
But ever in the perfumed copse,
And 'midst the Rose's sleep,
I think of her whose ivory vase
The dainty blooms will keep—
And now the yellow Lady's-shoe
Blends with Forget-me-not,
To pay their court to one more fair
Who hath my homage got.

The shaded blue of Clematis
I consecrate to her,
From noise of revelry apart
Too lone a wanderer ;
Or by the brook whose quivering flood
Beads every drooping fern,
Where frothy hawthorn fills the hedge,—
A maiden sadly stern ;
To her the lithe Laburnum spray,
Like golden waterfall ;
To her the milky Jessamine ;
I consecrate them all.

CECIL BROOKE WELLAND

Was it for her that tournaments
Were lit with flashing state?
Was it for her the city rang—
A virgin potentate?
Who now looks, musing in her soul,
From turret to the moat,
Where, like a thing of life bereft,
A beechen bough doth float—
The wine-hued Rhododendron cups
She'll tilt upon her lip;
On trumps of waxen Hyacinth
Her hand will softly slip.

Dear Lily! with thy satin tube,
Tiara-Mignonette!
Pert Tulip! splash'd with summer blood,
In my fond bouquet set,
Speak low to her of earthly calm,
Of meads with clover lush;
If oaks prove faithless, whisper her,
To try the flower'd rush.
So now, as through the driving dusk
She leans the waters o'er,
Tell her to tempt no darksome main
Nor spurn this spangled shore.

Ay! we are unto weary days
By flowers reconciled—
The breathless fancy of a man,
The play-things of a child.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Sweet bowls of luscious honey-wealth,
Stray stars in heaven's dyes,
Ye breathe of things that are not earth,
And rear you to the skies.
Call to my lady, Pansy dark ;
Call to her, Lavender ;
Call to her, pallid Elder-bloom ;
And gently comfort her.

C. B. W.

ON THE LINKS

FIVE friends were we : two ladies, fair as stars,
Two men, and I, a scarless son of Mars.

Loudly to dinner bangs the jingling gong,
And thither, smiling, march the thirsty throng.
From travel's stain, by scent and soap, released,
Behold them, now, attack the festive feast !
The flashing fork—the knife—the splendid spoon,
On plate and platter, tinkle, like a tune.
Down daintier mouths the dainty morsels slip,
And ruby wine is kiss'd by rubier lip :
Fair women, there, are toasted by brave men,
“ And eyes speak love to eyes that speak again ” :
Dessert soon finds its own deserted place,
And savoury viands vanish into space.

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

The banquet done, upstairs the ladies hie,
To regions nearer to their native sky :
While those two men, and that raw son of War
Wend their low way to billiards and the bar.
At break of dawn, a tray of goodly things,
To bedroom doors, a yawning waitress brings ;
Crisp toast, choice tea, with cream, six inches deep,
And eggs, just laid by startled hens in sleep.

While thus the ladies, dewy fresh and sweet,
Enjoy, at cock-crow, their teetotal treat,
From far-off rooms, proclaiming man at work,
Floats the gay music of the popping cork.
(Would I were there, to drink my Muse's health !)
Then slowly thence, in darkness and by stealth,
Their feeble way two Knickerbockers feel,
Arm'd, as for war, with clubs of gleaming steel.
Hold ! madmen, hold ! peace, rivals ! ruffians, peace !
No duels here ! ho ! waitress ! boots ! police !
On—on, unheeding, steal the stealthy pair,
Their lances gleaming in the dawning air :
Wildly they talk and walk, with panting breath :
Follow them ! track them, to the place of Death !
Where will they fight ? on yon lone sands, methinks ;
But no ! they rush—rush wildly—to the LINKS !
They are—they are—*not* duellists, but sad
Victims of Golf, Golf-stark, Golf-staring mad !
O Golf ! King-Golf ! to whom all mortals bow,
What canny card, what knave of clubs, art thou ?

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Who art thou, lynx-eyed Scot ! who turnest all
The great world round to one huge golfing-ball ?
What art thou, save, with slightly-alter'd law,
And clubs for thumbs, a game of hole-and-taw ?
Rousing worn wights, ere dawn, from slumber's thralls,
To trudge for miles, and hole two tiny balls—
Sweating and swearing, as they wildly go
From hole to hole, thro' thunder, sleet or snow—
O Golf ! what art thou, but a holy show ?

The rivals now, arrived upon the scene,
Take early breakfast on a putting-green :
A grand high-tee—the best of earthly fare
To drive away the leaden ball of care :
Then by the tees, on little piles of sand,
Place their small balls, and, glaring, take their stand.
First his huge club, aloft, with swollen veins,
Mars swings, and strikes. But still the ball remains.
Again he strikes : like spray from surging surf,
The stroke is follow'd by a shower of turf.
Again he strikes : the club, in wild despair,
Flies into space. But still the ball is there.
Another club—another frantic flail—
And lo ! the ball bounds over hill and dale—
Then, like a sailor in the gulping wave,
Finds, in a rabbit-hole, a nameless grave.

Then rain descends : but Mars, from fears aloof,
Stands still, like Patience in a waterproof :

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

A hundred caddies, hurrying to his call,
Tunnel the warren for the wandering ball :
But all in vain : and thus a pleasant hour
Is spent, at Golf, beneath a spouting shower.

Brief respite, now, from this great game of games,
Lunch, served behind a sheltering bunker, claims.
"Success to Golf!" the jolly toast goes round,
"Success to Golf!" the hollow hills resound.
"Success to Golf!" they drink, and drink again,
In merry bumpers, mix'd with sleet and rain.

But nought, for long, Golf's raving fever baulks :
Once more they wield their warlike tomahawks.
At the small ball, once more they wildly lunge :
Again, thro' river and morass, they plunge :
Careless of rain, sleet, thunder, storm, or snow,
In oilskins and sou'-westers, on they go !
For Golf, like Cupid, drives all men insane,
Changing his links to links on love's gold chain !
O Cupid-Golf ! when ladies grace the scene,
What is thy "putting" but a "Gretna" green ?
To make poor man, O who, but you, have power,
Trudge five-mile links, before his breakfast hour ?
O Love ! O Golf ! the world and you are one :
Golf—Love—at cockcrow, ere the rising sun :
Golf—Love—at dawn, our clubs thy Cupid's darts :
Golf—Love—at morn, thy "holes" our punctured hearts !
Golf—Love—at noon, our "tees" Love's teasing wiles !

SAMUEL KENNEDY COWAN

Thy Cupids, caddies, showering frowns or smiles !
Golf—Love—at eve, for sinner and for saint,
And Golf by night, with balls of luminous paint !

Enough ! enough : the scarless son of Mars
Golfs, with his rival, till the rising stars :
On—ever on, thro' mingled sleet and snow,
At every pore perspiring, as they go :
Till now the worsted warrior, fury-fired,
(Likewise, perchance, by dinner-dreams inspired)
Striving in vain to drive a bunker'd ball,
Cleaves his wild club against the chapel wall.

Five thousand Golf-clubs, draped in crape, were seen
Seeking, that night, a churchyard putting-green :
Cleeks, in hysterics, led the mournful way,
Timed to a donkey's melancholy bray :
Behind them paced two thousand local bards,
Strewing the path with black-edged scoring cards :
While countless caddies, circled round the bier,
With tears and torches, follow'd in the rear.
As on they paced, the thronging crowds increased,
For all men knew, and honour'd, the deceased—
The whole world's friend—the favourite of all—
A little innocent worn-out Golfing-ball !
When they had reach'd the seventh league of links,
One of the poets cried : “ Hands up for drinks,
We're at Bushmills ! ” At this untimely joke,
Mars scowl'd, and clutch'd his—bedpost, and awoke.

JOHN E. HEALY

All was a dream. So Golf, by day and night,
Yields health to body, and to mind, delight.
Golf-clubs, like drumsticks, beating, day by day,
Trouble's Dead March—so pass'd the hours away :
Muscle and mind, in rivalry of love,
Heedless of shine and shower, while, born above,
Friendship's bright rainbow spann'd the healthy green,
As tho' Heaven's promised Peace enshrined the scene.

Thus, love-link'd, may we live—each winner's zeal
Being the honour of each loser's weal :
Bearing the strokes, with minds serenely-great,
Of brassy Fortune and of iron Fate,
Till the Grand putter, Death, makes great and small
Like as we lie beneath his sombre pall,
Whence, far and sure, may Bliss await us all !

S. K. C.

SEA-ROSES

WHERE the sea-roses grow down to the sea,
And where the white ripples laugh up to the roses ;
Where the gorse and the heather are nodding together,
And the bud of the pimpernel opens and closes ;
Where the curlew dips to the kiss of the wave,
And the grey-green wings of the plover whirr
By the languorous motion and swaying of ocean,
There I am dreaming of her.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

Sweet sea-rose, you were always sweet,
Yellow of petal, and greenly glowing
In warm sea-places 'mid soft embraces
And tender touches of night-winds blowing.
The first full ray of the moon on you
Falls in the quiet of night begun ;
And lovingly tender, in slanting splendour,
The first red shaft of the sun.

Ah, but now you are queen of the flowers,
Queen of the queens of the summer weather ;
For here where the plover were wheeling above her,
Here in your glory we met together.
Rose, you were happy, but happier far
I, as I thrill'd with ecstasy,
When she pluck'd you stooping, her dark eyes drooping,—
Pluck'd you, and gave you to me.

J. E. H.

FRANCESCA

DANTE, *Inferno*, V.

“ BESIDE the shore my native city keepeth
Her sea-girt seat, where the Po softly falling
Peaceward with all its gather'd streamlets sweepeth.
Love that for gentle hearts hath swift enthralling
Ensnared him with my beauty ere 'twas blighted—
Its dread defeature still my sense is galling—

EDWARD SULLIVAN

Love, that with less than love is ne'er requited,
So drew my soul to yield me to his willing,
That, as thou seest, we're now for aye united.
Love-led we went to death, one doom fulfilling :
Cain's place is his that wrought our life's unlinking."
Such were their words wafted in accents thrilling.
When that I heard these wounded souls, low sinking
I bowed me down, so long mine eyes inclining,
That my guide spake and said : "Of what art thinking?"
And I : "Ah me! I seek in vain divining
What dreams of love, what madness of desire
Could lure them to the verge so fraught with pining."
Then to those spirits spake I, moving nigher :
"Francesca," I said, "thy lot so sorrow-clouded
Wrings from me tears of grief and pity dire ;
Yet say, when at that hour with sweet sighs crowded,
How, and by what, came love to unscreen its treasure,
And rend the veil from yearnings darkly shrouded."
And she to me : "Remembering days of pleasure
What time the heart in wretchedness is breaking,
Is woe's last woe ; thy guide hath gauged its measure.
Yet if with such strange earnestness thou'rt seeking
The seed wherefrom our love burst into flower,
I'll do as one that weepeth e'en in speaking.
We read one day, to while an idle hour,
Of Lancelot constrained by love's subduing :
We were alone, nor dreamed we passion's power ;
And oft our colour waned, the tale pursuing,
And eyes met eyes in rapturous glances blending ;

GEOFFREY CLARKE

But one point, only one, wrought our undoing.
When that we read how to her loved smile bending,
That lover kissed the lips that lured him ever,
He here that will be mine for years unending
Kissed my mouth trembling as it trembled never.
Galeotto was the book and he that penned it :
That day we read no more." And weeping ever,
Her comrade mourned even till the tale was ended,
So piteously on my compassion calling,
I swooned away as though in death extended,
And fell, even as a lifeless body falling.

E. S.

A FLATTERING ILLUSION

"I THANK you for the flowers you sent," she said.
And then she pouted, blush'd, and droop'd her head.
"Forgive me for the words I spoke last night :
The flowers have sweetly proved that you are right."
Then I forgave her, took her hand in mine,
Seal'd her forgiveness with the old old sign ;
And as we wander'd through the dim-lit bowers,
I wonder'd who had really sent the flowers.

G. C.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

OYEZ

[Our readers will be glad to hear that the very most modern poet, Mr. Francis Thompson, in addition to enriching the language with words like *acerb*, *crocean*, *ostentis*, *lampads*, *preparate* (for *ready*), *conflagrate* (for *burning*), *reformat* (for *reform*), and many equally desirable vocables, has determined to touch up the more popular songs of the obsolete poets, so as to make them intelligible to the readers of his own poetry. He has selected our pages in which to present to the world the first-fruits of his method. At least he has done so, if our correspondent, who signs himself ZOILUS, is not playing upon our credulity and our known incapacity to appreciate the up-to-date school of poetry.]

By fonts of Dove, ways incalcable,
Did habitate
A virgin largely inamable
And illaudate.

A violet by a muscose stone
Semi-occult,
Formose as astre when but one
Ostends its vult.

She lived incognite, few could know
When she cessated.
But now, alas ! she lieth low
Contumulated.

T.

J. EWAN MARTIN

THE BUGLE BAND

(CANTAT, MULTA PROLUTUS VAPPA, MILES)

I'm a bloke as likes good moosic ; an' on Guest-nights always stand
In the barrick-square a-smokin' an' a-list'nin' to the band,
Wen beneath the mess-room windows, all a-blaze with yeller light,
The cornet-player's solo is a-throbbin' on the night,
Like a woman's voice a-sobbin' ; or the piccolo is 'eard
Comin' floatin' through the darkness like the singin' of a bird.
Yes—s' 'elp me ! I likes moosic as I does a glass o' beer—
B'r'll-organ—good pi'any—or them bloomin' songs ye 'ear
At them Temp'rance gaffs for soldiers, organized by 'oly Joes,
W'ere they fills ye up with tea and buns an' magic-lantern shows.
Yes ! I likes all sorts o' moosic—but there's none so sweet, I know,
As the rowdy-dowdy chorus that the band o' bugles blow.

For it's 'appy an' it's gay wot the band of bugles play,
They're so cheery to the weary
On the 'ot an' dusty way,
With their callin' an' their singin',
Now a-fallin'—now a-ringin'—
Wy they'd make a bloomin' cripple march 'is twenty mile a
day !

There is some as doesn't like 'em—can't abide 'em anyhow—
Wot ! There ain't no moosic in 'em ? Think they makes an 'orrid
row ?

J. EWAN MARTIN

Well—p'raps you'd think as I does if you wore a jacket green—
Follow'd 'em as long as I 'ave, and bin cheer'd as I 'ave been
By their saucy, springy quickstep—wen the sun would fire a shell—
Wen beef was short, an' water scarce, an' I wish'd myself in 'ell—
I remember wen we got the route for the Heast in eighty-three,
An' march'd in the dark an' pourin' rain to the troopship by the
quay.

We cheer'd as we went through the empty streets—but my word,
wen you rise at five,
Yer voice comes up from the soles of yer boots, and you feel more
dead than alive.

We raised such a feeble cackle that I 'eard the Colonel say—
“ Hi ! stop that blawsted 'owl in front, an' let the bugles play ! ”

For it's 'ip, 'ip, 'ooray wen the band o' bugles say—
“ Don't you mind ye wot's behind ye,
All the future's bright an' gay ;
Chuck off sorrow an' a-sighin'
For the morrow will be flyin',
And afore you're 'alf-awaken'd all its light will pass away.”

Then if I 'ear some bloomin' chump jeer wen the bugles play,
I wish 'e 'd bin with twelve o' us on escort-dooty-lay—
With eighty murderin' Chins in front, and wimmen an' sick behind,
An' 'eard the bugle-band approach, 'e 'd change 'is bloomin' mind !
We'd twenty rounds apiece—no more—an' arranged, with langwidge
dumb,
The nineteenth round for the wimmen-folk wen the final rush should
come—
Wen Bugler Connors—one o' the sick—who'd bin firin' next to me,

C. K. POOLER

Says—"Ullo Tom! there's the bugle-band a-soundin' loud and free."

I thought it a sick man's fancy, till I sees the leadin' four
Of a column comin' towards us, with a bugle-band before.
Then 'e pointed to the Bugles with a most on-Christian pride,
Cough'd up a pool o' blood, an' larf'd, an' turn'd around, an' died.

They seem to one to say—in their brazen, jerky way—

 "Where we need ye there we'll lead ye,

 We will bring ye where we may—

 Whether up beyond the sky—

 Or down where sinners fry—

Yer soul is bound to follow where the bugles lead the way!"

J. E. M.

A ROUNDEL

CALL me, Dear, if a spider crawl,
 Call if a beetle or mouse appear,
Only thee will I heed, though all
 Call me, Dear.

Beetle and spider and mouse I fear,
 Crawler and creeper alike appal,
Yet if these or their kind be near,

Sun may lighten or shadow fall—
 Late as early—my heart will hear;
Call me but often, and when you call,
 Call me—"dear."

C. K. P.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

TO THE DEAD LAURA

"Discolorato hai, morte, il più bel volto"

TRANSLATED FROM PETRARCH

THOU hast uncrimson'd, Death, that fairest face,
And blurr'd the matchless lustre of its eyes ;
A soul aflame to virtue's ecstasies
From lightest, tenderest, bonds didst thou displace :
Thou didst my cherished all at once efface,
And still the dulcet tones that ne'er may rise,
Leaving me sorrowful. Woe now supplies
Whate'er mine ears may catch, mine eyes may trace.
Timely thou com'st to comfort my unrest,
Lady, that pitying dost look back on me :
I have no help in life save thee alone.
And were it mine to voice thy brilliancy,
Echo thy words, not only human breast,
But tiger's heart, love's burning sway would own.

E. S.

H. S. MACRAN

ΜΕΛΟΣ ΘΑΥΜΑΣΤΟΝ ΑΔΟΝΤΟΣ ΤΑΩ

[For the following exquisite verses we are indebted to our honorary official poet, who kindly provides us, on application, with something eminently characteristic of the outgoing nineteenth century.]

By what extreme or unimpassion'd border,
Disrobed of thunder, by the storms unriven,
We marshall'd in environing disorder,
Who see with but Life's dark, mysterious glasses
The weird stars in the trenchant night of Heaven,
'Neath th' unimagined eyes of that grim warder :
While all the loud vacuities are numb,
Th' abysmal gulphs, where evermore we've striven,
Whilom bereft their nameless army passes
Forlorn, Innumerable, Dumb,

* * * * *

So roll the hungering years, a hundred millions
Smirching the pureness of their margent snows,
Dead years resistless to their white pavilions
O'ercanopied as that tremendous legion,
And character'd like music's mourning close,
Fold over fold, a river-shining region,
In still contentions of outworn repose.

H. S. M.

PART II—PROSE

THE OXFORD SOLAR MYTH

A CONTRIBUTION TO COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY

(DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO THE REV. G. W. COX, M.A.)

A VERY singular tradition, possibly due to the influence of classical Paganism in the course of study, still preserves, in the Oxford of the nineteenth century, the evident traces of that primeval Nature-worship whereby the earliest parents of the Aryan race marked their observance of the phenomena of the heavens. As so often occurs, the myth has assumed a highly anthropomorphic and concrete form, has gradually been incrustated with the deposits of later ages, and has been given a historical, or rather a biographical dress, which thereby veils, under modern names and ideas of the West, the legends current four thousand years ago on the table-lands of Transoxiana.

The legend takes its not infrequent shape of celebrating a great teacher passing from his Eastern birth-place on to the West, making his home therein, achieving great triumphs, and yet succumbing, in his chiefest struggle, to a power mysteriously identical with that which gave him being. The symbolical name by which the hero was deified, even in our own days, is Max Müller. The purely imaginative and typical character of this title appears at the first glance of a philologist. Max is, of course, *Maximus*, μέγιστος, identical with the Sanskrit *maha*. Müller, applied in the late High German dialects to the mere grinder of corn, denotes in its root-form a pounder or crusher. It comes from the radical *mar*, "grinding," or "crushing." At once, then, we see that the hero's name means simply "Chief of Grinders." There are

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two explanations of this given. The more popular, but less correct one, identifies *grinder* and *teacher*—a metaphor borrowed from the monotonous routine whereby an instructor of the young has to pulverize, as it were, the solid grains of knowledge, that they may be able to assimilate it. The more scientific aspect of the question recognizes here the Sun-God, armed with his hammer or battle-axe of light, pounding and crushing frost and clouds alike into impalpability. We are not left to conjecture in such a matter, for the weapon of Thor or Donar, wherewith he crushes the Frost-giants, in Norse mythology is named *Mjölmir*, from *at mala*, "to crush" or "mill."

Thus far, however, there might be a merely accidental coincidence of name, or the title might be a hereditary one in a priestly family devoted to the Sun-God's service. We require more exact data before we can with authority allege that Max Müller is indeed the Sun, or rather the Dawn, himself. But these data are accessible and abundant. In the first place, the legends are unanimous in representing him as a foreigner, travelling from the East, but making his home in the West, and received there by all as though native to the soil. This is very important. If he were depicted as indigenous, or as coming from North, South, or West, the difficulty to be overcome, though by no means insurmountable, would be considerable. The Eastern origin, however, obviates any doubt of this nature. Next, fable has not been slow to localize his birth-place. He is invariably called a German. This looks, at first, as though merely denoting the rough way in which an untutored people is content to transfer the origin of any strange thing to the nation nearest to itself in the direction of transit, just as even still the inhabitants of Norway suppose storms to be sent them by the wizards of Lapland and Finland. Germany, being the nearest country to the east of England, may thus have naturally been selected

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as the Sun-God's birth-place ; but a deeper idea seems to underlie the title. The duality of the Sun and Moon is too remarkable a phenomenon ever to have escaped popular attention ; and we find them represented in almost every known mythology as brother and sister, Helios and Selene, Apollo and Artemis, Janus and Diana, and the like. Here, then, is a clue. It is not nationality, but brotherhood to the Moon which is denoted, and Müller the German is neither more nor less than the *Germanus Apollo* of Latin poets.

Again, having invented his birth-place, it was necessary, as the myth became more concrete, to provide him with a father also. The legend relates that his father was one Wilhelm Müller, a poet. Herein a very singular aspect of the solar myth, common to all its purest forms, appears. Darkness is the parent out of which the Dawn comes, a parent dethroned by its offspring, as typified in the story of Kronos and Zeus. Wilhelm is simply Will-hjælm, the "helmet of force," or "of strength." What is this helmet? We have it over and over again in our nursery legends ; as the "cap of darkness" (*tarn-kappe*) worn by Hasan of El-Basra in the "Arabian Nights," by Jack the Giant-killer, and by Dwarf Trolls in Norse and Teuton stories, and above all, by Sigfrit in the Niebelungen Lied. It is thus simply the covering of clouds and obscurity which overspreads the heavens when the Sun has disappeared ; and William Müller is only the Night, hidden but powerful, the *νεφελγγέρτα Ζεύς*, who is father of Apollo Helios. Night is typified as a poet, because all sounds are heard so clearly and distinctly during its course, just as the song of the primeval bard was the only voice loud enough to make itself audible in the stillness of pre-historic ages.

The Sun-God appears next, but still in the same relation, in his other character of teacher and enlightener, an idea symbolized by Max

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Müller editing the Vedas at the instigation of Bunsen = *Bundes-sohn*, (*vinculi filius*), another Teutonic hero, who typifies the offspring of that darkness which chains the world in the prison of night. Max is not called—and this is noteworthy—the *author* of the Vedas, or books of knowledge, but only their editor or translator. The meaning of this is plain. Sunrise does not create the sensible world for us at each recurrence, but it makes it visible and knowable by us. Bunsen sending Müller to achieve the task is only another form of the myth which makes Wilhelm the father of Max.¹

The next point of interest in the fable is the place where the Sun-God fixes his sacred abode. It is noteworthy that in no case do we find the special shrine of Apollo in the chief city of any land. Athens was the beloved home of Pallas Athene; Sparta, of the Dioscuri; Ephesus, of Artemis; Rome, of Jupiter Optimus Maximus and Mavors Gradivus: but Apollo always chooses a smaller and more sacerdotal city as his dwelling—Delphi, Delos, Patara. So the priestly city of Oxford is, in the English legend, assigned to Max Müller. Let us see why. Ox-ford, as all philologists know, is not *Bóστροπος*. *Ox* is *Ush*, *uisge* = water; and the compound word means no more than the “ford of the river.” We shall best see its relation to the Sun-God by turning to the Edda. We find there that all the Aesir ride over the rainbow-bridge Bifröst to Valhalla, except Thor, who has to wade on foot through four rivers—Körmt, Ormt, and the two Kerlaug streams. This denotes, of course, the Sun making his way by slow degrees through the watery clouds, and at length attaining the mid-heaven.

¹ That Max Müller is not called the *author*, but only the *translator* or *editor* of the Vedas, has puzzled many who have read his great work. This curious inversion of language, so inexplicable, except to the comparative mythologist, obtains a significance only on the principle suggested in the text.

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The task of the Sun, when he has fairly begun to climb the sky, is to spread the great blue mantle over it. This mantle is woven or *stitched*, if we take the Sanskrit myth, by the Harits or Hours, the *Xáptres* of the Greeks. We find it styled in poetical language, the "cope of heaven." And by a quaint grotesqueness of metaphor, we discover this function of the Dawn symbolized under the formula of Max Müller being at first Professor in the Taylorian Institution. *Taylorian* here, of course, is not a patronymic or eponymous adjective, but a tropological epithet. In Greek mythology, Artemis, as well as Athene, is mistress of the loom; but in this curious myth, her brother appears as superintending the tasks of the divine maidens who ply their shuttle and shape the garment of the heavens at his command. Here, too, we find cropping up the struggle with the powers of darkness. Max Müller is *Taylorian*; he cuts away with his glittering shears the ragged edges of cloud; he allows the "chips," or cuttings from his "workshop," to descend in fertilizing showers upon the earth.

But he has a foe striving to cast a black mantle over the sky which he would fain clothe in blue. This foe does not merely trim or patch together the work of others, as a *tailor*, but is the original maker of his own product; and thus he is symbolically called Weber, or *weaver*. And while Max is of more account in the West, Weber reigns securely over the East, which the other has quitted.

But even the Western sky is no secure dominion. All through the earliest poetry and the remotest legends of ancient races, we find the note of sorrow for the decline of day following at once on the triumphal tone which marks the ascent of the Sun to the zenith. The combat with the powers of darkness, which began with victory, is resumed, and always ends in defeat. Hence the wailing for Yanbus-hadh, for Thammuz or Adonis, for the Dorian Apollo, and for Baldur.

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The solar legend shines clearly yet through the mists in which the ignorance of our uncritical age has enveloped it. The Sun-God, fresh from his Vedas, enters upon a struggle with a competitor, apparently of the feeblest, for the throne of the sky. This throne, in the Oxford myth, is called the Boden Chair. *Boden* is not an English word. We must look to the Sun-God's home for its meaning; and we find that in the Teuton language *boden* is *floor*. Only one floor can be meant; that of which the greatest of English poets speaks:—

“Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.”

There are two most remarkable circumstances in this legend of the strife for the Boden Chair, which puts its mythical origin quite beyond all doubt. In the first place, the overthrow of Max in the struggle is said by all the bards to be due, not to the result of a single combat with his adversary, wherein he must needs have been victorious, but to the gathering together at the sacred city of a number of obscurantist beings, clothed in black, and assembling from all parts of the country to secure the victory of the inferior warrior. It is almost superfluous to point out that this legend denotes no more than the black clouds assembling from all quarters of the heavens, to hide the brightness of the Sun. If any doubt yet remained, it would be dispelled by the name of the feeble victor, the Paris who slays Achilles, the Aegisthus of this Agamemnon, the Höd of our Baldur. The name given to him in the myth is Monier Williams. The intelligent reader will at once see that this is only a new aspect of the earliest part of the myth. *Monier* is, plainly enough, *meünier*, *molinarius*, *miller* = Müller. *Williams*, we had before. Monier Williams then = Wilhelm Müller; and the father, as in the story of Sohrab and Rustum, slays his beloved

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son. What is this but that the Darkness, out of which the Dawn sprang in its infancy, also re-absorbs it, and hides its glory at the end of its career? This is the reason for the singular inversion of the order of the names. At first the darkness is the primary fact, and the power it exercises only the secondary one; and thus the helmet or *tarn-kappe* is put first, and the epithet of *grinder* or *crusher* in the lower place. But in the latter part of the myth, the slaying of the Sun-God is the earlier event, and not until that is accomplished, and the Western sky is red with his blood, does the victor put on the helmet of will, and spread darkness over the heavens.

There are consolations even in defeat. A bridal, in the mysterious life which follows death, is accomplished in the Western land; and that legend which takes so many shapes—the marriage of Uranos and Gaea, the descent of Zeus in golden shower on Danaë, and the like—is brought before us again in the wedding of Max Müller and the mortal maiden Grenfell, who denotes the *green hill* or *mountain pasture* on which the Sun delights to shine. We have this idea of the domestic joys of Helios, even after his declension and setting, preserved for us in Greek poetry:—

'Αέλιος δ' Ὑπεριονίδας δέπας ἐσκατέβαινε
 χρύσειον, ὅφρα δι' ὠκεανδῖο περάσας
 ἀφίκοιθ' ἱερᾶς ποτὶ βένθεα νυκτὸς ἐρεμνᾶς·
 ποτὶ μάτερα, κουριδίαν τ' ἄλοχον,
 παῖδάς τε φίλους.—ARCHILOCHUS.

Thus we see the great teacher passing from the waters to the verdant slopes, from Oxford to Grenfell:—

φοιτᾷς δ' ὑπερπόντιος ἐν τ'
 ἀγρονόμοις αὐλαῖς.—SOPH. ANTIG. 754.

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He reappears, however, if not as perennial holder of the throne on the floor of the sky, yet as the expounder of speech, or, in the Euhemerist phrase of sceptics, "Professor of Comparative Philology." What are we to understand by this title? No more than that sudden awakening of the sounds of Nature which greets the sunrise as night vanishes with its darkness and silence. Hence the epithet *πανόμφαιος*, "Source of all speech," given to Zeus as Dyauspati, and to Helios also, as in Quintus Smyrnaeus—

τόν ῥά τέ φασιν
ἔμμεναι Ἡελίοιο πανομφαίοιο θυγατρῶν
δάκρυ.—POSTHOMERIC. v. 625.

There can be no question that the meaning "inspirer of all oracles" is a development of a far later age, when the meteorological idea had been lost; and there is a comparatively obscure legend which seems at first to point in the same direction. Nothing is clearer than that the sacred city of Oxford was the chosen shrine of the hero Max Müller. But he appears as a passing meteor in the annals of the other holy town of the English land. Cambridge alleges that for a day he was Rede Lecturer in her halls. Cambridge is the "cam" or *crooked* bridge (compare "game" leg, *cambuca*) of the sky, *i.e.* the Rainbow. What is *Rede*? Two rival theories exist. The first sees in the word the notion of counsel or advice. So in the ballad of King Estmere—

"Rede me, rede me, deare brother,
My rede shall ryde at thee."

The Rede Lecturer then will be simply Apollo Pythius, the god of counsel, applied to in some one sudden emergency. The other view seems more tenable. It sees in *Rede* the Norse *reidh*, a *chariot*, the Latin *rheda*, and recognizes in the title *Rede-Lehrer*, not a *lecturer* at

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all, but Ving-Thor himself, the driver of the fiery car, whence he is called *Hlorridi*, from *at hlba*, to glow or burn, and *reidh*.*

Another legend, belonging to Oxford, calls Max Müller for a time by the singular title of "Fellow (or Companion) of All Souls," and ceases to give him this appellation after he meets with the nymph Grenfell. Here is a difficulty needing solution. Hermes, not Apollo, is the *ψυχοπομπός* of Greek mythology, and the epithet is one applied, in the *Alkestis*, to Charon also. It is only in the Edda that we find the

* The identification of Cambridge with the rainbow, or curving bridge of the sky, at once simple and convincing, clears up the difficulty about Max Müller's one visit there, and his immediate return to dwell at Oxford. For the legend is in minute agreement with the Edduic myth, which tells how Thor essayed once, and once only, to drive over Bifröst in his war-chariot, but had to desist, lest he should set the bridge on fire. He returned ever after to his wading through the four rivers of which we have spoken above; that is, to Ox-ford. And the myth of the Sun's chariot, common to Greek legend, finally settles the meaning of *Rede*, putting the interpretation "counsel" out of court. Another obscure legend, quite dissipated from the Müller myth, confirms remarkably the identification of Oxford with the water, and Cambridge with the sky. There is a tradition still handed down that a strife, constantly renewed, existed between these two cities, not, as one should anticipate, in the rivalry of learning, but in some way connected with ships or boats. When so engaged, the names of Oxford and Cambridge are dropped, and those of Dark Blue and Light Blue appear in their stead. The former of these titles, applied to Oxford, points at once to the *οἶονα πύρον*, the *mare purpureum* of Greek and Latin poets, and the "dark blue sea" of a famous English bard, while the rival epithet, describing the lighter shade of the heavens, (compare Theocritus, *γλαυκὰν valouσαν ὕπ' ἄω*, [Idyll lxvi, 5,] and Ennius, *caeli caerulea templa*) is applied to Cambridge, and the true meaning of the myth comes out by the reference to boats, as we thus learn that it typifies the astonishment of the first Aryans who reached the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, at the elemental strife of a storm at sea, when sky and waves seem to those in a ship to be crashing together.

"The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out."—*TEMPEST*, Act I, Scene 2.

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answer. Odin, who is a Sun-god as well as Thor, though he usually sends the Valkyrier to conduct the souls of slain heroes to Vingolf, yet sometimes, in his character of Valföðhr, is himself the guide of such chieftains as, nobly born and clad in warrior's armour, have died with more than common valour and renown. And thus the ancient statutes of the Fellowship show that *all* souls are not meant to be honoured, but only the souls of those who are *bene nati* and *bene vestiti*, the true Einherjar of the foundation. These departed heroes are no other than the sunbeams, slain by the advancing powers of darkness, but collected again by their father, the Sun, who burns them on the glowing pile of the Western evening sky, and then revives them once more to shine in Gladsheim. The loss of this office of *ψυχοπομπός* on wedding a mortal is a myth which has several congeners. It is akin to that of Orpheus and Eurydice, though less tragic in its termination; and its meaning here plainly is the return of the Sun to Earth from the unseen "combination-room" whither his rays vanished at his setting. He returns to living nature, and is, as stated above, not any more "Fellow of All Souls," silent and ghostly, but Professor of All Languages, vocal and embodied. This office, however, ties him to earth; and we find the story of Apollo's servitude to Admetus repeated; because the task imposed on the hero is to look after the training of the young Bulls. He thus appears as Phoebus Nomios; and a confusion between the oxyton word *νομή* or *νομός*, *pasture*, and the paroxyton word *νόμος*, *law*, has led to a curious error in the Cambridge form of the myth. In this imperfect record Max Müller is styled "Doctor of Laws," as though he were *Thesmophoros*. But that epithet belongs properly to Dionysus—

θεσμοφόρον καλέω νερθηκοφόρον Διώνυσον.—ORPHICA. xlii. 1.

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and the more exact Oxonian records preserve this true title as "Master of Arts." This is not merely the Apollo of Parnassus, leader of the Muses, inspirer of poetry, painting, and sculpture, beautiful as such a personification is. It goes far deeper; and we see in Max Müller, M.A., the elemental Fire-god, whose chief manifestation is the Sun, but whose heat and light are essential to all life and manufacture. And thus he is described in Aeschylus—

τὸ σὸν γὰρ ἄνθος, παντέχνου πυρὸς σέλας.—*PROM. VINCT.* 7.

A fragment of a solar hymn, apparently having reference to the hero or divinity Müller, is still chanted by children in the mystic rites of the gynaeceum—

"There was a jolly Miller,
Lived on the river Dee,
And thus the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
I jump mejerrime jee!
I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me!"

Jolly is, of course, *Jovialis*, noting that the Müller referred to is no mortal, but the son of Jovis or Dyaus; and the *river* is, of course, the Ox-ford (*Uisge*) through which he daily wades. He is the master of song, because the birds commence their music as he rises. *Mejerrime jee* presents great difficulty. It is clearly a trace of the primeval lay, and is as hard to explain as *κόγξ ὄμπαξ*. The earlier word looks Oscan, and seems to be the superlative of the root *maj*, "great," which we have in *maj-estas*, *major* (Spanish, *mejor*), and then, probably, *major-rimus*. The second word, most likely, stands for *age*; and the whole phrase denotes the quick leap of the levin-brand from the cloud. The interpretation *Μεγαρικὴ γῆ*, though ingenious, is untenable. And in

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the two closing lines, wherein some have thought the disposition of a human Max Müller to be exactly portrayed, those who, with truer science, acknowledge him to be a solar myth, will recognize that grand impassive inexorability of natural phenomena which at once strikes and awes every untutored man as well as every civilized philosopher.

It is not easy to overrate the interest and value of such a legend as this to the comparative mythologist. Few solar myths are so detailed and various, and, perhaps, there is none which brings together in so concentrated a focus the special characteristic of Sanskrit, Hellenic, and Norse fable.

R. F. L.

HERODOTUS IN DUBLIN

[The original Greek is added when it is deemed necessary.]

AND leaving the Hyperboreans I went towards Lips and the West Wind, and going to the furthest point I came to a city named Dublin, and what I heard, inquiring to the greatest extent,* that I am going to relate. The people of Dublin adopt laws different from the laws of all other countries; and among other things there are certain persons reserved † for this service, on whom it devolves to sweep up the mud of the streets upon certain parts of the street which are most frequented, and doing this they say they are making crossings. And concerning these things I made careful inquiry,‡ and a certain priest told me that they do this in honour of the goddess Cloacina, whom they greatly honour, both in other respects, and also reserve the most populous part of their city for a sewer, which they keep open in honour of their

* ἐπὶ μακρότατον πυνθανόμενος. † ἀποδεδέχαται. ‡ ἐφρόντιζον ἱστορεῖν.

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goddess. Now for this purpose there are certain overseers * appointed, whom they call the Corporation. And there was a poet in the city of Dublin who made many and beautiful poems, and they erected a statue in his honour, and also ordained certain other observances about the statue, which, though I well know, it beseemeth me not to describe. Now concerning the reason of these observances I cannot speak certainly; but, if it is fit to speak conjecturing,† it seems to me that they have wished to honour him above all other men, by granting to him common observances as they give unto the goddess whom they especially revere.

Concerning then what the priest told me, let thus much have been said; but what I saw in the city most of all deserving of description,‡ that I shall relate.§ There is in the midst of the city, next the treasure-house, a certain building, which in their language they call University, but the Greeks call it Academy. And here especially they use laws different from those of all other men, for they celebrate|| their year divided into three parts of four months, and each of these periods they call a term or end; but at the close of each term they hold a great assembly, and doing this they say that they are holding commencements. Moreover, having chosen one who no longer lectures, him they call senior lecturer,¶ but to the lecturers they give another name. And one of the priests, whom they call porters, being very skilled in legendary lore,** told me that formerly having chosen such as were very learned every year, these they honoured in other ways, and also gave medals of gold to the most learned, and of silver to those who were less learned; but those who were most unlearned, and could answer few of the ques-

* μελεδωνοι.

† οὐκ ἔχω ἀτρεκέως εἶπαι· εἰ δὲ χρεὼν ἐστὶ τεκμαιρόμενον λέγειν.

‡ ἀξιαπηγητότατος.

§ ἔρχομαι φράσω.

|| ἀγούσι. ¶ τὸν ἐπὶ τῶν διηγήσεων.

** λογιώτατος.

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tions of the high priests, these they called respondents or answerers. Moreover, among other nations, their temples are built so as to face the East ; but here the temple is built towards the North Wind and Arctos. Likewise, having found out those women most oppressed by old age, these they keep as servants, calling them skips ; now the Greeks call this word ἐλαφράς. But another priest told me that they are rightly called gyps, and that this word is adopted from the name which the Greeks use for a vulture.*

Now there is, immediately on entering, a belfry, very great and beautiful, and on it are four statues, great in size† ; but one of the priests told me that these were the statues of Hope, Faith, Charity, and the Head Porter ; now he is a great man,‡ in great authority, on whom all the rest depend,§ and corresponds to him who among the Persians is called the eye of the king. This then the priest told me ; but another priest seemed to me to be jesting, pointing out to me the temple of the Muses ; for it is evident, even to one not having heard before, but having seen it, whosoever at least has intelligence,|| that this is not a temple, neither of any other god, nor of the Muses ; and, if it be fit to speak conjecturing, it seems to me that the building in front which they now call in their language the printing press, *that* formerly was the temple of the Muses, and that those of the present day speak rashly, transferring the name to another place. Now concerning these things there is told a sacred story.

But what surprised me most of all the things there ¶ was a contrivance which they call a clock, and which corresponds to the gnomon and sun-

* γύψ.

† μεγάθει μεγάλοι.

‡ χρῆμα μέγα ἀνδρός.

§ ἐξ οὗ ὅλλοι πάντες ἀρτέονται.

|| δῆλα γὰρ δὴ καὶ μὴ προακούσαντι ἰδόντι δέ, ὅστις γε σύνεστιν ἔχει.

¶ τὸ δὲ ἀπάντων θώύμα μέγιστόν μοι ἐστὶ τῶν ταύτη.

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dial among the Greeks. And the priest told me that formerly this was so contrived, as not to correspond to the true hour of the day, but so as to want the fourth part of an hour of it. And he told me that there was a certain person to whom it was entrusted to keep back the clock, and that he was called Catechist, from the word which the Greeks use for keeping back.* But, why the machine was so contrived, and how it happened that it is now adjusted so as to correspond to the proper time,† I shall relate next in order.

Now, how it happened that the clock was arranged so as to correspond to the course of the sun, I am about to relate. There is a certain nation, dwelling beyond the West Wind, called the Americans, who surpass all the rest of the world in sharpness.‡ And it is said that they employ themselves for twenty-five hours every day, and that, in order to effect this, they get up an hour before sunrise. And there, it is said, the trees are so high, that it requires two men to see to the top even of one of them. Now, a certain man of these Americans came to Dublin, and greatly admired the wonders that were in the University, but when he saw the clock, he mocked at the priests who were conducting him, and said in derision,§ “It seems to me calculating that you are by a quarter of an hour behind all other nations.” Thus he spake, (for in all things the Americans are beforehand, not least but most of all others,) and certain men reported it to the Provost; and they say that when the messenger reported what the American had said, the Provost leapt thrice from his throne, being terribly wrath at the affair.|| And he gave orders that those whose duty it was should compel the clock to move on. And certain of the Junior Fellows, wishing to jest,¶ sent for the

* κατέχειν. † ὅπως δὴ αἱ ὥραι συμβαλῶσι παραγινόμεναι ἐς τὸ δέον.

‡ οἱ πλείους ἐπίστανται ἀνθρώπων.

§ ἐπὶ λύμῃ.

|| περιημεκτέων τῇ συμφόρῃ δεινῶς.

¶ σκώπτειν.

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Police. But the Catechist made no light matter of it,* and did not allow it to be put on, for he said that it devolved on him to keep it back, and that for this reason he was called Catechist. And a certain one of the Junior Fellows came before the Provost, and complained† thus, “O Provost, there have been more than thirty years to me being here, both man and boy, and it seems to me that the College is in a sorry case,‡ having been thus mocked at. And with what eyes is it fitting§ that I should look upon the English Fellows at the Church Congress, being thus behindhand? Moreover, O Provost, this American enjoys the best possible government,|| but this country the worst possible.”¶ This he said, speaking truly, for one of the priests told me, that the country was swarming with absentees. Thus were opinions opposed to each other,** but the latter opinion pleased†† the Provost, and dismissing§§ the opinion of the Catechist, he chose the other; and being hasty,||| he ordered that the Catechist should be put to death, and that there should be sent messengers to all the nations in America, and to the Queen’s Colleges, and to the Colleges in England, with letters in two sorts of characters, saying, “Thus shall the Provost treat all those who bring the University into contempt.” And thus it came to pass that the clock was so arranged as to correspond with the course of the sun.

T.

* οὐκ ἐν εὐλαφίᾳ ἐποίετο.

† ἀνάρσια πρήγματα πεπονθέναι.

‡ ὡς ἄριστα πολιτεύεται.

** γινῶμαι μὲν αὐται συνέστασαν.

§§ μετεῖς.

† ἐδεινολογέτο.

§ τέτοις με χρὴ δμῆμασι.

¶ ὡς κάκιστα.

†† προσέτετο.

||| σπερχθεις.

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A MONOGRAPH ON THE POSITION
OF BALBUS IN ROMAN HISTORY*

(CONTRIBUTED TO JAHN'S JAHRBÜCHER BY THE MOMMSEN OF THE
PERIOD, A.D. 4000)

THROUGH some oversight, as systematic as it is remarkable, historians have hitherto overlooked the importance of the part played in Roman history by Balbus. Yet it is hardly possible to over-estimate its significance. We have hitherto stood too near the canvas to appreciate rightly the colossal proportions of this figure. The direct evidences from which we may safely construct those phenomena which

* The real title of the work in which are preserved these priceless data for the construction of Roman history, has been hitherto profoundly uncertain. Some English writers, presuming on the accident that the work is in their language, have maintained that the full name of the book is Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and that it was a hand-book in use in the schools existing 2000 years ago. The work doubtless bears the name at present, but it is easy to detect the hand of the interpolator. Written thus, with the letters foisted in by a late recension printed in italics, and the genuine portions in capitals, the spuriousness of the present title becomes evident—*ArnOLD's LATIN pROSE comPOSITION*. The letters now printed in italics are evidently the work of some ancient but ignorant scribe, writing perhaps about 1900 A.D. Omitting them, for ROSE we should read, by a simple transposition, ROES. By merely assuming that before these letters should stand, not *p*, but *h*, and taking into account the fact that the *end* of the inscription would naturally be more easily obliterated, the following may be shown to be the simple and certain restoration of the real title (we now print in italics the letters restored by us, presenting the other letters in capitals):—

OLD LATIN *h*EROES' POSITION *in history*.

The work was, no doubt, one of those "Books of Worthies," which, under the name of *πεπλογραφίαι*, are mentioned by Cicero in his letters to Atticus.

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have rendered possible the evolution of his Idea, are chiefly embodied in sporadic sentences of a somewhat gnomonic nature; and the task of construction is rendered more arduous by the circumstance that these sporadic sources of knowledge are found fused with utterances, sometimes of an obvious and commonplace character, from which the evidences for the life of Balbus are to be carefully discriminated.

Passing over his youth, in which he appears to have devoted himself solely to architecture, we first read of Balbus as exclaiming that "it is all over with the army." If, as is highly probable, this expression may be regarded as a presage on the part of that acute statesman of the disaster in which the expedition of Crassus was destined to issue, we may well admire the clearness of that strategic insight, which, undazzled by the gleam of the eagles of the departing legions, saw, as it were between them, the red field of Carrhae. We read little of Balbus for some time, except constant expressions on his part that "he and his friend Caius are well." It may here be remarked that Caius seems to have been altogether unworthy of the friendship of Balbus; indeed his character seems to have been disfigured by failings which rarely co-exist in the same nature; nor are the few virtues by which these failings are redeemed, less apparently incompatible as well with these as with each other. We are not bound to suppose that Balbus was altogether blind to the faults of his friend. In truth, it can hardly be without significance that we constantly read that at this period Balbus "lifted up his hands." If, as seems probable, this may be regarded as a gesture of surprise on the part of Balbus, we cannot but admire the generosity which could condone in a friend that congeries of apparently incompatible defects which seems to have excited in his own mind, not only disapprobation, but even astonishment. This great man, we may hope, did not meet at the hands of his contemporaries that neglect

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which has been his lot ever since. It is gratifying to read that at least "there were some who inquired of Balbus"; that there were some acute enough to turn to their own benefit that political foresight which we have already had occasion to praise.

Hitherto Balbus appears to have proposed to himself as his ideal the character of Cato or of Lutatius Catulus, but at this period, a sudden change in his mental standpoint begins to show itself. He no longer regards Rome as the capital of Italy, but constantly declares his opinion that "Rome is the mistress of the world." His theological convictions appear now to be gradually breaking down under the influence of Greek philosophy. We may characterize the former mental attitude as the Latino-Italian standpoint, and the latter as the quasi-cosmopolitan-Hellenistico-Romanesque. His philosophy seems to have been of the eclectic school; nor is this truly great man deterred by the sneer of the unthinking from professing himself an adherent at the same time of different philosophies representing the opposite poles of speculation. We now constantly meet with dogmatic expressions on the part of Balbus of his conviction that the soul is not immortal, alternating with a statement—true no doubt in itself, and, perhaps, possessing a relevancy to public affairs which we can no longer detect, but hardly of any great scientific suggestiveness—"that on the top of the Alps the cold is so great that the snow there never melts." Perhaps, however, in this apparently obvious proposition there is something to be read, so to speak, between the lines, as in the gnomic utterances of Phocylides and Pythagoras, for whom (it may be observed) Balbus expresses a profound respect. It would seem, at least, as if this statement were resolutely assailed by some adverse school, if we may draw this inference from the perseverance with which it is reiterated by its champion.

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Connected with his growing unsteadiness in theological convictions is his increasing prodigality and carelessness about the disposal of his property. We find him lavishing his fortune in presents to his friends, and on public banquets to the citizens. "On the 23rd of November, Balbus sent me as a present 20,000 sesterces," is the utterance of some unknown but not ungrateful object of his munificence. The suddenness with which the dogmatic beliefs of Balbus appear to have broken down might (it would seem at first sight) not unnaturally excite some surprise in the philosophical student of Moral Dynamics, who rightly expects that no change in the human character will take place *per saltum*. But such a philosophical observer would have perceived early in the career of Balbus enough to prepare him for such a phenomenon; for he would have observed the reconstructive instinct at work, though in a different sphere. In truth, it would have afforded him more food for surprise, if he had found that the man who had spent his whole youth in the constant construction, reconstruction, and demolition of walls, houses, and other material edifices, had in his declining years acquiesced in the ready-made structures of others, whether those structures were material, intellectual, moral, or theological.

We have no direct evidence of the death of this remarkable man; but some facts are related which seem to have occurred shortly before that melancholy event. When we read that he left the unworthy Caius heir to eleven-twelfths of his estate, we cannot help feeling that his mental vigour is beginning to give way; we seem as we turn away from this great man to catch a glimpse of the lurid glare of his approaching funeral torches.

T.

JOHN MARTLEY

TRIAL SHOTS WITH AN OLD CROSS-BOW

A GOOD paradox is like a pair of scissors. Statement and truth *prima facie* point contrary ways ; but by a flash of thought they coincide, and the result is a deep incision in the mind.

A terse aphorism strikes like a bullet ; but some of the metal may be lost in the moulding.

Satire and sermons aim at reforming ; but generally only succeed at best in entertaining.

Self-knowledge is achieved by the will rather than by the understanding.

Few are too modest to boast of candour. To the eye of self and of friend alike it is the mask which many failings wear, and sometimes the cloak which hides them all.

Vice owes many victims to the exaggerations of its power by a too indulgent charity, and of its pleasure by a too ascetic religion.

If flattery hides from us our faults, clumsy attempts at it often reveal them to us cruelly.

Truth, like the moon, must be viewed from two widely-distant points simultaneously, before we can define its position or magnitude.

The spirit of the age is a tyrant. Stamped in its mint all thoughts pass current, be their metal base or fine. Without that stamp the pure gold of genius is often rejected.

The law of libel screens more rogues from justice than honest men from injury. In other words, it betrays more honest men than it protects.

ARTHUR PALMER AND R. Y. TYRRELL

If education were equal in the two sexes, it might be less valued by a certain class in each. As in a level country, though the rivers are wide, sentimental people miss the music of waterfalls.

Woman's eyes have been called "wells of love." The depth of water, when clear, is underrated by the acutest eye; when impure, it may be exaggerated by the soundest judgment; but in either case to the inexperienced gaze the apparent depth is often that of the reflected heavens.

An action by no means virtuous may yet be a proof of virtue. Thus no man marries for money, till by self-denial he has learnt to sacrifice his inclinations to his supposed better interests.

Thoughts travel on words, like ships on the sea; but are much oftener wrecked by their medium of transit. J. M.

COMPETITION

THE following questions are presented to Examiners at public competitive examinations, as having the very uncommon merit of not having been yet set :—

1. The fact that Homer was born in seven different places at once is not inconsistent with the analogy of Nature? (Butler.)
2. Discuss the difference between the uniformity and the cuneiformity of the course of Nature, and enumerate the arguments adduced by Professor Mahaffy in favour of the latter hypothesis.
3. Explain and illustrate the phonetic law which regulates the change of Polysperchon into Polly Perkins, and quote the opinion of Arrian on the subject.

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4. Show that A E O, though a legitimate, is an unnecessary mode; and investigate under what circumstances I O U is useless.
5. Compare the effects of mathematics and dram-drinking on the human intellect.
6. Show that in whist the bad language of your partner varies inversely as the square root of the points.
7. Show that, with the exception of certain humorous stories, tricks with cards, and quotations made in the House of Commons, there is no knowledge innate in the human mind.
8. Discuss the question whether there are evidences of design in Mr. Blaydes' edition of Sophocles.
9. "There's a *bower* of roses by Bendemeer's stream." Discuss the variant, "There's a *power* of roses," &c., with reference to the nationality of the author. Does the *vulg.* receive any support from the phrase *right bower*?
P. AND T.

THE CAMBRIDGE MAN, X.Y.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL,
BY STERTIMORE BAWLINS, ESQ.

Qui fit?—*Virg.*

Quota hora?—*Petronius Umpire.*

X. Y. WAS at breakfast in the back-parlour of the York and Albany. His breakfast consisted of huge hunks of Stilton, which he washed down with still huger draughts of Disher's twenty-guinea. All the time, he kept whistling the last air from the last opera but one, while a tame cobra de capella stood on his head. While X. Y. was doing all these

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things, and several others, he threw off sheet after sheet of his great work on Assyria, and set to music his Latin poem beginning :—

Iuvenis sum rure nuper,
Sed non venies me super.

He ate, and wrote, and whistled, and drank hugely, for X. Y. always did everything hugely, and always said he could do more than other men because he ate more cheese. But we must first introduce X. Y. to our readers.

Xenophon Yoricks, or, as he was known to the Charterhouse, Cambridge, and the residue of the Solar System, X. Y., was a noticeable man. He stood without his stockings seven feet seven. His weight was the cube of some multiple of seven or some other number. A noticeable man was X. Y. X. Y.'s hair was red. X. Y.'s eyes were green. X. Y.'s teeth were blue. Yet the Duchess of Bézuque, whose *mots* were the most original in Europe, said, "X. Y., my dear, is hideous, it is true, but he is like the Express, only a few hours behind the handsomest man on the north side of South Belgravia." It is unnecessary to add that, as senior wrangler, X. Y. obtained more marks than all the other wranglers put together since the days of William de Non-plus down to the current year of Smith. As senior classic, his examination was still more remarkable. The Greek prose papers he did into Servian verse, and the Greek verse passages into Chinese prose; and his *viva voce* translation of Iophon was so irresistibly comic, that the Bishop of Oxford, who had slipped in in a porter's uniform to hear X. Y.'s translation, was carried out in a fit. It is still more unnecessary to add that as stroke of the 'Varsity Eight, X. Y., having broken his oar, paddled in with his hand, winning easily; that he won the 'Varsity billiard match, giving his opponent 1347 points out of

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1400 ; that he won the 'Varsity Chess Match by fifty-three games against Rooks of Chequers.

Yet, on some points, X. Y.'s mind was delicate to a degree. When Griggs of Brazenface said to him one evening, "Let's go to the Soho, and see Polly Bilton dance." "Griggs," roared X. Y., in a voice that shattered every glass-shade, "I have an aunt." On another occasion, X. Y., after a ninety miles stroll, dropped into the Parthenon, where the orders of the Lord Chamberlain are not always observed. To bound from the stalls, to stride across the stage, to tear down the scenery, to get back his money, to rush into the street, to spring upon the top of a passing hansom, to drive to Flat Bangham's, to put on the gloves with Tom Sayers who was to fight Jack Heenan next morning, to spar for four hours and a half, was the work of rather more time than it takes to describe it. It was well known in Flat Bangham's parlour that but for that set-to Tom would have won in seventeen seconds. X. Y.'s favourite dinner is still known at the Cytheræum as X. Y.'s dinner. It consisted of pea-soup and chopped ling. Bobèche of the Cytheræum is famous for his chopped ling. The receipt is as follows :— He bakes it whole ; he then lets it cool ; he then slices it into triangles ; he then serves it on a brazier with the livers of red herrings.

By this time, the reader is perhaps sufficiently acquainted with X. Y. If not, let him take the utmost anybody has ever done in anything ; multiply it by 20,000, and ascribe it to X. Y. If that does not satisfy him, nothing will, not even STERTIMORE BAWLINS, ESQ.

T. M.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

SHORT ESSAYS IN DISCIPLESHIP

I—THUCYDIDES

AND it is reported that, seeing his men cast down with regard to the Leinsterians, the captain of the Trinity College XI. called them together, and spoke as follows:—"Men of Trinity, I have called you together, seeing that you are overmuch cast down at the present encounter, and to show you that you are not justly alarmed. For if anyone fears the enemy, seeing him for the present elated, let him remember, that, though formidable in word, he will not be likely to prove so unmanageable in deed. Moreover, the Trinity man has a good right to be confident, setting his daily practisability against the weekly oneness of their non-exercise, which experience breeds confidence, but inexperience rather dejection. It behoves you, therefore, O men of Trinity, not assimilating your fingers to the proverbial (λεγόμενῃ) butter, but your hearts to real iron, not to vie in word with the foe in exclamations, but in deed in batting; and using your hands in catching as if they were another's, but in hitting as if they were your own, not to flinch from handing down to your successors unending glory rather than not a beginning of disgrace. Let each one remember that the bloom (ἀκμή) of an eleven is limited (βραχεία), and that as it is on the one hand hard for each one to do anything well, so on the other for all everything very well, very. For it is the excellence of the bowler not only whoso shall take-counsel-beforehand *against* the batsman, but also whoso shall take-anti-precautionary-counsel-beforehand *for* the wicket-keeper, so that the batsman having, wrongly daring, stepped forth to hit, may, rightly ineffective (εὐλόγως ἀπρακτος), being

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stumped, retire. It is right, therefore, that you, O men of Trinity, raising your courage by thinking of increased spirit as a duty, and not enslaving your resolution by reflecting on the increased duty on spirits; not foolishly despising the enemy, but wisely regarding their bowlers, indeed, as formidable, but their umpires as far more formidable; it is right that so minded you should meet the foe bravely, and hand down, not impaired, but rather enhanced, to your descendants that hegemony which, not only by deep cuts, but also by long drives, your forerunners have transmitted to you as a sacred possession, and with the gods augmentable inheritance."

II—ARISTOTLE

OF SMOKING

SMOKING, like other acts, includes a subject and an object. And the subject is simple, but the object is ambiguous, namely, the pipe and the smoke. Now, we must distinguish between the object *ὑποκείμενον* and the object *ὁ ἐνεκα*. The latter is not only that a pipe may be smoked, but also that a pipe may be smoked well, that is, with happiness to the smoker (for it is clear that some permanent good is the end of all action: now smoking is an action; and this is ambiguous, for a pipe is not only a property, or instrument of action, but also an instrument of production, for it sometimes produces something beyond the act, namely a headache); but the uses of a pipe overlap, and it is possible to smoke a pipe well, so that the tobacco may be quite consumed, but yet it may be too hot for the smoker, or the pipe may be burned, in which case it will no longer be a pipe, except homonymously.

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for it is the function of a thing which makes it what it is. But the object of smoking is in one sense the pipe, so it is absurd that the object of smoking in another sense should destroy it. Let us, then, revert to the pipe as the object *ὑποκείμενον*. Now, in this sense it has two uses, one as an instrument of smoking, and one as an article of exchange. For it is possible that a man may have too many pipes and too little beer; or, on the other hand, that he may have too much beer and too few pipes (for there is a mean between blue ribbonism and beeriness; but for this state there is no name). Yet it is plain that the Art of exchanging pipes for beer is not a department of the Art of Finance, for this would lead to infinity; for then there should be an Art of exchanging books for beer, both one's own books and the books of others, and the Art of exchanging cotton umbrellas for silk ones, and divers others. But these are of a more popular disquisition, and belong generally to the discussion of the art called the Hypothecative Art by Zaleucus of the Epizephyrian Locrians, but Epimenides, the Cretan, called it the Art of Popping; which some make a department of the Art of Acquisition, but others of the Art of Unnatural Finance. But this belongs to an exoteric inquiry. T.

GEORGE NEWCOMEN

THE TALE OF THE ORGULOUS ARTIFICER

(BEING AN EXTRACT FROM AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT SUPPOSED TO
HAVE BEEN TRANSLATED FROM ONE OF THE FRENCH MEDÆVAL
ROMANCES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

THEN the King removed to Camelot, and there let cry a great Feast, that it should be holden at Pentecost. And every one of King Arthur's Knights were set in their Sieges at the Table Round. Right so as they sat there came running in a passing Young Churl, weeping and making great Dole. The Churl was poorly clothed in a leathern Doublet. Upon his right Arm he bore a great Ring of Lead, fashioned after the Manner of a Serpent when it is at Rest. Athwart his left Shoulder he bare an Oaken Staff, with a Bur of Iron at the End thereof. Upon the Staff there hung a Basket of Rushes cunningly interwoven. The Churl was weeping full bitterly, and as he wept, the Tears mingled with the Grime upon his Visage—for the Face of the Younker had not been washed for many Days—so that he looked exceeding sorrowful withal.

"My good Churl," said Arthur, "I would fain know of thee the Cause of thy Sorrow."

Then this over Young Churl made bold to speak unto the King: "O King Arthur, the Flower of all Knights and Kings! Fain would I beseech thee to succour my Master, whom Sir Grummore Le Gourmand hath taken and put in Prison and beaten in his Eyes and

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in his Nose and in his Mouth. Now sayeth this Orgulous Knight, Sir Grummore, that full soon he will cause my Master to stand in molten Lead up till his Beard."

Right there arose good King Arthur, being muckle moved by the waymenting of the Young Churl.

"Gramercy!" said he, "the meanest of all my Varlets shall not be denied Justice in these Realms. I well know Sir Grummore Le Gourmand; he is one of the perilousest Knights in the World. Yet will I myself assay to rescue this poor Knave, who seemeth to be in so sorry a Plight."

Anon after King Arthur sent for his Horse and for his Sword Excalibur, and departed from the Court with the Young Churl. And so they journeyed together, for many Days, through a thick Wood. Within a While they saw a great grey Tower, well matchcold round about, and double-diked.

The Lord of the Castle, who was Sir Grummore, saw them coming, and looked out of the Window. He was unarmed, for it was Even-song Time, and he had put off all his Clothes, even unto his Shirt and Breeches, and on his Head he wore a Cap of white Samite, fashioned after the Manner of the Extinguisher of a Torch.

"Thou lewd and villainous Knight," cried the King, "come forth and fight with me right here, for thou hast done great Wrong unto an honest Knave, the Master of this Young Churl."

"Gramercy, Sir King," quoth Sir Grummore, "the Evening is passing far spent, and I have supped heavily withal. Tarry, I pray thee, until Morning, and then will I assay to do Battle with thee, and may that Man who is best gain Mastery over the other."

So then King Arthur and the Young Churl entered into the Castle, and there they abode that Night, and King Arthur had great Cheer at

GEORGE NEWCOMEN

the Table of Sir Grummore, and they did eat of the best of Victuals, and drink of Wine strong and good, as much as they list.

And on the Morn the King said unto Sir Grummore :—"Now, an thou listest, we two will prove our Strengths, for, as it is informed me, thou hast done great Despite and Wrong unto a poor Churl."

"An thou deemest it a fit Thing to put in Jeopardie thy Life, because of the Punishing of him who is an Enemy to all Men, then am I ready to joust with thee," said Sir Grummore.

Then Sir Grummore blew upon a Horn three deadly Notes, and there came Four Knaves ; Twain led forth the Horses, and Twain did arm Sir Grummore and King Arthur. Then the Knights ran together with great Might, and they brake their Spears unto their Hands. And then they drew their Swords, and gave many sad Strokes, and either wounded the other full ill. And at last the Swords brake in their Hands unto the Hilts. Then did they call upon the Knaves to unharness them, and forthwith did fight right furiously with their Hands, and on Foot. Sir Grummore gave King Arthur a mighty Buffet upon the Jaw, which he lightly avoided, and fled from the Knight for a little Space. Sir Grummore being full fat and big, followed the King hardly, panting all the while, as he were a Questing Hound. Ever he assayed to fetch the King a full Buffet right on the Nose with his great gnarry Right Arm. Right loth was the King to hasardize his fair Countenance to these mortall Blows. Ever and anon the King would stop and lightly buffet the Knight in the Middle of his great Body, trasing and rasing right cunningly the While. Thus for two Hours they fought, the Knight vainly trying to hurl his Right Arm in the Face of the King, the King avoiding the Blows, so that Sir Grummore was for ever more and more wasting his great Strength to no avail. Then the King, seeing his Enemy wax ever

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fainter and fainter, tottering on his Feet as if he would forthwith fall down noseling, halted right suddenly, and gave the Knight a fierce Buffet on his great Jaw, which brast from their Roots many of his Teeth, and he, bleeding heavily, fell stunned to the Ground. Then the King rejoiced much to see the Malease of his Foe. Fiercely he strode to him, and planted his Foot upon the Knight's gnarry Neck. "Now, by the Jingo who perisheth not, thou shalt die, false Traitor," he cried.

The fallen Knight, after a little Space, awoke out of his Swoon, and seeing the King standing over him, mighty terrible in Countenance, he sobbed forth, voiding the While the Blood and Teeth, which nigh choked his Speech, "Mercy, fair Sir, slay not, I pray thee, thy poor Knight."

"All is vain," said the King, "for I will surely slay thee."

"O most worshipful and courteous King, who surpasseth all other Kings of the Earth in Gentleness, hear, I pray thee, my Story of the Cause whereby I would make a Churl, whom I have in my Dungeon, to stand this Morn in molten Lead."

The King, for a little Space, forbore to slay his Enemy; and the Knight said, in a Voice exceeding sorrowful:—

"O King! the Knave whom I would fain slay is the Enemy of all the good Knights and Ladies in thy Kingdom. He is one descended from Polypheme, a great Giant whom the good Knight hight Ulysse did punish in Times past. The vile Churl whom I would fain punish is hight Sawderos le Plumber, and he hath wrought much Damage upon me and upon my good Ladye, Dame Isoult La Grosse. He came by Night to my Castle, craving Shelter, and my Lady, through Tenderness of Heart, had Compassion on him, and on the Young Churl who was with him, and gave unto them both Food and Shelter.

GEORGE NEWCOMEN

Sawderos looked upon a great Caldron in my Kitchen, which had stood there for many Years, and had cooked many good Dinners passing well. 'Gramercy,' he said, 'an I had come an Hour later, this Household were utterly destroyed by reason of this Caldron.' 'Whither, I pray thee,' enquired the Cook, 'for this hath ever been a passing good Pot?' 'So it may have been in Times past,' quoth the Churl; 'but it is now waxen full old, and the Rust hath devoured it so deeply that, an it be not mended forthwith, it will suddenly be brast in Twain, to thy great Hurt and Damage.' Then I, being importuned of my Wife, was fain to allow the Churl to essay to mend the Caldron. Straightway the Knave, hammering upon the Pot full heavily, brast a Hole therein, so that much Water flowed therefrom, to our great Hurt and Damage. 'Be not dismayed,' said the Churl, 'for I break this Pot only that I may the better mend it.' Then he sent forth the Young Churl to a distant City, for certain Implements of his Craft which he had not with him, but when, after many Days, when the Young Churl had returned, the foul Villain Sawderos would again send him forth in Quest of yet other Implements, I, being somewhat choleric in Habit, waxed wroth."

"Insooth! and not unjustly," cried King Arthur, "this Villain hath deserved the Death thou hast prepared for him. Certes concerning the Seed of Polypheme hath Merlin prophesied that, in Times to come, they shall be the Cause of muckle Woe and Blaspheming over all Lands. Now, Sir Knight, I would fain confess to thee that my Fighting hath made me passing hungry. Tell thy Cook, an thou lovest me, to prepare Breakfast with all Diligence. Let, I pray thee, my Eggs be boiled but lightly, nathless see thou that the Lead Bath prepared for Sawderos be as hot as Fire can make it."

G. N.

C. K. POOLER

OF POESIE

PLATO had an Imagination, that the Soule hath the Flesh to prison. Certainly, hee that is layed by the Heeles joyeth to heare his Fellowes voice. And the Soule, saith one, to heare the *Poetes* Oath. But I cannot tell. A joy in strange oaths turneth to a wearinesse; nor, if that which heareth were the Soule, is it like that a curse would move it. Others, speaking in a meane, say but this, that the *Poete* taketh here and there, and fashioneth a perfect feature; and Men doe marvell, and take that for Divine, which, of themselves, they could not compasse. But leaving these curiosities, wee will handle: First; What *Experience* is fit for the *Poete*; Then, his *Argument* and *Matter*; and Thirdly, the *Fall* or *Cadence*. For the First; That the *Poete* be a Man of Bloud, I allow well. At the leaste, hee shall have seene it shed, or smelled to it. For soe hee shall lively pourtraye the Reeke of Carnage. Let him use Swearing *meerely*. Not, as do some, upon Occasion, and for Dispatch; lest, when hee cometh to Indite, his Hand should be out of ure. For Arguments of State, they bee not amisse. Soe the Qualitie of Great Persones bee obscured. As that a Queene bee styled "The Widdowe at such-a-place." But the maine Argument shall bee of Men Tribunitious and Turbulent, Assassins, Swashbucklers, and them that goe upon the Shoute. And the words consonant, and coming home to Mens Businesse and Bosomes. Namely Frontier Mens; For they of the Citie and Closett doe shewe but a Civill Courage, and fall something short of the Blessing: *In sudore vultus tui comedes panem. In thy Sweate thou shalt eat.* And to *sweate* is well. Yet the *Poete* that beautified *Tommy Atkins* saith prettily: By —, you must *Lather* with us. To wit, with Men Heroicall. For to *Lather* is the more Heroicall Virtue; as a thing of

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it selfe *maribus proprium*. They that will reade are two : The meane People and Men of Degree. Therefor let them bee considered. Now it is seene of the meane People, that they mainly delight in their own things ; but, contrariwise, Men of Degree in things Strange and Newe. And what is stranger than the tongue of the Barracke, and the Kennell ? Soe the *Poete*, in pleasing the Vulgar, shall please all. Yet the Contrarie holdeth not. For to aime at the Better Sort, and hitt the Baser, is but a Fume, and the Braverie of the Cheape-Reprint-Man. Onely ; let the grace of the Rhetor bee present ; Which is Action. I like well that the Figures move :—

velut si
re vera pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes
arma viri.

Which was sayed, as I think, of painting, but would doe better of *Poesie* ; And, indeede, the *Poetes* have been busy with it. Action I meane—

'E's Chawin' upp the Grounde,
An' 'e's Kicking all arounde.

It is worthy the observing, that an Ape, which is like to a Man, is the Glasse of Action. Nay, a Dog suddainely flyeth for lifting of a Staffe. Yea, and the motion be impertinent to it selfe. Yet, percase, the same Beaste will abide Reproofe ; though it be Speech of Touch, and the words aculeate and proper. And soe of Men in a proportion. In Action there is no Excesse. But the Defect would bee noted. Which is, if a Man, upon tidings of his Wifes murther, should but drawe downe his Cappe, as was seene of *Macduffe*. Touching the *Cadence* ; it is good that the Rhythm give the Meter leave to speake. Soe shal the Fooles fingers tell the Feet ; and a Begger with his staffe beat out the tune. *Virgil* is not for all companies. And there bee

THOMAS HOOD

Mesures, that are but Caviare to the Generall. A veine that would bee brideled. Hee that will curiouslie seeke after "Apt Numbers, Fitt Quantitie of Syllables, and the Sense variouslie drawne out from one Verse into another," shall seeme to call for *Broken Musique*, where, belyke, there is but *Bones and Cleaver*. Neither shall the Streame ascend above his Fountaine; but of Musique, the Caput or Prime Source is the Stithy. For *Jubal* was brother to *Tubal-Cain*, that was a Smith. Wherefor I hold not the *Centaur Polyphemus*, a Shepheard, as doth *Euripides*, the *Poete*. For himself declareth what craftsman he was, in slaying of the *Ithicans* comrades *ῥυθμῶ τινι*, having, indeede, learned it at the anvill. But these bee Toyes.

C. K. P.

PART III—LATIN RHYMES

EUTHANASIA

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and slow;
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied ;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

MORS JANUA VITAE

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM)

LENTE noctis ibant horae,
Spiritus trahebat ore
Lentos aegra debili ;
Dum sub pectore iacentis
It reditque refluentis
Vita more pelagi.

Quam submissa loquebamur
Voce, siue mouebamur,
Pedibus quam tacitis !
Dixeris suppeditasse
Nos ferentes opem lassae
Nostri partem roboris.

Tum formidines in mentes
Spes refellit ingruentes,
Spemque mox formidines ;

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Visa, cum dormiret, mori,
Visa similis sopori
Mortis ipsa requies.

Lux est crastina renata
Matutino contristata
Imbre, foeda nebulis ;
Leniter ocellos claudit—
Iamque non terrena gaudet
Luce, sine tenebris.

T.

“THREE JOLLY POST-BOYS”

IN LATIN

(To be sung to the original air)

TRES calones hilares
Potantes in popina
Statuerunt bibere
Pocla quisque bina.

“Appone, puer, cyathos,
Et vina coronemus,
Indulgeamus genio
Cras aquam bibemus.

Qui fit mero madidus,
Et cubat ebriosus,
Scit decenter vivere,
Et moritur iocosus.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

At si quis poscam potitat
Lectumque siccus petit,
Occidit cum frondibus
Quas Auctumnus metit.

Totus adamandus est
Chorus virginalis ;
Sed est inepti ducere
Ni qua sit dotalis.

Nunc ergo comissabimur,
Cor vino erigamus
Nam quo loco cras erimus
Qui nunc hic compotamus ?” T.

“THREE JOLLY POST-BOYS”

IN GREEK

(To be sung to the original air)

Τρεῖς ἱλαροὶ ἵπποδρόμοι
ἐπ’ οἶνῳ οἱ ξυνῆσαν,
τοῦτο δόξαν, κύλικας
τὸ δεύτερον ᾔτησαν.

“ἔγχει ζῶρον, ἔγχει, παῖ,
πλημμυρέτω κύπελλον,
μέθην γὰρ ἦδε νῦν φέρει,
δίψαν δὲ φῶς τὸ μέλλον.

INCERT

εἰ τις ζωρὸν ἐλκύσας
κείων ὑγρὸς βέβηκε,
εὖ διάφας βίοντον
δλβιος τέθνηκε.

ἀλλ' εἴ τις ὄξους γεύεται,
νηφάλιός τε μύει,
ὥς φύλλ' ὑπὸρρα μινύθει,
ξὺν Πλειάσιν τε δύνει.

ἐρῶμεν, ἂν τις ἧ καλῇ,
ἔρως γὰρ ἄνθος ἦρος ·
σκαιοῦ δὲ γῆμαι παρθένον,
εἰ μὴ ᾽στιν ἐπὶ κληρος.

κωμίζετ' οὖν, ὃ ξύμποται
λύπας μέθῃ παύοντες,
ποῦ γὰρ ἐσόμεθ' αὖριον
οἱ ὧδε νῦν ξυνόντες ;”

T.

DIES IRAE

OH, what shall a man full of sin do,
Whose heart is as cold as a stone,
The black owl looking in at the window,
And he on his death-bed alone ?

When the spirit half freed from the bare case,
Flies shrinking away to the gloom,
From the whisper of wings on the staircase,
And the shudder of feet in the room.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

And they bear him with horrible laughter—
Though he clings with the strength of despair
To lintel and bed-post and rafter—
Away to the Prince of the Air ! INCERT.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ ΔΥΣΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM)

Quo se vertat cui patrata
Corpus premunt tot peccata,
Corque leti frigora ;
Quem cum Morte solum sola
Spectat cum ferali stola
Ad fenestram noctua !

Tunc a carne denudatâ
Anima vix liberata
Regnum pavet luridum,
Scalis alae mussant grave,
Et suspensus per conclave
Crepit pes horridulum.

Haeret tignis et cubili,
Vique postibus exili
Spes quam praebebat ultima—
Ad Gehennam diri visu
Rapiunt cum diro risu
Daemones per aëra ! T.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

“THE SECOND COLLECT FOR PEACE”

IN LATIN

Devs, auctor almae pacis,
Bellicae extinc̄tor facis,
Per quem mors est vita vera,
Servitus libertas mera,
Gregem iuva tibi fisum,
Arceas hostilem nisum,
Ope Iesu quisque fortis
Rideat iniqua sortis.

T.

“THE SECOND COLLECT FOR PEACE”

IN GREEK

Σημάντορ πανάριστ', εἰρήνης αἵτι πάσης,
μοῦνε βροτοῖς μονίμου κράντορ ὁμοφροσύνης,
σοὶ πίσυνοι ζῶην αἰώνιον, εἰλικρινῇ τε
σοὶ δουλεύοντες κτώμεθ' ἐλευθερίην.
σέ, χθαμαλὰ φρονέοντες ὁμως, σεβόμεσθα · σὺ δ' ἡμῖν
ὑβριν δυσμενέων ὑψόθ' ἀποσκέδασον ·
ὥς ἱκανῶ Σωτῆρι τεῇ τε πεποιθότες ἀλκῇ
ἐχθρῶν ταρβῶμεν μηδὲν ἀτασθαλίην.

T.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

THE BRIDGE OF
SIGHS

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death ;
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair.
Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;

Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.
Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;

Not of the stains of her ;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Y

IRREMEABILIS
UNDA

ah, misera sortis
pondere fessa !
ah, temere mortis
viam ingressa !
tollite facile
onus tam bellum,
corpus tam gracile,
tamque tenellum.
panni gravatum
cadaver astringunt,
vestes elatum
ceu funebres cingunt,
undam stillantes
heu ! illaetabilem :
statis ?—amantes
ferre amabilem.
ne fastidientes
corpus attingite,
sed fiebilem fientes
animo fingite ;
quod fecerit male
donate tam bellae ;
nil restat ni quale
decorum puellae.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family ;
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily ;
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
While wonderment guesses,
Where was her home ?
Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other !
Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !

Oh ! it was pitiful !

est lapsa procacia
heu ! puellari,
sed piget audacia
facta rimari.
labes abivit,
et maculae cunctae ;
forma sed vivit
superstes defunctae.
lapsa :—sed Evae,
vos qui adstatis,
matris primaevae
genus negatis ?
labris abluite
tabem imbutam,
et comam struite
flavam solutam ;
rogent stupentes,
quam domum coluerit ?
quinam parentes ?
ecquem habuerit
fratrum, sororum,
an unum carissimum,
unum cunctorum
vinculum artissimum ?
ah, humanarum
quam raro homullos
miseriarum
miseret ullos !
eheu, quam flebilis,

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Near a whole city-full,
Home she had none.
Fatherly, motherly,
Sisterly, brotherly,
Feelings had changed ;

Love by harsh evidence,
Thrown from his eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged !

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret and basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch
Nor the black-flowing river :
Mad from life's history,

urbe tam plena
jacuit debilis,
tecti egenae !
pater et mater
amorem debuerant,
soror et frater,
sed omnem exuerant ;
amor violenter
profundo mersari,
et ipsi videntur
di nunc aversari !
en ! late lychnorum
qua tremulum lumen
per aequor fusorum
repercutit flumen
e vicinarum
summis et imis
tot fenestrarum
clathris et rimis,
noctis stupescit
sub axe frigentis,
ventis rigescit
iam brumae cedentis :
arcum minantem
non amplius horrens
umbram nigrantem
qua glomerat torrens,
mundi amari
usu insana,

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Glad to Death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world !
In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran ;
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair.
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them ;
And her eyes close them,
Staring so blindly !
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

libens scrutari
mortis arcana,
quolibet avida
fugere lucem,
petit impavida
gurgitem trucem .
animis fingite
saltum audacem ;
aestus depingite
cursum rapacem ;
hic vos, quot estis
salaces, lavate,
hinc, si potestis,
hinc sitim sedate !
tollite facile
onus tam bellum
corpus tam gracile
tamque tenellum.
jaceant frigidi
artus decenter,
somno jam rigidi
oculi dentur,
caeci rimantes
per lutum concretum
metus instantes
post imminens letum.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Perishing gloomily,	poenas immeritas
Spurr'd by contumely,	luit ploranda,
Cold inhumanity,	hominum feritas
Burning insanity,	bruta, nefanda,
Into her rest.	miserae mentem,
Cross her hands humbly,	timoribus spretis,
As if praying dumbly,	agit furentem
Over her breast ;	in portum quietis.
Owning her weakness,	manus nectantur
Her evil behaviour,	trans pectus, et ore
And leaving with meekness	muto loquantur
Her sins to her Saviour.	supplicis more,
THOMAS HOOD.	delicta fatentis
	quaecunque peccavit,
	et pacem aventis
	quam Jesus paravit.

T.

IN PRAEPOSITI PAVONEM

Huc ades, poeta, qui, calidus juvena,
Helicon via vis non adire lenta :
Praesto est quem celebres voce, sive males
Sociare fidibus, memorandus ales.

Fert alauda Shelliuss palmam collaudanda ;
Nec secundas agere avi in cantanda
Gloriantur plurimi e minorum choro
Vatum quos quotidie lego, immo voro.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Ego semper ero sic tacitus auditor?
Quin fudiase numeros aemulos enitor?
Musis cum propitiis inire viam volo
Tritam nullo antea poetarum solo.

Keatsiam quid imiter fetam deo mentem
Laudibus lusciniæ tantis efferentem?
Aptior materies est poetæ navo—
Optimi Praepositi sceleratus pavo.

Namque cum compositus geniali lecto
Sol dum pellat tenebras somnians expecto,
Expergiscor subito: stant pavore crines:
Quattuor quadranguli cum stridore fines

Reboant terrifico, quali comparatum
Canticum Vagnerii paene sonat gratum,
Paene dulcis musica qua, pro caecis malis,
Adficit immeritos Societas Choralis.

Mox cum peto cathedram bene matutinus
Qua ferox Cathcartius torquet *plus* et *minus*,
Fugat Mathematicam voce fusa cavo
Gutturæ Praepositi sceleratus pavo.

Turbat aestus Aeschyli, Pindari clangores,
Taciti cum odiis Ovidi calores,
Serra, strige, oscine raucus magis ravo,
Optimi Praepositi sceleratus pavo.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL

Praelectores obstrepunt aliti strepenti :
Adsumus nos alacres operi intenti
Apium examina emissa tanquam favo :
Crocitat continuum sceleratus pavo.

Juris Hirudineus* solvat mille nodos :
Explicans legitimos mille fraudis modos :
Nihilo sagacior Oedipus est Davo,
Hortulos dum personat sceleratus pavo.

Frustra Metaphysicae quaestiones vanas,
Lucubrationunculas O'Sullivanianas,
Auribus haurimus : heu ! miscemus rectum pravo
Occinit dum stridulum sceleratus pavo.

Brevi cum invenerit per collum me suspensum,
Aut propria novacula cadaver heu ! extensum,
Dicet Mors " Ut loquimur, de hac re manus lavo :
Capitis Praepositi condemnetur pavo."

T.

* *Hirudineus*, Henry Brougham Leech, Regius Professor of Laws. The other names indicate Fellows of the College lecturing in various subjects.